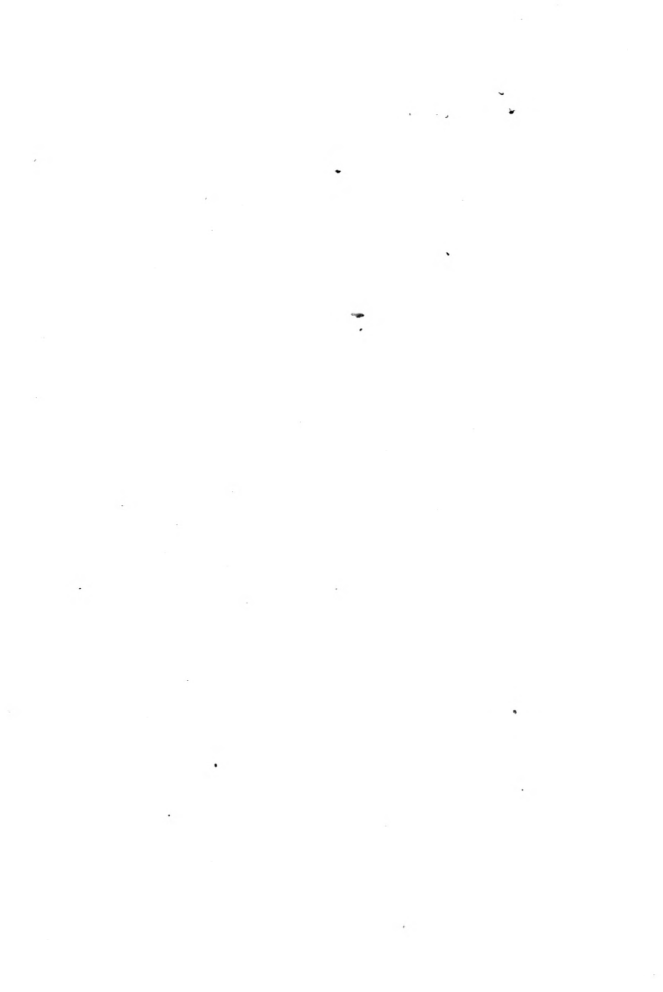


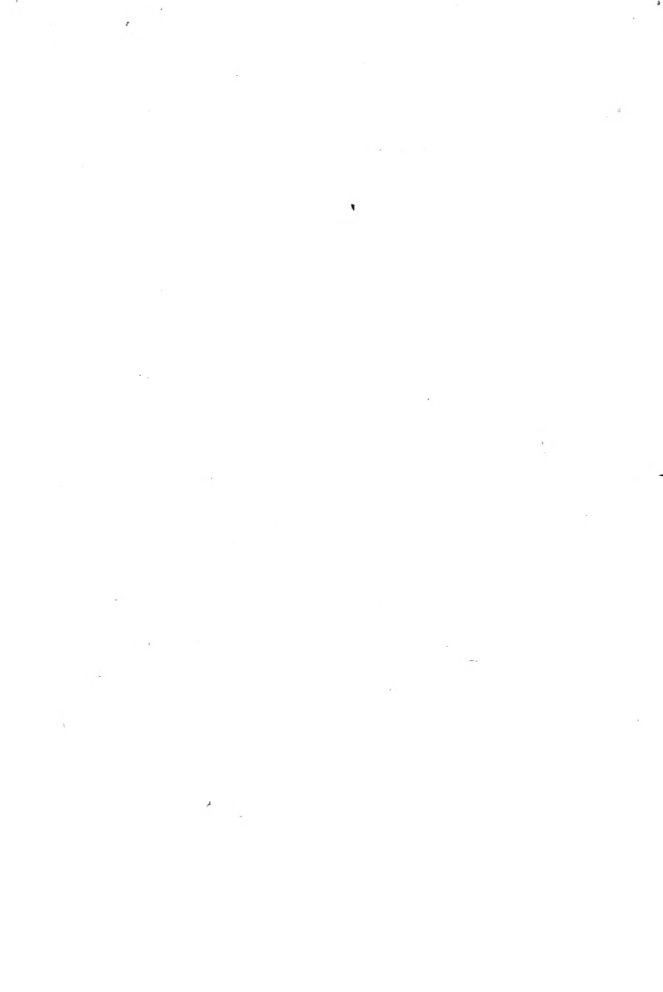
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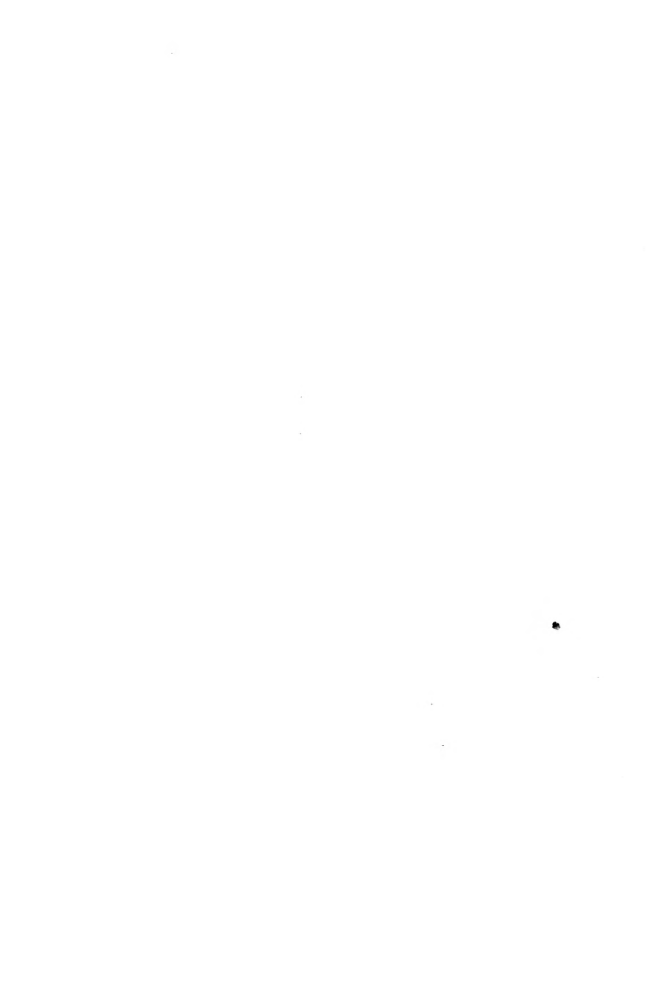
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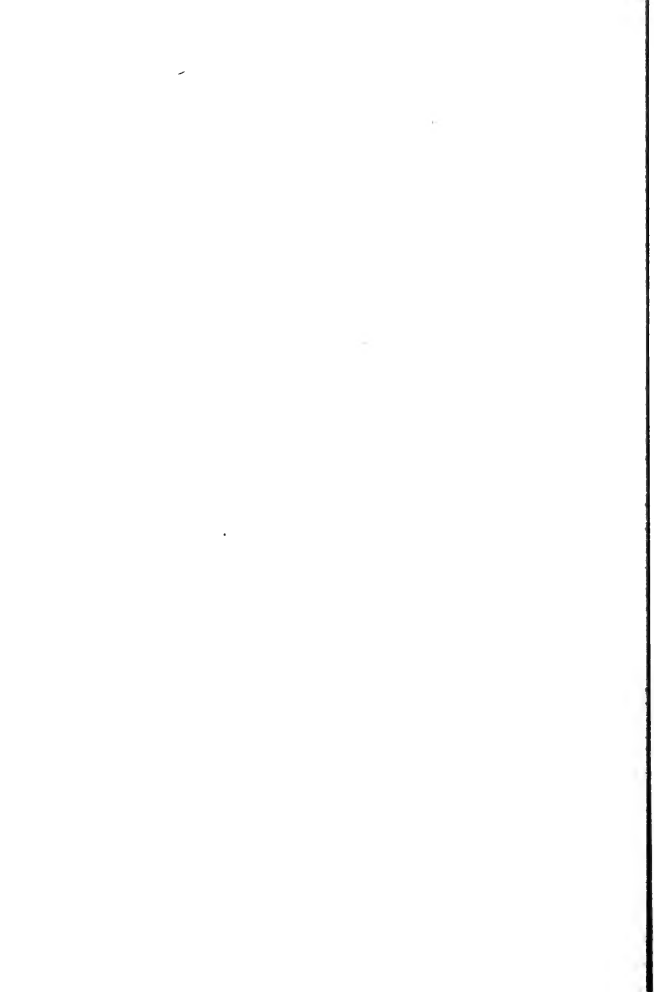


SECTION III

FROM ITS BEGINNING TO THE PRESENT DAY

GENERAL EDITOR

GEORGE PIERCE BAKER







FRANCIS BEAUMONT

From the original painting at Knole Park

AND

BY FRANCIS BEAUMONT

EDITED BY

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Biography

FRANCIS BEAUMONT, third son of Sir Francis Beaumont of Grace Dieu, in Leicestershire, was born in 1584 or 1585, and died March 6, 1616. He was admitted gentleman commoner at Broadgates Hall (afterward Pembroke), Oxford, in 1597, and left in 1598 without a degree. On November 3, 1600, he was entered at the Inner Temple, London. He was married, probably in 1613, to Ursula, daughter of Henry Isley of Sundridge, Kent, and left two daughters, one a posthumous child.

Evidently Beaumont early became a friend of Ben Jonson, writing commendatory verses for *Volpone* (1607), *The Silent Woman* (1609), and *Catiline* (1611). His epistle to Jonson, published in the 1679 folio of Beaumont and Fletcher's works, as "Written before he and Master Fletcher came to London with two of the precedent comedies, then not finished, which deferred their merry meetings at the Mermaid," has been thought to date at least as early as 1607. From about the same time, or possibly a little earlier, may be dated the association of Beaumont with John Fletcher (1579-1625).¹ Tradition relates that the two men lived in the same lodgings during the period of their collaboration, and had all things in common. Beaumont was apparently popular among the wits of the city; Heywood, in verses often quoted from *The Hierarchy of Blessed Angels* (1635), spoke of him as being "in the foremost rank of the rarest wits," yet always known as "Frank," and Drayton, in his *Epistle of Poets and Poetry*, wrote of him as one of his "dear companions" and "bosom friends."

Perhaps Beaumont's earliest composition which has survived was a lecture on Grammar, now in the British Museum (Sloane MS. 1709), evidently written for the amusement of his fellow-students of the Inner Temple at a Christmas celebration.² In 1602 his

¹ For a biography of John Fletcher, see *Beaumont and Fletcher*, A. H. Thorndike, in the *Belles-Lettres Series*.

² See a description by Edw. Scott, in the *Athenæum* for Jan. 27, 1894.

brother, Sir John Beaumont, published *The Metamorphosis of Tobacco*, and among the laudatory verses contributed to the volume are some, signed "F. B.," which may be Beaumont's first published composition; the author says that his "new-borne Muse assaies her tender wing." Also in 1602 was published anonymously the poem *Salmacis and Hermaphroditus*, which in 1640 appeared as the leading poem in *Poems*, "by Francis Beaumont, Gent." This 1640 volume, however, was really made up of verses by many authors, and the authenticity of the *Hermaphroditus* is more than doubtful.¹

The earliest published play attributed to Beaumont is *The Woman Hater*, 1607, and the period of collaboration with Fletcher seems either to have begun with this drama or to have followed it immediately.² Only two other plays in which Beaumont had a share were published before his death — *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, 1613, and *Cupid's Revenge*, 1615. *The Scornful Lady*, 1616, was the earliest play to bear his name on the title-page. While the date of presentation of many of the plays is uncertain, there is no good evidence for dating any play in which Beaumont had a share later than 1611; it is therefore probable that about that time he retired from active writing for the stage. In 1613, however, he wrote a masque for the Lady Elizabeth's marriage, which was performed by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn. Evidently his reputation as a poet was well established during his lifetime, and at his death, in 1616, his body was received into the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey, close to the graves of Chaucer and Spenser, — a circumstance commemorated by the familiar lines on Shakspeare, attributed to Basse:

"Renowned Spenser, lie a thought more nye
To learned Chaucer, and rare Beaumont, lye
A little nearer Spenser, to make roome
For Shakespeare in your threefold, fowerfold Tombe."

¹ See a reprint of the original edition of the poem, with discussion of the authorship, in vol. 3 of the *Shakspeare Society's Papers*, 1847.

² For a list of the plays attributed wholly or partly to Beaumont, see the Appendix to the *Introduction*, pp. xlviii-lvii.

Introduction

WHEN Mr. Lowell gave his lectures on the Old English Dramatists, in 1887, he said of Beaumont and Fletcher: "They are the double stars of our poetical firmament, and their beams are so indissolubly mingled that it is vain to attempt any division of them that shall assign to each his rightful share." Yet, like other critics, not being content with this admission, he made his own suggestion as to the line of distinction:

"When I come upon a picturesque passage in the joint plays, I am apt to think it Fletcher's: so too where there is a certain exhilaration and largeness of manner, and an ardor that charges its words with imagination as they go, or with an enthusiasm that comes very near it in its effect."

Beaumont's special qualities he does not suggest so clearly. And this is the natural and usual condition; for Fletcher, writing a number of comedies admittedly without collaboration, gives us ample opportunity to become acquainted with his literary personality, while Beaumont, who wrote no important drama certainly alone, was content to merge and blend his genius almost undiscoverably with that of his friend.

The title-pages of the various quarto editions of the plays admittedly furnish no evidence of authorship upon which any reliance can be placed. Beaumont, a gentleman, doubtless did not care to appear before the public

in the socially questionable rôle of playwright, and the first of the plays that bore his name was printed in 1616, the year of his death. Obviously, then, the name of Fletcher standing alone is no indication of sole authorship; while the appearance of the name of Beaumont, in the period after his death, may be equally untrustworthy. Nor, with one or two possible exceptions, can evidence be drawn from the prologues and epilogues attached to the published plays. These were frequently written by persons whose information on the matter of authorship cannot be trusted; and often enough they were added artificially by printers, attached to other plays than those for which they were written.¹

Another possible source of information is the commendatory verses written by friends or admirers of Beaumont and Fletcher, such as are collected in the folio editions of their plays, published in 1647 and 1679. Some of these were written by men almost contemporary with the dramatists, who knew something at any rate of the traditions regarding their individuality. But most of these either show interest in one or the other of the authors exclusively, or else admit the impossibility of distinguishing them. Sir George Lisle spoke of the two men's fancies as

"so wov'n and knit,
'Twas Francis Fletcher, or John Beaumont, writ."²

¹ For instance see the Prologue of Q2 of *The Knight*, which is nearly identical with the Blackfriars prologue of Lyly's *Sapho and Phao*.

² All these commendatory poems are from the collection prefixed to the folio of 1647. For Lisle's verses see Dyce's edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, vol. 1, p. xxii.

John Webb called them

“two wits in growth
So just, as had one soul informed both.”¹

Jasper Maine was even more explicit:

“Whether one did contrive, the other write,
Or one framed the plot, the other did indite;
Whether one found the matter, th’ other dress,
Or th’ one disposed what th’ other did express:
Where’er your parts between yourselves lay, we,
In all things which you did, but one thread see;
So evenly drawn out, so gently spun,
That art with nature ne’er did smoother run. . . .
So, though you were thus twisted and combined,
As (in) two bodies to have but one fair mind,
Yet, if we praise you rightly, we must say,
Both join’d, and both did wholly make the play.
For that you could write singly, we may guess
By the divided pieces which the press
Hath severally sent forth; nor were join’d so,
Like some our modern authors made to go
One merely by the help of th’ other, who
To purchase fame do come forth one of two;
Nor wrote you so, that one’s part was to lick
The other into shape; nor did one stick
The other’s cold inventions with such wit,
As served, like spice, to make them quick and fit;
Nor, out of mutual want, or emptiness,
Did you conspire to go still twins to the press;
But what, thus join’d, you wrote, might have come forth
As good from each, and stored with the same worth
That thus united them.”²

Two others of these writers of commendatory verses refer to a distinction which tradition had made between

¹ Dyce, vol. 1, p. xxxiv.

² Dyce, vol. 1, pp. xxxix–xli.

the special powers of Beaumont and Fletcher. William Cartwright, anxious to claim everything for Fletcher, speaks of him as one whose overflowing genius did "too much," and hence submitted his work to Beaumont as judge, making his friend "the sobriety of his wit." Beaumont's business was to bid him write again, be more dull, and "bate some of thy fire," and, when this still failed to modify the effulgence of Fletcher's brilliancy,

"Added his sober sponge, and did contract
Thy plenty to less wit, to make 't exact." ¹

John Berkenhead mentions the same opinion more impartially. Some think, he tells us,

"That should the stage embattle all its force,
Fletcher would lead the foot, Beaumont the horse.
But you were both for both; not semi-wits,
Each piece is wholly two, yet never splits.
Ye 're not two faculties, and one soul still,
He th' understanding, thou the quick free-will;
Not as two voices in one song embrace,
Fletcher's keen treble, and deep Beaumont's base,
Two full, congenial souls; still both prevail'd;
His muse and thine were quarter'd, not impaled.
Both brought your ingots, both toil'd at the mint,
Beat, melted, sifted, till no dross stuck in 't;
Then in each other's scales weigh'd every grain,
Then smooth'd and burnish'd, then weigh'd all again;
Stamp'd both your names upon 't at one bold hit,
Then, then 't was coin, as well as bullion-wit." ²

There is one of these eulogists to speak especially for Beaumont, — John Earle, whose verses are really an elegy, purporting to have been written shortly after the

¹ Dyce, vol. 1, p. xliii.

² Dyce, vol. 1, p. xlvihi.

death of the dramatist (when, however, Earle was only about fifteen years old). *Philaster* and *The Maid's Tragedy* are here treated as peculiarly Beaumont's, as well as the character of Bessus in *A King and No King*. Earle's praise of Beaumont as a poet reads more warmly genuine than the average of these commendations:

“Oh, when I read those excellent things of thine,
Such strength, such sweetness, couch'd in every line,
Such life of fancy, such high choice of brain,
Nought of the vulgar wit or borrow'd strain,
Such passion, such expressions meet my eye,
Such wit untainted with obscenity,
And these so unaffectedly exprest,
All in a language purely-flowing drest,
And all so born within thyself, thine own,
So new, so fresh, so nothing trod upon,
I grieve not now, that old Menander's vein
Is ruin'd, to survive in thee again.”¹

In 1658 appeared certain other verses bearing on the subject of the double authorship, in the “Small Poems” of Sir Aston Cokayne, who remonstrated with the publishers of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays for not distinguishing the authorship more carefully. In some verses addressed to Charles Cotton he also observed:

“Had Beaumont lived when this edition came
Forth, and beheld his ever living name
Before plays that he never writ, how he
Had frowned and blushed at such impiety?
His own renown no such addition needs
To have a fame sprung from another's deeds.”²

The general tendency of the later seventeenth cen-

¹ Dyce, vol. 1, p. xxxvi.

² Quoted by Oliphant, *Englische Studien*, vol. xiv.

tury was to magnify Fletcher's honors and perhaps to question the greatness of Beaumont's creative genius. But even if the publishers of the folio of 1647 had been disposed to make the distinction which Cokayne demanded, it is probable that the necessary evidence was already quite beyond reach.

Latter-day criticism has not been content to leave the problem of this fascinating dual authorship uninvestigated, and has made pretty definite progress in the direction of separating the work of Beaumont from that of Fletcher. The line which this investigation has taken was opened up by a paper read by Mr. F. G. Fleay to the New Shakespeare Society in 1874, and was later pursued by a number of scholars.¹ While these critics differ widely among themselves as to particular plays and passages, they show substantial agreement on certain fundamental matters, and it is unlikely that subsequent study can be expected to do more than continue to work out details according to the same principles.

The starting-point of this effort to discern the work of Beaumont in the plays written jointly by him and Fletcher may be briefly summarized as follows. There

¹ By Mr. Robert Boyle, in papers published in *Englische Studien* between 1881 and 1889, by Mr. E. H. Oliphant in the same review in 1890-1892, and by Mr. G. C. Macaulay in his work on *Francis Beaumont*, published in 1883. The authorship of the joint plays was also briefly discussed by Mr. Swinburne in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, by Mr. A. H. Bullen in the article on Fletcher in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, by Professor Ward in his *History of English Dramatic Literature*, and by Dr. A. H. Thorndike in his monograph on *The Influence of Beaumont and Fletcher on Shakspere* (1901).

are certain well-known characteristics of Fletcher's verse, the chief of which are the great preponderance of eleven-syllable lines and the tendency to "stop" his lines at the end by rhetorical pauses. In the plays generally attributed to him there is little evidence of any change from one form of verse to another, as in the case of Shakspeare; so that we may fairly assume a stable test of metrical style. Where a markedly different style appears, in a play assigned on safe grounds to Beaumont and Fletcher, it may probably be attributed to Beaumont.¹ Moreover, in the tetralogy called *Four Plays in One*, we find the last two of the series to be clearly in the manner of Fletcher, and the first two (*The Triumph of Honour* and *The Triumph of Love*) to be in a quite different style. Mr. Fleay therefore took these two parts of the series as presumably typical of Beaumont's verse, and has been generally followed.¹

Two other dramas give us similar help. *The Woman Hater*, one of the very earliest of the comedies, appears both from internal and external evidence to be the work of a single writer, and—at least with the exception of a few passages—bears little resemblance to the known work of Fletcher. Hence it becomes another probable means toward a test for Beaumont. *The Masque of the Inner Temple* is admittedly the work of Beaumont

¹ Mr. Swinburne says of the contrast between *The Triumph of Love* and *The Triumph of Death*: "Each little play, in the brief course of its single act, gives proof of the peculiar touch and special trick of its author's hand: the deeper and more delicate passion of Beaumont, the rapid and ardent activity of Fletcher." (*Britannica*, article on Beaumont and Fletcher.)

alone; and while it would not be safe to assume that the style of so exceptional a work is typical of the usual dramatic style of its author (as is certainly not the case, for example, in Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*), yet the evidence drawn from the masque supports that from other sources.

The provisional idea of Beaumont's style, thus obtained, is to the effect that he avoided hendecasyllabic verses, like Shakspeare in his early period, but made large use of run-on verses, like Shakspeare in his late period; also that—in marked contrast to Fletcher—he made large use of prose for familiar scenes. His less easily definable literary characteristics will be considered later.

With this as a starting-point, let us look more closely at the group of plays associated with the names of Beaumont and Fletcher. Of these there are seventeen which may safely be dated, either from external or internal evidence, before 1616, when Beaumont died.¹ We must add three plays which may plausibly be assigned to the same period, though on uncertain evidence,—*Thierry and Theodoret*, *Wit at Several Weapons*, and *The Faithful Friends*. But of the seventeen plays first referred to, five are generally conceded to be the work

¹ *The Woman's Prize*, *The Woman Hater*, *Four Plays in One*, *Love's Cure*, *Monsieur Thomas*, *Philaster*, *The Faithful Shepherdess*, *The Maid's Tragedy*, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, *The Scornful Lady*, *The Coxcomb*, *A King and No King*, *Cupid's Revenge*, *The Captain*, *The Honest Man's Fortune*, *Bonduca*, *Valentinian*. Not included in the list are the *Masque of the Inner Temple*, known to be Beaumont's, and *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, published as by Fletcher and Shakspeare.

of Fletcher alone, namely, *The Woman's Prize*, *Monsieur Thomas*, *The Faithful Shepherdess*, *Bonduca*, and *Valentinian*. There are therefore fifteen plays in which Beaumont may be thought to have had some part; not including, for the time being, certain late plays¹ which have been suspected to be revisions of early work from his hand.

When we analyze the evidence for the authorship of these plays, and the opinions of the various critics who have discussed them, we find that ten are generally admitted to be at least in part the work of Beaumont, while it appears that he may have shared in the composition of the other five.² Two facts seem also to stand out from among the many doubtful speculations: first, that there is no certain evidence for any play of Beaumont's having been produced later than 1611; second, that the plays in which his share seems to be most certain and largest are the best of the series. Of his early or experimental work we get no very clear view.

What can we now say of the individuality of Beaumont as a dramatist and poet, depending for evidence chiefly on the ten plays in which he admittedly had a part?

While the chronology of the plays is for the most part among the uncertainties, we find Beaumont beginning his literary career as one of "the tribe of Ben," a disciple of Jonson: and the only comedy of which he seems to have been the sole author (*The Woman Hater*) is distinctly of the Jonsonian school — a comedy of manners and type-characters, satirical and unromantic. The same thing is true, less exclusively, of *Love's Cure*.

¹ See pp. liv-lvi.

² See pp. xlvii-liv.

But while the vein of burlesque satire conspicuous in this early work remained Beaumont's characteristic property, he soon turned to a different type of play.

It seems not improbable that this change took place under the influence of Shakspeare, Beaumont's interest in whom is abundantly shown in his writings. Very often this interest, to be sure, takes the form of parody,¹ which some have thought to be due to jealousy of the greater dramatist. This seems improbable; for it would

¹ His parodies of Shakspeare include: the use by Ralph in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* (Induction), of Hotspur's speech in *Henry IV*; the reminiscence of *Hamlet* in *The Woman Hater* (II, i: "So art thou to revenge when thou shalt hear"); of *Hamlet* again, probably, in *The Scornful Lady* (II, ii: "To die, to sleep"); perhaps of *Romeo and Juliet* in *The Woman Hater* (I, i: "Fair Tethys hath undone the bars to Phoebus' team," etc.); of Helena's speech in *All's Well* (II, i) in *The Woman Hater* (II, i: "Full eight and twenty several almanacks have been compil'd," etc.); perhaps of the farewell of Romeo in Humphrey's farewell in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* (II, i: "Twenty more good-nights"); of *Julius Caesar* in *The Noble Gentleman* (v, i: "So Caesar fell, when in the Capitol").

Serious imitations of Shakspeare are found rather more in the general manner, or the situation of characters, than in particular passages: in the quizzical reserve of the Scornful Lady, remindful of Olivia; in the Ophelia-like melancholy of Aspatia in *The Maid's Tragedy*; in the Hamlet-like situation and character of Philaster (see especially I, i: "Yes, with my father's spirit; it's here, O King!" etc.); in the comic manner of the "intelligencers" in *The Woman Hater*, remindful of Dogberry and his watch; in the situation of Bellario, in *Philaster*, suggestive of that of Viola in *Twelfth Night*; and in many other cases. One may find cited in Mr. Macaulay's work on Beaumont a number of reminiscences of Shakspeare, in the phrasing of particular passages in *Philaster* and *The Maid's Tragedy*. I am indebted to the same work for the suggestion of several of the parallels already mentioned; also to Koeppel's *Quellen-Studien*.

have been the height of absurdity for a young gentleman like Beaumont, still an amateur rather than a professional playwright, to show anything that could be called jealousy in connection with the acknowledged master of the romantic drama, whose career was past its height when the younger man began to write for the stage. The fact is, parody is often at its best when the parodist is himself of the same temper as the writer with whom he amuses himself; and just as Shakspeare always showed a self-critical capacity for having a bit of fun with his own romanticism, so Beaumont daringly enjoyed taking liberties with the work of the man whom he made his master. For the poetry of the younger man shows an unanalyzable but undeniable echo of the style and the cadences of the elder. There are more reminders of *Twelfth Night* than of most of the other Shakspearean plays, and it is perhaps more than a coincidence that it was in the period of this play (1600) that young Beaumont came up to London to study in the Inner Temple.

It is the poetic quality in Beaumont's work which not only is the chief reminder of Shakspeare, but which serves to distinguish it subtly but easily from that of Fletcher. Mr. Lowell instanced picturesqueness, largeness of manner, and imaginative ardor, as the seeming characteristics of Fletcher's poetry. So far as picturesqueness is concerned, it is probably true; and if by imaginative ardor we understand a certain hurrying eloquence which reminds one at times of Byron, the characterization is also a good one; but "largeness of manner," or full-sounding elevation of the poetic style, often lyr-

ical or epic rather than dramatic in its movement,—this is typical of Beaumont. One need not say that he was more naturally a poet than his colleague; perhaps rather he was more consciously so, and in his dramatic work, particularly in comedy, he did not restrain or abandon the use of lyrical beauty to the same extent as Fletcher. The most characteristic poetical passages in Fletcher's scenes are such as this from *The Scornful Lady* (III, i):

“He was a man

I knew but in his evening; ten suns after
Forc'd by a tyrant storm, our beaten bark
Bulg'd under us: in which sad parting blow
He call'd upon his saint, but not for life,
On you, unhappy woman; and whilst all
Sought to preserve their souls, he desp'rately
Embrac'd a wave, crying to all that saw it:
If any live, go to my Fate that forc'd me
To this untimely end, and make her happy.”

Or this from *Bonduca* (I, i):

“Ten struck battles

I suck'd these honor'd scars from, and all Roman;
Ten years of bitter nights and heavy marches
(When many a frozen storm sung through my cuirass,
And made it doubtful whether that or I
Were the more stubborn metal) have I wrought through,
And all to try these Romans. Ten times a-night
I have swam the rivers, when the stars of Rome
Shot at me as I floated, and the billows
Tumbled their watry ruins on my shoulders,
Charging my battered sides with troops of agues;
And all to try these Romans.”

Or this from *Thierry and Theodoret* (IV, i):

“For in the silent grave, no conversation,
No joyful tread of friends, no voice of lovers,

No careful father's counsel; nothing 's heard
Nor nothing is, but all oblivion,
Dust and an endless darkness: and dare you, woman,
Desire this place?

Ord. 'T is of all sleeps the sweetest:
Children begin it to us, strong men seek it,
And kings from height of all their painted glories
Fall like spent exhalations to this centre."

Now in the first two of these passages the verse does not at all arrest the dramatic movement, but helps on the story even while indulging the poetic imagination. In the third passage the effect is more that of lyrical interruption, yet still with the conversational element preserved; and the better to preserve it the outbreak is divided between two speakers. With Beaumont's work the case is somewhat different. His most typical passages of poetry are further removed from the dramatic or conversational. The most familiar and admirable example is the well-known description of Bellario ("I found him sitting by a fountain's side") in the first act of *Philaster*. Of a very different type, but equally characteristic, is the semi-soliloquy of Vitelli in *Love's Cure* (III, iii):

"Can I with rational discourse sometimes
Advance my spirit into heaven, before
'T has shook hands with my body, and yet blindly
Suffer my filthy flesh to master it,
With sight of such fair frail beguiling objects?
When I am absent, easily I resolve
Ne'er more to entertain those strong desires
That triumph o'er me, even to actual sin;
Yet when I meet again those sorcerer's eyes,
Their beams my hardest resolutions thaw,

As if that cakes of ice and July met,
 And her sighs, powerful as the violent north,
 Like a light feather twirl me round about,
 And leave me in my own low state again."

Or take the soliloquy of Philaster in the wilderness (an interesting premonition, by the way, of a well-known passage in *Locksley Hall*):

"Oh, that I had been nourished in these woods
 With milk of goats and acorns, and not known
 The right of crowns nor the dissembling trains
 Of women's looks; but digged myself a cave,
 Where I, my fire, my cattle, and my bed,
 Might have been shut together in one shed;
 And then had taken me some mountain girl,
 Beaten with winds, chaste as the hardened rocks
 Whereon she dwelt, that might have strewed my bed
 With leaves and reeds, and with the skins of beasts,
 Her neighbours, and have borne at her big breasts
 My large coarse issue! This had been a life
 Free from vexation." ¹

The nature of such characteristic soliloquies as these can well be represented by examples; but it is not easy briefly to illustrate the other side of the poetic quality of Beaumont's verse, which runs through all his dramatic work. One must simply say that with him the verse-scenes are often felt to be first poetry, and secondarily dialogue; while with Fletcher they are more likely to be first dialogue, and only secondarily poetry. Fletcher hurriedly throws in some bit of the picturesque in such a line as

"Like a south wind, I have sung through all these tempests"
 (*Valentinian*, v, ii)

¹ *Philaster*, iv, ii.

and moves on to action. Beaumont is more likely to linger; his verse is slower and more static in character, more (to borrow the distinction proposed by Mr. Symonds for epic and dramatic verse) like architecture than music.

These distinctions are most noticeable in comedy. It was chiefly in tragedy that Fletcher permitted himself to use as much of the lyrical element as we have found in the passages quoted from *Bonduca* and *Thierry and Theodoret*. Like his imitators, the Restorationists, he made little of the element of romantic beauty in comedy.¹ But with Beaumont it was otherwise. He was an Elizabethan in his serious poetic interest in comedy, and it was only he—of the two colleagues—who was likely to introduce into *The Coxcomb* such a bit of idyllic poetry as opens the third scene of Act III:

“Come, pretty soul, we now are near our home,
And whilst our horses are walk'd down the hill,
Let thou and I walk here over this close!
The footway is more pleasant. 'T is a time,
My pretty one, not to be wept away,
For every living thing is full of love.”

It is a natural consequence of Beaumont's seemingly

¹ Many possible exceptions to these statements will occur to admirers of Fletcher; Mr. Swinburne going so far as to say that Fletcher is like Shakspeare in that “he has left us no single play without some touch in it of serious interest, of poetic eloquence or fancy.” (*Studies in Prose and Poetry*, p. 67.) It would be difficult to find these touches, however, in comedies like *The Wild Goose Chase* or *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*; and where there are salient passages of romantic poetry, as in *Monsieur Thomas* (III, i) or *The Elder Brother* (III, v), they may usually be interpreted as quite germane to the dramatic purpose of the scene.

greater interest in the poetic opportunities of the drama that we shall find him more tempted than Fletcher to introduce passionate speeches such as sometimes amount to rant, or a kind of operatic declamation. In this respect he is allied to the Restoration dramatists in his conception of tragedy, as his colleague was in respect to comedy. The speeches of Arbaces in *A King and No King* are the most notable example. Yet it is quite consistent with this tendency toward an exaggerated elevation of manner in scenes of passion, that Beaumont should have had a special gift for simple phrasing, which is indeed one of the notable qualities of his style. The presence of these two qualities side by side may be illustrated from the last scene of *A King and No King*, where Arbaces, at the moment of greatest tension, in his excessive anxiety to hear the revelation of his birth, prostrates himself at the feet of Gobrias, and says:

"I'll lie and listen here as reverently
As to an angel; if I breathe too loud,
Tell me; for I would be as still as night."

Professor Herford has spoken of this quality of Beaumont's style as a love of simplicity which "partly neutralises" the periodic structure of his verse, and "in which he is quite unlike Fletcher and almost all the other dramatists of his time. It is in Beaumont that we find those brief sentences of unassuming beauty, perfectly limpid in structure and in thought, daintily inlaid like pearls in the verse, and breaking up its continuous music into detached and completed phrases."¹ Examples of

¹ Review of Mr. Macaulay's work on Beaumont, in the *Academy* of December 22, 1883.

these, besides the passage quoted above from *The Coxcomb*, are Aspatia's famous line,

"'T is but a piece of childhood thrown away";

Evadne's words after she has murdered the king:

"There is some hidden power in these dead things
That calls my flesh unto 'em: I am cold";

and Panthea's cry in the moment of temptation:

"I feel a sin growing upon my blood!"

This utterly simple method is quite in contrast with Fletcher's brilliant picturesqueness where he seeks a heightened effect.¹

We are naturally led in the next place to consider the qualities of Beaumont as a dramatist; but this is of course the most difficult of all the points for discrimination, since the elements of plot and structure represent that joint work which the authorship of particular scenes does not affect. There is no even approximately certain test for Beaumont as a dramatic architect. Mr. Macaulay, however, gives him a higher place than Fletcher in this respect, because in the plays known to be Fletcher's we find scenes often "loosely put together," "thrown in without any sufficient connection with the main course of the story," and a want of "the artistic earnestness which aims steadily at a single end."² In this there is no doubt some truth, and it is Fletcher's irrepressible comic boisterousness and gratuitous outpouring

¹ For examples of which, one may compare the dialogue of *Amincor* and Evadne, in *The Maid's Tragedy*, iv, i, or the dying speech of Valentinian, in *Valentinian*, v, ii.

² See *Francis Beaumont*, pp. 52-54.

of brilliant scenes for stage effect, which probably gave rise to the tradition that Beaumont was a sort of plummet hung on his wit, with the chief duty of criticism and repression. That Beaumont was a more consciously restrained literary artist than his colleague is what we should expect from what we have already seen.

But as a dramatic artist the evidence is not all in his favor. The characteristic Beaumont-and-Fletcher play has a conspicuous under-plot, which sometimes (as in the case of *The Coxcomb*) takes precedence in interest over the main plot from which the play is named. The skill with which this under-plot is intertwined with the other, so as to secure real unity when all is done, is a fair test of dramatic skill; and in this respect there is little evidence of Beaumont's superiority. The two plots of *The Woman Hater* are but slightly connected; the short play called *The Triumph of Honour* has a trivial under-plot of no dramatic significance; whereas if we turn to *The Scornful Lady* and *Cupid's Revenge*, two plays in which Fletcher apparently had a larger share than in most of those of the early group, we find in the former case an unusually good linking of the two plots, and in the latter no under-plot at all. It is true that in the two great plays of *Philaster* and *The Maid's Tragedy*, and also in the most brilliant of the comedies, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, all of which are very largely from Beaumont's hand, the dramatic construction is for the most part masterly; but in *Philaster* we must except the Beaumontesque character of Aspatia, — a lovely addition to the play but a dramatic superfluity, — and it is of course impossible to say how much of his

genius for stagecraft Fletcher contributed to all three dramas.

Two other considerations lead us to question Beaumont's superiority as a dramatist pure and simple. One has already appeared in his fondness for single passages of salient poetic beauty, and particularly for those of the nature of soliloquy. The soliloquies in Beaumont's scenes are not few, and they are not all due to his interest in the subjective and lyrical elements; not infrequently they are of the makeshift kind, introduced for the revelation of certain necessary steps in the plot.¹ Fletcher seems to have been at least not less successful in revealing the plot through action. The other consideration is that Fletcher early developed a fondness for the comedy of intrigue, in which an intricate plot is emphasized far more than character (this being no doubt in good part a matter of Spanish influence); and such comedy requires no little study of structure. Beaumont, on the other hand, whom we have found to be first under the influence of Jonson and then under that of Shakspeare, was primarily interested in certain types of character and romantic situations, rather than in plot as such.² This

¹ For typical examples of Beaumont's soliloquies, see *The Woman Hater*, I, iii, and IV, ii; *Love's Cure*, II, ii, and III, i; *Philaster*, I, i, and II, iv; *The Maid's Tragedy*, II, i; *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, III, i; *The Scornful Lady*, V, ii; *A King and No King*, III, ii; *Cupid's Revenge*, III, ii; *The Coxcomb*, I, iv; *The Faithful Friends*, III, i. On the other hand, it is only fair to note that the longest soliloquy in *A King and No King* (at the opening of IV, ii) appears to be the work of Fletcher.

² A good example of this contrast in interest may be found in *The Coxcomb*, where the work of the two dramatists is distinguished with especial clearness.

fact is further emphasized when we consider his relation to the elements of the "heroic romance."

This heroic romance, as it has come to be called, was the typical product of the art of Beaumont and Fletcher during the period when Beaumont's work dominated. It is the special province of another volume in this series to represent this type of play.¹ Here it is sufficient to observe that it throws into prominence the qualities which have been noted as specifically those of Beaumont's hand, in contrast to the later work of Fletcher alone. One of the striking qualities of the heroic romance is its lofty improbability. The typical characters are an insanely arrogant king, a hero of blameless character but of incapacity to stand up against the tyrant, and maidens betrayed, deserted, or forced to woo for themselves. The interest, while it is often in the characters, is felt to be in them as they move on the stage rather than in their representative humanity. Their loves and hates and repentances are not from within, but are imposed by a domineering fate. Unplausible tension of feeling, and equally unplausible change of feeling, are constantly to be expected. Coleridge has several outbursts against the king-worship of Beaumont and Fletcher, based on such scenes as those in which a hero refuses to take revenge upon a wanton tyrant because of the sacredness of the monarch's person. But this was not due to an excessive want of republicanism; it was one of the dramatic conventions which the heroic romance required. Without it, the kings of Beaumont and

¹ *Beaumont and Fletcher*, containing *Philaster* and *The Maid's Tragedy*, *Belles-Lettres Series*, edited by Professor A. H. Thorndike.

Fletcher could not have lived long enough to satisfy the exigencies of the plot. They had, therefore, to move under arbitrary laws like those of men on a chess-board, rather than under the laws of human life; and the same thing is true of other characters. These qualities of the heroic play of course belong to both dramatists alike, in considerable measure; but the evidence leads us to attribute them to Beaumont in larger measure than to Fletcher. Part of this evidence has already appeared in what we have seen of the characteristics of Beaumont as a dramatic poet. It is a striking fact, too,—though one need not exaggerate its significance,—that in the group of *Four Plays in One* both of Beaumont's supposed contributions (*The Triumph of Honour* and *The Triumph of Love*) are of the character, not precisely of the heroic romance, but of the romantic tragi-comedy, which is very nearly the same thing;¹ Fletcher's contributions, on the other hand, consisting of a condensed tragedy and an allegorical morality. But chiefly it is to be noticed that *Philaster* and *A King and No King*, the principal examples of the type in question, are in all probability largely the work of Beaumont, and certainly are the plays in which his peculiar powers in the serious drama

¹ Of *Philaster* and *A King and No King* either term might be used, the former with reference to characters and situations, the latter to the nature of the plot. On the other hand *A Winter's Tale*, which may be called a tragi-comedy, is of course not of the "heroic" type. Fletcher was the first to define the term "tragi-comedy," as a play which "wants deaths . . . yet brings some near it"; but although he was applying the term to *The Faithful Shepherdess* (in the *Address to the Reader*), that play is no more representative of the type than it is of Fletcher's usual work.

are best shown; while for Fletcher's best work one looks either to pure tragedy or to the pure comedy of intrigue. We may therefore hold Beaumont primarily responsible for the dramatic defects of the heroic romances, at the same time giving him credit for realizing the poetic possibilities of the form.

Although in *Philaster* there is more of poetry and romance, *A King and No King* is on the whole the best representative of its type. Throughout the seventeenth century it was considered to be one of the greatest achievements of its authors, both on its serious and its comic side. Arbaces still stands out as the finest character of the impossible type which the heroic play requires; and if we compare him with the most brilliant representative of the same type in the Restoration drama, Almanzor in *The Conquest of Granada*, we see how Beaumont made his hero, if not precisely plausible, at any rate a genuine character study instead of a brilliant puppet. A comparison of the two plays brings into prominence also that singular simplicity of style which Beaumont united with exaggerated passion and action, in contrast with the pure bombast of Dryden. Granted certain absurd situations, and a number of irresponsibly passionate and yet not disagreeable people, the character studies in *A King and No King* are notably skilful. An old critic in the *Quarterly Review* well described the emotional interest of this play. "The power of the drama consists in the effective manner in which the feelings of the different persons are brought into play, balanced one against another, so as to form a sort of network of conflicting emotions. Love and anger alternate in the breast

of Arbaces; love and grief in that of Panthea; love and jealousy in Spaconia; love and remorse in Tigranes. The play is like a piece of music arranged in four parts, and performed all at once on different instruments.”¹

In recent years this play has been shunned because of its subject-matter, a dark suspicion having gone about that it deals with the problem of incest. This was vigorously denied by Mr. Swinburne,² on the ground that the very basis of the plot is that Arbaces and Panthea are *not* brother and sister, though for a time they believe themselves to be. Professor Ward, replying, tells us that this is no real defense, since the apparent sin cannot be hurried off the stage by the revelation of the mistaken relationship in the last scene.³ Both critics seem to be right. Not only is it technically true that there is no incest in the drama, but it is not certain that the authors intended that there should appear to be. As early as the first scene we get an intimation that there is something mysterious in the birth or family of Arbaces, in the fact that the queen-mother repeatedly seeks to take his life; and in the first scene of the second act the truth about the plot is broadly hinted in the conversation of Gobrias and Arane. The observant reader is therefore prepared for the happy ending. But on the other hand it is perfectly true that the moral effect of the story is highly unsatisfactory. The crime is in Arbaces's breast, even though it be — unknown to him — an impossible one; and our last glimpse of his purpose,

¹ *Quarterly*, September, 1848, p. 389.

² *Studies in Prose and Poetry*, p. 83.

³ *English Dramatic Literature*, revised ed., 1899, vol. II, p. 677.

before the *dénouement*, is to the effect that he will yield to the temptation and go on to all that is bad. To patch up the situation, then, is not to repair his character; and the materials for a tragedy have been accumulated, without the outcome required by the moral law. There results therefore a dramatic incongruity such as many readers feel in *All's Well that Ends Well*, a comedy whose title seems to apologize for the fact that it remains a comedy after so much of tragic import; and a moral dissatisfaction such as Coleridge felt with *Measure for Measure*, which he called "a hateful work,"¹ because our feelings of justice are wounded by the happy conclusion. But this sort of thing, which is exceptional in Shakspeare, is quite of the manner of Beaumont and Fletcher.

It must already have become evident that this failure to discriminate nicely between the atmospheres of comedy and tragedy was one of the elements which made the plays we are considering influential in the Restoration. The "tragi-comedy" of the age of Dryden, which he defended in his earlier career but later dared to condemn, shows precisely the incongruity which we have found in *A King and No King*, and we are not surprised that this play was not only among the most popular on the Restoration stage, but commanded the especial admiration of Dryden himself.² *Philaster* was

¹ *Table Talk*, June 24, 1827.

² "The best of their designs" (Dryden is speaking of the plays of both Shakspeare and Beaumont and Fletcher), "the most approaching to antiquity, and the most conducing to move pity, is the *King and No King*." Yet his comment is not all praise. The play

no less in favor.¹ Of late it has come to be recognized that the heroic play of the Restoration is to be traced back to the condition of the English stage before the closing of the theatres, and not primarily to influences emanating from France.² If, then, we have been justified in finding Beaumont's hand dominant in the heroic

"is of that inferior sort of tragedies which end with a prosperous event. . . . The taking of this play, among many others, I cannot wholly ascribe to the excellency of the action; for I find it moving when it is read: 't is true, the faults of the plot are so evidently proved, that they can no longer be denied." (Preface to *Troilus and Cressida*.) In the *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*, Lisideius praises the same play for its classical use of narration as a means to greater unity and plausibility: "In that excellent play . . . the whole unraveling of the plot is done by narration in the fifth act, after the manner of the ancients; and it moves great concernment in the audience, though it be only a relation of what was done many years before." Dryden's allusion to the faults of the plot of *A King and No King* as "evidently proved" is doubtless made with reference to Rymer's *Tragedies of the Last Age*, published 1678, the year preceding *Troilus and Cressida*. In that work Rymer analyzed the fable of the play, finding it lacking in "that good sense which Tragedy requires." His chief complaint was that the character of the king was not typically kingly. Panthea also seemed to him lacking in the qualities of a princess. "One might swear she had a knock in the cradle; so soft she is at all points, and so silly."

¹ In the prefatory Address, cited by Dr. Child (see the following note) from the fifth impression of the edition of 1652, it was said: "This play so affectionately taken and approved by the Auditors . . . hath received (as appears by the copious vent of four Editions) no less acceptance with improvement of you likewise the Readers."

² See the article by Professor C. G. Child, "The Rise of the Heroic Play," in *Mod. Lang. Notes*, vol. xix, p. 166; and "The Relation of the Heroic Play to the Romances of Beaumont and Fletcher," by Dr. J. W. Tupper, in the *Publications of the Mod. Lang. Assoc.*, vol. xx, p. 584.

romances, it is clear that it was his genius which led the way to the characteristic serious drama of the Restoration, as the genius of Fletcher inspired a great part of its comedy.¹

We now turn to the work of Beaumont in comedy. Here his individuality is quite as distinct from Fletcher's as in other regions, and the late comedies written by Fletcher alone differ conspicuously from those in which Beaumont had a large share. While *The Woman Hater* is a somewhat crude and by no means representative piece of Beaumont's work, it struck the two notes which remained the chief in his comic writings. One is the note of satiric character-humor, in the fashion of Jonson's comedy of manners; the other is that of burlesque. As the influence of Jonson grew less, and Beaumont's art ripened under the apparent influence of Shakspeare, the second element seems to have outgrown the first, and his comic to have become predominately serio-comic.²

¹ This latter will be treated in the volume on *Fletcher* of the *Belles-Lettres Series*.

² Some critics have objected to the statement, as made for example by Mr. Macaulay, that of the two colleagues Beaumont alone makes any considerable use of the burlesque. Professor Herford (in *The Academy* for Dec. 22, 1883) instances *The Woman's Prize* by way of exception. But while this whole play may be regarded in a sense as a parody of *The Taming of the Shrew*, it is not therefore a burlesque, and the humor of its characters is generally of the voluble type familiar in Fletcher's work. Only in a few speeches of Bianca is there a suggestion of the slower, mock-heroic manner of Beaumont. Again, it has been pointed out that the burlesque humor of Beaumont is not without its counterpart in the comedy of his first master, Jonson. This is true, as for example in *Bartholo-*

Like Shakspeare, as Mr. Macaulay justly observes, Beaumont had a singularly clear view of the ironies of life. In serious work the situation in *A King and No King* is a sufficiently good example, where we have a tyrant who can conquer any foe, but cannot master a passion which he admits to be base; while Panthea early declares that she could never feel a passion which she knew to be sin, but is herself presently swept along by its tempestuous force. In the comedies the same attitude appears in the element of the mock-heroic, — a sense of the littleness of the great and the greatness of the little, which became the principal source of Beaumont's humorous creations. Not to speak of the greatest example, represented in the comedy included in the present volume, one thinks at once of Bessus, who was given a place by the side of Falstaff in the opinions of Beaumont's generation, of the chaplain in *The Scornful Lady*, the parasite in *The Woman Hater*, and — in the doubtful plays — of Pompey in *Wit at Several Weapons*, Marine in *The Noble Gentleman*, and Sir Pergamos in *The Faithful Friends*. All these are characters of the same school; and no contrast could be more marked than that between their solemn strutting and the light-footed, voluble hilarity of Fletcher's comic characters. Even when both writers depict the absurdities of drunken men (as in Act I of *The Coxcomb*), it is Fletcher who deals with the more hilarious stage, and apparently Beau-

mew Fair, — a play decidedly later, however, than *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*. But here also it is impossible not to distinguish between the more realistic and less good-natured humor of Jonson and that of the younger dramatist.

negligable
negligible

mont to whom the later mood of affected dignity is turned over. In his solemn-faced humor one may perhaps see again the influence of Shakspeare. The manner of *The Scornful Lady* is particularly suggestive of certain of Shakspeare's characters, as in the Olivia-like self-possession of the Lady, or the would-be literary discourse of the chaplain:

“Have patience, sir, until our fellow Nicholas be deceased, that is, asleep: for so the word is taken: ‘To sleep, to die; to die, to sleep’; a very figure, sir.”

One is fain to believe the Dogberry-like justice in the last act of *The Coxcomb* also a creation of Beaumont's, although the great part of the scene is commonly assigned to Fletcher:

“Write down, that he being a stander-by (for so you see he is) doth doubtlessly believe the accused parties, which is himself, to be guilty.”

In another direction, note the reflective humor in the conversation before the palace at the opening of the fourth act of *Philaster*:

“There's a rank regiment where the devil carries the colours and his dam drum-major! now the world and the flesh come behind with the carriage.”

Very characteristic of Beaumont, too, is the humor of the common crowd, as in *A King and No King* (II, ii), where the shop-keepers and citizens' wives play an incongruous but wholly delightful part in the triumph of Arbaces. One may well contrast with these slow-spoken drolls the ribald boisterousness of the mob of Fletcher's creation in the last act of *Philaster*. Beau-

mont's fun is of the reserved kind which the populace itself would not appreciate; it is the quizzical observation of an aristocrat with a sense of humor for the perverse affectations of the lower classes.

Of all these qualities of Beaumont's comic Muse the most brilliant example is *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*. Unquestionably his genius dominates the play, and Fletcher's contributions (which some altogether question) appear to have been made wholly to the scenes representing the romantic inner plot, in and about which the burlesque and satirical elements are woven. We may perhaps suppose that this inner plot was one which had been outlined by the dramatists for some romantic comedy, perhaps to be called *The London Merchant*, the title which is introduced only to be changed at the demand of the arrogant grocer; and that they decided to sacrifice it to the more purely humorous purposes which it would serve after the introduction of the mock knight-errant. The final result was a kind of three-fold play, involving at once a typical Elizabethan comedy of love in middle-class life, a burlesque of knight-errantry and the romances and plays dealing with it, and a satirical study of the "humors" of the contemporary audience.¹

¹ It should perhaps be noted that an anonymous critic, in a pamphlet published in 1864, finds still another significant aspect of this comedy. He interprets it as one of the plays used as a vehicle of personal satire in "the war of the theatres," and believes that Jonson is depicted in the person of Ralph, Lyly in Merrythought, Shakspeare in Jasper, Chapman in Humphrey, and Marston in Michael. This interpretation may safely be considered to be more entertaining than sound. The pamphlet in question, called "Shakspeare and Jonson: Dramatic versus Wit Combats," was reviewed by Leonhardt in *Englische Studien*, vol. xii, p. 309.

Each of these elements is developed with an art that secures the desired end with absolute precision of touch, and the three are intertwined with an ingenuity for which only the peculiar conditions of the Elizabethan stage gave scope.¹

The romance of the London merchant, his apprentice and his daughter, is treated for the most part in that serious poetic spirit which we have seen to be characteristic of Beaumont. Luce is indeed one of the most vital heroines in the whole group of plays, combining the youthful innocence of the Beaumontesque heroine with the somewhat greater sprightliness of Fletcher's maidens. No prettier bit of romantic outdoor love is to be found, outside the Forest of Arden, than that of Jasper and his lady on their way through Waltham Forest. On the other hand, one finds in the same scene the exaggerated passion, and the deliberate making-up of a situation untrue to real life for the sake of dramatic effectiveness, which we have seen in the heroic romances. Jasper's sudden inspiration to test the loyalty of Luce by his sword can be pardoned only on the ground that it produces precisely the series of consequences necessary for the working-out of the double plot, or under the suspicion that it may actually have been meant as a burlesque of certain of the authors' own serious dramas, where the unfortunate maidens show a melodramatic tendency to suffer injury through their lovers' swords. The other scene of greatest intensity—the meeting of the lovers when Jasper lies in the coffin

¹ See the note on p. 140, regarding the "symbolic stage" and the "unlocated scene" in this comedy.

— is equally brilliant as a piece of stagecraft, and comes much nearer plausibility. Luce's second lover, Humphrey, is the cowardly ninny of the type that figures in most of the other Beaumont-and-Fletcher plays of the same period. We may assume that he would have been further developed as the centre of the under-plot, if the grocer and the knight had not been introduced as the chief elements of comic interest.

Some years before this play was written, Jonson had made use of the device of the Induction in *Every Man Out of His Humour* (1599), for the purpose of introducing comments on the play by persons representing the author and his friends. Perhaps following this suggestion, Beaumont hit upon the more clever plan of introducing comments by certain stupid members of the citizen audience; and the great result was the grocer's wife, his most brilliant comic character. He may have been pardoned if he fancied that he had excelled his master in at least this study of contemporary manners; for there is certainly nothing in Jonson's work more absolutely lifelike and at the same time more penetratingly satiric. There does not seem to be much support for Mr. Macaulay's notion that this part of the play was written in revenge for the unfavorable reception lately given to Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*;— if that were the main object, Beaumont missed many opportunities for making it clear; but every dramatist of the period must often have been both oppressed and amused by the wrong-headedness of his bourgeois critics. Not all cared to risk their popularity by showing what they thought of their audiences; but Jonson never hesitated

to do so, and here at least Beaumont will have his somewhat better-natured say. A German critic has assumed from the satiric character of the play that it was written for a private theatre, where the jests on citizens would be duly enjoyed;¹ but the internal evidence is clearly against this, and Burre, the first publisher, told his patron that "the wide world" had at first "utterly rejected" the play, "not understanding the privy marke of ironie about it." This was natural enough; it is far more surprising that its humor should have proved of such vital quality for modern readers.

The element of burlesque, in the character of the grocer-knight, cannot well be separated from that of satire on the citizen audience; for the point of the former is found in the popularity not only of the romances of chivalry but of the contemporary plays appealing to the same love of sensational adventure. The Red Bull Theatre seems to have distinguished itself particularly for these; and Heywood, in his play of the *Four Prentices*, had furnished Beaumont the typical butt for his ridicule. Heywood was too good a writer to have valued his *Prentices* highly; he doubtless knew, as Dryden said of some of his plays, that "they were bad enough to please," and may have enjoyed Beaumont's burlesque as heartily as any. It was the clever identification of the military ardor of the London citizens with their interest in chivalric adventure, that formed the special link between Heywood's play and *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*; and Beaumont had been fortunate

¹ Leonhardt: *Ueber Beaumont und Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle* (1885).

enough to light upon the recently published *Don Quixote* (not yet translated into English), finding in it a suggestion for the illustration of his theme. Perhaps he had only been told parts of the story;¹ but however much he may have borrowed from Cervantes, he showed himself a master of mock-heroic humor worthy of a place beside Cervantes as a genial observer of the foibles of his race.

It is evident that here was a man with a rich sense of humor and at the same time a serious appreciation of the poetic. Not only are these qualities not inconsistent, but in Beaumont's work we can see that the poetry and the humor are related. It is his very capacity for tense feeling that makes him so admirable a parodist. That serious manner which is in contrast with the swift light-heartedness of Fletcher, produces both the excessive emotions of the tragedies and the quizzical burlesque of the comedies. A greater fondness for realism would have added plausibility but taken color from each.

There still remains to be considered a matter which

¹ "It is evident that the romance was widely known in England before Shelton's translation had been issued. As early as 1607, only two years after the appearance of the *editio princeps* at Madrid, Shelton was at work englishing the original, and two playwrights had made mention of the famous fight with the windmill . . . Ben Jonson, learned in contemporary as he was in the older literatures, was also acquainted with the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, even if he did put him in the same class with Amadis of Gaul! In 1610, two years before Shelton, we find in *Epicæne*, Act iv, Scene i: 'You must leave to live in your chamber, then a month together upon *Amadis de Gaul*, or *Don Quixote*, as you were wont.' " (A. S. W. Rosenbach, in an article in *Mod. Lang. Notes*, vol. xvii, p. 182.)

was touched upon in connection with *A King and No King*, but requires separate discussion: the moral tone of Beaumont's work. It is in this direction that Mr. Macaulay makes the second chief claim for the superiority of Beaumont over Fletcher; and the evidence for the claim is in this case clearer than in the question of dramatic art. We have to notice in the first place that certain obvious moral defects underlie the whole work of the two writers. As Schlegel has it, "They found it more convenient to lower themselves to the taste of the public than to follow the example of Shakspeare, who elevated the public to himself."¹ They picture men as the victims of passion which cannot be restrained, and so debase the moral leadership of the will. They contrast vice and virtue ostentatiously, it is true, but in the manner of the melodrama, without honest presentation of the physiology of character. They are therefore rightly held to mark a certain decadence in the standards of the English drama, and to have helped give it that ethical skew which was maintained and exaggerated in the revived drama of the Restoration.

When we consider Beaumont separately, it is impossible to acquit him of a good share of these faults. He certainly shares, if not in a predominating degree, the moral fatalism which has been spoken of. The common attitude of his sinners is that expressed by Martius in *The Triumph of Honour*:

"If Heaven will snatch my sword out of my hand,
And put a rattle in it, what can I do?
He that is destined to be odious
In his old age, must undergo his fate."

¹ *Lectures on Dramatic Art*, Bohn ed., p. 468.

Arbaces, in *A King and No King*, is another striking example. He repeatedly alludes to his temptation to unlawful love as a mysterious visitation from heaven, and one longs for some wholesome Cassius to tell him that his fault is not in his star, but in himself. The same defect underlies the whole plot of that singular tragedy, *Cupid's Revenge*, making it dramatically as well as ethically incongruous: the conception that human destiny is the product not of character, not of a high inexorable fate as in the tragedy of the Greeks, but of the foibles of some wayward deity — a power not ourselves that makes for unrighteousness.

If we turn from plot to the more superficial matter of language, we find Beaumont, again, no more ethically scrupulous than his colleague. His plain speaking on licentious themes is quite as marked as Fletcher's, — perhaps more so. It is as though he would have all out frankly, and bring the under side of his theme boldly before the reader; while Fletcher, if less plain of speech, is more content to leer suggestively, and to seek cover in *double entendre*, like his followers of the Restoration. In *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, on the other hand, Beaumont presented a comedy of love wholly untainted by baseness, and the play is one of very few of its age which require almost no modification for a modern audience.

From another standpoint, that of character, Beaumont's superiority is somewhat clearer. Mr. Oliphant speaks of "his ability to comprehend and set before us maidenhood in the full charm of its innocence, and sweetness, and purity," adding that Beaumont's good women.

do not talk "knowingly" like those of Fletcher.¹ This is on the whole true, Beaumont shared the Elizabethan conception of love as a strange compound of sensual passion and romantic devotion; but when he wished to represent it at its best, he was capable of doing so as Fletcher was not, and as Fletcher's successors were not.² No dramatist of Shakspeare's time, not excluding the master himself, could give a purer picture of undefiled — though technically unchaste — womanhood like that in *The Triumph of Love*, or of maidenhood like that in *The Coxcomb*. The almost entire absence of such characters in Fletcher's compositions (the nearest to exceptions being the matronly honor of Ordella in *Thierry and Theodoret*, and Lucina in *Valentinian*) lead most critics to assign to Beaumont any which appear in the joint plays. While the reader of Fletcher is likely to feel that he has been contemplating an almost unrelieved moral desert, the reader of Beaumont has found — mingled with much sordidness — enough characters worthy

¹ *Englische Studien*, vol. xiv, p. 68.

² In illustration of Beaumont's nobler conception of womanhood, one may profitably compare the scene in *Valentinian* (II, vi), where the honor of Lucina is tempted, with that in *The Coxcomb* (III, iii) between Viola and Valerio. It is not that one has any complaint to make of Lucina, but that Beaumont attains a purity and a dignity peculiarly his own. The finest of all the scenes dealing with this theme occurs in one of the plays whose authorship is doubtful, but which, were it not for its date, would seem to show Beaumont's hand, viz., *The Knight of Malta*. The last act of this drama, in the scene between Miranda and Oriana, contains what Professor Ward calls the noblest vindication of the moral law in the whole range of the Elizabethan drama. (*English Dramatic Literature*, revised ed., vol. II, p. 689.)

of his acquaintance to make the atmosphere seem quite different. He has been with a writer who took a more fundamentally serious view of human life.

So it is Beaumont who gives us the splendid, if somewhat theatrical, picture of Arbaces turned to a realization of his own vileness by that of Bessus, — a scene in which some critics find the only bit of real character development in the whole group of plays. It is he who tells us, through the same character, of the

“method in man’s wickedness;
It grows up by degrees.”

It is he who presents the study of unreasoning remorse in Ricardo (in *The Coxcomb*). And it is he who not only presents conventional standards of chastity and honor, but seems really to warm to the beauty of them. The very plainness of his speech, as has been hinted, may sometimes be thought to be due to his clear perception of the difference between the clean and the unclean; whereas in Fletcher’s work we approach more nearly that condition described in Lamb’s account of “the Comedy of the Last Century,” — a “privation of moral light,” or, in more modern parlance, a region

“Where there ain’t no Ten Commandments,
And the best is like the worst.”

Which is to say, as has already appeared in other connections, that Beaumont’s work in comedy is less akin to the Restoration than that of his friend.

The technique of Beaumont’s style, in contrast with Fletcher’s, is a classic example of the law that

“Of the soul the body form doth take.”

Fletcher's verse, in its rapid, garrulous movement, representing so closely the conversation of real life, has long been recognized as one of his most important contributions to the dramatic art of his time. He devised a vehicle precisely suited to his vivacious manner, one which made the use of prose in familiar scenes quite unnecessary; and in all the plays of the group there is little or no prose certainly his. With Beaumont, the student of Jonson and Shakspeare, the case is quite different. His manner is serious and stately; the verse gives one perceptibly more time for the utterance of each syllable than that of Fletcher; and, as Mr. Macaulay observes, it shows a strong "tendency toward the periodic structure," with "a rounded melody of cadence in the more rhetorical passages."¹ While he may sometimes (if the usual divisions of the plays between the two authors are correct) fall into a group of hendecasyllabic lines which make it difficult to discriminate his hand from Fletcher's for the moment, he never suggests that breaking down of the distinction between verse and prose which has been so often noted in the plays of the period of decadence, — the fashion that can bring into the pentameter line such a sentence as —

"Methinks you are infinitely bound to her for her journey."

Beaumont therefore naturally resorts to prose for familiar comic scenes, and this prose too has a characteristic restraint, a want of garrulous looseness. An interesting contrast between the styles of the two writers may be found in the conversation of the "Scornful Lady" at

¹ *Francis Beaumont*, p. 103.

the opening of the third act of the play bearing her name, and that at the opening of the first act. "My house" (says Fletcher's Lady)

"Is no blind street to swagger in; and my favours
Not doting yet on your unknown deserts
So far, that I should make you master of my business.
My credit yet stands fairer with the people
Than to be tried with swords; and they that come
To do me service, must not think to win me
With hazard of a murder. If your love
Consist in fury, carry it to the camp;
And there, in honour of some common mistress,
Shorten your youth. I pray be better temper'd,
And give me leave awhile, sir."

Says Beaumont's Lady, when in a similar mood:

"A simile, servant! This room was built for honest manners, that deliver themselves hastily and plainly, and are gone. Is this a time or place for exordiums, and similes, and metaphors? If you have aught to say, break into it: my answers shall very reasonably meet you."

But when she wishes to add solemnity to her refusal, giving it — though in comedy — something of the dignity of an oath, she instantly falls into verse:

"Believe me, if my wedding-smock were on,
Were the gloves bought and given, the licence come,
Were the rosemary branches dipp'd, and all
The hippocras and cakes eat and drank of:
Were these two arms encompass'd with the hands
Of batchelors, to lead me to the church,
Were my feet in the door, were 'I, John,' said —
If John should boast a favor done by me,
I would not wed that year."

For further illustration one may refer to the whole of *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, where the distinc-

tion between the rounded verse — sometimes seriously poetic, sometimes mock-heroically rimed — and the prose is as perfect a representation of the uses of the two forms, according to the conservative practice, as can be found in the Elizabethan drama. If the same thing is not true of the comic scenes of *A King and No King*, it is partly because the hand of Fletcher seems to have been in them also, and partly — perhaps chiefly — because the text is corrupt in the matter of distinguishing verse and prose.

If one were to try to summarize in a single sentence the results of this effort to discriminate the work of the great collaborators, he might say: Fletcher was probably more a playwright, more a realist — at least from the standpoint of style, — more a wit; Beaumont was somewhat more interested in humanity, in poetry, and in humor. Fletcher showed a genius capable of anticipating or shaping the trend of English comedy in the later seventeenth century; Beaumont led the way toward the later development of the serious drama. Beaumont, gentleman friend of the great dramatists and players of the Elizabethan age, sharing with the very greatest of them a profound sense of beauty and passion, and at the same time a profound sense of the ironic absurdity of human pretensions, associated himself with a man who, while of lesser poetic and lesser ethical sensibilities, and not so devout a student of the masters of his art, yet wielded a more flexible pen, showed a more flashing wit, and developed a marvelous genius for making the most of both the poetic and the popular possibilities of the stage. So Fletcher gradually took

the larger part in their joint work, while his friend relaxed his interest in the drama. Had he been dependent for a living upon his pen, or had he begun his work a few years earlier, in the more congenial poetic atmosphere of the very opening of the century, he might have developed his splendid talents more fruitfully. Since, however, although the younger of the two, Beaumont appears to have had less of youth and fire than Fletcher, as well as less eagerness to follow the new demands of a new age, it was by a kind of dramatic fitness that he passed from the earth while the brilliant career of his colleague was just opening to view.

There follows a brief summary of the known facts regarding the date of presentation or of publication, together with an outline of the leading critical opinions regarding authorship, of the fifteen plays with which there seems to be good ground for associating the name of Beaumont.

In summarizing the opinions of those critics who have analyzed the plays in detail, it is impossible to represent their views adequately. This summary attempts only to give a general view of the weight of opinion; critical explanations and cautious modifications of opinions must be omitted. Nor can the references be interpreted negatively: that is to say, when the name of a particular critic is not mentioned, it may be due only to the fact that his opinion on the point in question is not definitely stated, or is of a character that cannot be briefly summarized.

Cautious students will be skeptical of the effort to dissect these plays with the minuteness that some have attempted. When Mr. Oliphant, for example, tells us that in *Thierry and Theodoret* he finds the original work of

Beaumont in the latter part of one scene, of Beaumont and Fletcher in the latter part of another, of Beaumont revised by Massinger in parts of three others, and of Massinger alone in yet other three, — when confronted with analysis like this, one is driven to wonder whether the whole matter of discriminating authorship will not be open to ridicule, if pursued with such reckless faith in what Mr. J. B. Mayor has called “æsthetic intuitivism.” But, as in the case of the higher criticism of the Old Testament, one may recognize very divergent and very greatly exaggerated methods, without denying the utility of the general results; and where a number of critics have approached a group of plays from independent standpoints, and have reached substantially consistent results, we may consider these results to be presumptively trustworthy.

The Woman Hater was published anonymously in quarto in 1607. The Prologue refers to the author as “he that made it,” and there is no internal evidence conflicting with the implied unity of authorship. The large amount of prose is a striking feature. In three or four scenes there are some traces of the versification of Fletcher, which suggest that the two dramatists were already friends and that Fletcher may have “touched up” the play at certain points. But recent opinion is practically unanimous in attributing it almost wholly to Beaumont. The scenes where Fletcher’s hand is suggested are III, 1 (O, A), v, 2 (A), v, 5 (O, A).¹ Boyle suggests a collaborator (not Fletcher) for III, 1, III, 2, v, 1, and v, 5.

Four Plays in One was evidently acted in 1608, though not published until the Folio of 1647. The third and

¹ The initials indicate the critics who on the whole support the suggested authorship of particular scenes, F standing for Fleay, B for Boyle, O for Oliphant, M for Macaulay, T for Thorndike, and A for the present editor.

fourth of the plays, *The Triumph of Death* and *The Triumph of Time*, are admittedly Fletcher's. The Induction, *The Triumph of Honour*, and *The Triumph of Love*, are attributed to Beaumont by general consent; save that Oliphant finds a difference of style between the first and second of the plays, so marked as to lead him to attribute only the second to Beaumont. He therefore assigns the Induction and *The Triumph of Honour* to Field.

Love's Cure, first published in the Folio of 1647, is of doubtful date, but may be safely placed between 1605 and 1609 (Fleay says 1606-1608). Boyle and Macaulay attribute this play wholly to Fletcher (Macaulay having been misled by giving it a later date). Oliphant thinks it was originally the work of Beaumont alone, but later rewritten by Massinger. All agree that in its present form it shows the hand of Massinger. Certain scenes largely in prose may be assigned to Beaumont, by the agreement of all recent critics save Macaulay and Boyle: II, 1 and 2 (O, A), III, 5 (F, O, A); so also may two or three others, at least in part: III, 1 (O), III, 3 (T, O, A), v, 3 (F, T, O, A). Lazarillo the hungry parasite seems to be related to the similar character in *The Woman Hater*.

Philaster was published in 1620 under the names of Beaumont and Fletcher. It is known to have been acted before 1610, and 1608 is a date commonly assigned (so Dyce, Macaulay, and Thorndike). The slightness in amount of Fletcher's work in this play is obvious to all critics, and Macaulay goes so far as to attribute it wholly to Beaumont. In a few scenes, however, the hand of Fletcher may doubtless be traced: II, 2 (O, A), II, 4 (B, O, A), v, 4 (F, B, O, A); and probably in portions of I, 1 (F, O, A) and v, 3 (F, B, O, A).

The Maid's Tragedy was published anonymously in 1619, but had been licensed before October, 1611. 1609 is

a safe date, with the possibility of a later. In this play also Beaumont's work clearly predominates, though Fletcher is admitted to have written a good part of Acts IV and V. Specifically we may attribute to Fletcher: IV, 1 (F, B, O, M, A), V, 1 (F, O, M, A), the greater part of V, 2 and 3 (F, B, O, M, A), and perhaps lesser portions of I, 2 (F) and II, 2 (B, O).

The Knight of the Burning Pestle was published anonymously in 1613, and has generally been dated 1610, owing to a remark in the publisher's preface. Dr. Thorndike, however, has made it appear probable that it was first produced in 1607 (see the evidence discussed in the Appendix). For this play there is no such accepted division of authorship as in the two preceding, largely because so much of it is in prose; but recent criticism finds the work of Beaumont predominating here also. Macaulay goes so far as to call the play altogether Beaumont's. The verse of Fletcher, however, seems to appear in a number of scenes: I, 1 (B, O, A), I, 2 (B, O, A), II, 2 (B, O, A), and possibly II, 3 (O), III, 1 (B, A), and IV, 4 (B, O).

Thierry and Theodoret was published in 1621, anonymously. Its present form is probably a revision by Massinger, and the date of the original play is quite uncertain. Certain elements of crudeness in the story suggest early experimenting, and Thorndike would date it as early as 1607. It is also quite uncertain whether Beaumont had any part in the play. Fleay, Boyle and Bullen find little or no evidence of his work; Ward suggests that he may have had to do only with the planning of the drama; but others find traces of his hand in a number of scenes: I, 2 (M), II, 1 (M), II, 4 (O), III, 1 and 2 (M, T, O), and V, 1 (M, O). The best evidence for Beaumont is to be found in the third act, and in the prose of V, 1; but his work, if there at all, is overlaid with Massinger's, and its

significance is to be found, if at all, in the planning of the story.

The Scornful Lady was published in 1616, as by Beaumont and Fletcher, and from internal evidence is dated before 1611 (Fleay thinks not later than 1609). Critics are agreed that Beaumont wrote in large measure the early part of the play, and Fletcher most of the latter part. To Beaumont may be attributed I, 1 (F, B, O, M, A), I, 2 (O, M, A), II, 1 (O, M, A), v, 2 (F, B, O, M, A), I, 2 (O, M, A), and perhaps portions of II, 2 (M, A), II, 3 (B, M), and IV, 1 (A). The humorous scenes of domestic life appear to be his characteristic contributions.

The Coxcomb was unpublished until the Folio of 1647, but was acted as early as 1612, and Thorndike thinks that the actor-list indicates a date before March, 1610. Criticism in general attributes to Beaumont the scenes narrating the romance of Ricardo and Viola, while those giving the "Coxcomb" story are undoubtedly largely Fletcher's. Boyle and Oliphant find traces of a third writer as reviser of the play. Beaumont's scenes appear to be I, 4 (B, O, M, A), I, 6 (O, M, A), II, 4 (F, B, O, M, A), III, 3 (B, O, M, A), v, 2 (B, O, M, A); possibly also a part of v, 3 (A).

A King and No King was published in 1619, but had been licensed and acted in 1611 (on St. Stephen's Night, as appears from the Accounts of the Revels). Here again we find unquestioned evidence of the predominance of Beaumont, Fletcher's work being recognized in the last two acts only. The distinction between the work of the collaborators is as clearly drawn in this play as in any of their works, the scenes generally attributed to Fletcher being IV, 1, 2 and 3; v, 1 and 3. Some difficulty arises, however, — particularly in IV, 3 and v, 3, — from the

corrupt state of the old texts in distinguishing verse and prose; both these scenes, if in prose, would certainly be attributed to Beaumont. See both the textual and explanatory notes below.

Cupid's Revenge was published in 1615 as by Fletcher, but is known to have been acted in January, 1611-1612, and may have been written still earlier. This play has doubtless reached us in an altered form, and critics have traced in it the work of Massinger and Field, as well as of Beaumont and Fletcher. Beaumont's hand seems to appear in every act, indicating a sort of collaboration quite different from that in *A King and No King*. The scenes which may be at least in part attributed to him are: I, 1 and 3 (B, F, O, M, A), II, 2 (B, O, M, A), II, 4 (F, O, M, A), II, 5 (B, F, O, A), III, 1 (F, O, M, A), III, 2 (B, F, O, M, A), IV, 5 (O, A), V, 3 (F, A); perhaps also I, 4 (F, M), II, 1 (B, M), II, 3 (F, O, M, A), IV, 1 (O, M, A), IV, 4 (F, A), and V, 4 (B, F, O).

The Captain was not published until the Folio of 1647, but was acted in 1612. It is clear that this play is not wholly Fletcher's, but most critics find little evidence of Beaumont. Some discover traces of his work in I, 2 (M), II, 2 (M), IV, 5 (B, O, M), V, 2 (O), V, 4 (O, M), and V, 5 (M), but these are only possibilities, and the portions attributed to Beaumont show little or nothing of his characteristic poetic feeling or of his peculiar quality of humor.

Wit at Several Weapons was first published in the Folio of 1647, and its date is quite uncertain; from internal evidence it may be placed anywhere from 1609 to 1614 or even later. The collaborator of Fletcher in this play is not easily identified. The hands of Middleton and Rowley may perhaps be traced, and the problem is too compli-

cated to admit of satisfactory results. There is none of the really characteristic poetry of Beaumont, but the scenes in which the comic character of Pompey figures are thought by Macaulay, Oliphant and Thorndike to be Beaumont's. These are II, 2 and 3; IV, 1; V, 1 and 2. I, 2 may perhaps also (as Macaulay thinks) show evidence of Beaumont.

The Honest Man's Fortune was first published in the Folio of 1647, but was acted in 1613. It is a good example of the confusion attending the effort to determine the authorship of the later plays. The critics find traces of four different authors; but Boyle is the only one who claims to recognize the work of Beaumont (in II, 2 to IV, 2 inclusive). The opening scenes of Act IV admittedly bear some resemblance to his manner, but Oliphant is doubtless right in thinking that they are probably the work of Field or some other imitator. We have now reached a period when we have no proof that Beaumont was still engaged in dramatic work.

The Faithful Friends, alone of all the plays, was unpublished until the nineteenth century. It was entered on the Stationers' Register in 1660, as by Beaumont and Fletcher (together with *A Right Woman*, "by Beaumont and Fletcher," and *Mador King of Britain*, "by Beaumont"), but was not printed until Weber's edition of 1812. Weber had purchased the manuscript from "Mr. John Smith of Furnival's Inn, into whose possession it came from Mr. Theobald, nephew to the editor of Shakespeare." Ultimately it came into the hands of Dyce, who reprinted it in his edition with far more accuracy than Weber had done. The manuscript appears to be a composite (see Dyce's account in vol. IV, p. 199), but in part at least original; there is no known reason why the play should not have been included in either of the Beaumont and Fletcher folios. That it was not may be regarded as

presumptive evidence against the alleged authorship, and modern critics have generally rejected it. Oliphant alone thinks it to have been originally a Beaumont and Fletcher play, dating very early, and altered about 1614 by Massinger and Field. (The date of 1614 was proposed by Fleay on internal evidence of doubtful value.) If the play is authentic, it was undoubtedly early and — as Oliphant believes — the present form is a revision. Certainly there is far more suggestion of Beaumont than of Fletcher, and the verse-tests would indicate his work clearly if the play were once admitted to be of the Beaumont and Fletcher group. But while these tests are valid for Beaumont as distinguished from Fletcher, they are not valid as distinguishing him from other dramatists, Nathaniel Field in particular. There is in *The Faithful Friends* some decidedly good verse in his general style, and there is also some humor of the characteristically burlesque type (the knight Sir Pergamos being obviously reminiscent of the Knight of the Burning Pestle). But both the verse and the architecture of the play are certainly inferior to Beaumont's known work, and it is hazardous to decide whether it is a revision of an early play from his hand, or a late imitation by a professed imitator.

It remains to note that there are some half-dozen plays of later or uncertain date, in which some critics (notably Mr. Oliphant) find traces of Beaumont, on the assumption that he wrote a number of plays early in his career, which were afterward revised and presented by others. Of the plays already discussed, *Thierry and Theodoret* and *The Faithful Friends* are possible examples of the same thing. The others treated by Mr. Oliphant as revisions of early compositions are: *Beggars' Bush* (to be dated somewhere after 1608), *Love's Pilgrimage* (after 1613), *The Nice*

Valour (between 1613 and 1626), *The Knight of Malta* (after 1616), *The Laws of Candy* (about 1619), *The Noble Gentleman* (before 1626), and *The Fair Maid of the Inn* (before 1626). In most of these cases the hand of Massinger is evident in the extant form of the play, and in many of them Oliphant also finds evidence of the work of Field. But in none of them is there any clear or generally admitted evidence of Beaumont. When we know nothing certainly either of original date or of authorship, the problem is peculiarly complicated; it is a case of two unknown quantities and only one equation. There is not a single play which we know to have been written by Beaumont at an early period but to have been produced only after having been revised by his successors. On the other hand, there is no *a priori* objection to the theory of such an occurrence.

In *Beggars' Bush*, *The Nice Valour*, and *The Fair Maid of the Inn* the traces of Beaumont's hand are so slight that they may perhaps be regarded as imaginary. *Love's Pilgrimage* is not a comedy of his early type, but one of intrigue after the Spanish manner; and there are but four scenes which suggest his style (IV, 1, and V, 2, 4 and 5). For the other four plays of this group Oliphant's theory is somewhat more plausible. *The Knight of Malta* is particularly puzzling. If it could be safely dated within the period of Beaumont's known work, we might assign to him with little hesitation the first and the fifth acts (as was done by Mr. Macaulay, before the evidence for the late date of the play had been pointed out). They are quite in the vein not only of his verse but of his poetic idealism. But the evidence is cumulative that this style was not solely his, but was caught by some of his successors. *The Laws of Candy*, while a much less interesting play, shows similar handiwork, though in this case the work of the unknown

collaborator of Fletcher is overlaid by Massinger's. The scenes which might be attributed to Beaumont with some plausibility are II, I, III, 3, IV, 1 and 2, and V, 1. *The Noble Gentleman*, so far as mere verse-form goes, shows a larger number of scenes reminiscent of Beaumont than any of the plays of this group; yet the style could hardly be claimed as his. The mock-heroic element, and certain details such as the parody on *Julius Cæsar* (in V, 1), are indeed quite in his vein. We find further suggestion, therefore, of imitators of Beaumont of inferior poetic gifts.

The problem of the relation of the work of Nathaniel Field to that of Beaumont is of special interest, because for so many of the later plays his hand has been suggested. In looking about for a dramatist of the same period, and of the same theatrical associations, whose style might be mistaken for that of Beaumont when contrasted with Fletcher's, the critics hit upon Field. Mr. Oliphant in particular made him a veritable *deus ex machina* for doubtful problems of authorship. That Field did engage in collaborative hack-work there is some evidence, and there is also a certain negative similarity between his verse and Beaumont's.¹ But there is little or no evidence in his two authentic plays that he was capable of producing those harmonies of verse which, in not a little of the work known

¹ The analysis of Field's verse furnishes a good example of the treacherous character of metrical tests. In his *Woman is a Weathercock* there are 18.2 per cent of run-on lines; whereas Beaumont's average is always over 25 per cent. This would seem to furnish a criterion of distinction; but in the later play, *Amends for Ladies*, Field's percentage rises to 23.2. As we have no other plays wholly his, it is impossible to say whether this indicates an increasing freedom of verse-structure which would presently bring him quite to the point where Beaumont stood. Other verse-tests show the same difficulty of distinguishing the two writers.

to be Beaumont's, echo those of Shakspeare, or indeed that he is entitled to any special distinction as a poet. On the whole his known verse is stiff and inharmonious. Its like may be found in many of the doubtful scenes of such plays as *The Honest Man's Fortune*, *The Noble Gentleman*, and *The Faithful Friends*, making plausible enough Oliphant's use of his name in connection with these plays, while at the same time one must feel very doubtful as to the attempts to differentiate the alleged early work of Beaumont in the same acts and scenes.

TEXT

The first quarto, 1613, gives on the whole an excellent text, which is here followed with few variations. In 1635 appeared the second quarto, of which there are two different printings extant, distinguishable by the fact that in one Beaumont's name appears as "Beaumont" on the title-page; this printing also contains various errors not found in the first quarto or in the other 1635 quarto. Leonhardt distinguished the two 1635 texts as B1 (the "Beaumont" copy) and B2 (the "Beaumont"). Here they are called Q2 and Q3, there being no strictly *third* quarto to forbid such a use of the abbreviation. The play next appeared in the Folio of 1679 (F), evidently reprinted from Q3. Readings of modern editors are noted only when of particular interest: chiefly those of Theobald (T), Seward (S) and Sympson, in the edition of 1750, and those of Weber (W) and Dyce (D) in their respective editions. The text of Q1 observes the distinction between verse and prose with a fair degree of accuracy; corrections have been made in this respect only where obviously necessary. In accordance with the practice of the *Belles-Lettres Series*, the spelling of Q1 has been kept, all variations from its text (except in the case of obvious misprints) being noted at the bottom of each page. All changes in the text not from another early edition are enclosed in brackets, as are stage-directions not in Q2. Any new assignment of a speech is noted in the variants. The punctuation and capitalization have been modernized, but the old abbreviations, involving apostrophes and the like, have been retained. It may be added that the printing of Q1 shows a number of curious repetitions of words, which are not noted when obviously errors (examples are "That that" in III, iv, 67, and "truery true" and "faire faire" in III, ii, 19), but only when (as in v, iii, 16), there is a possibility of their having been intended.

THE KNIGHT OF the Burning Pestle.

*Quod si
Iudicium subtile, videndis artibus illud
Ad libros & ad hæc Musarum dona vocares:
Bæotum in crasso iurares ære natum.
Horat. in Epist. ad Oct. Aug.*



LONDON,
Printed for *Walter Burre*, and are to be sold at the
signe of the Crane in Paules Church-yard.

1613.

SOURCES

The story forming the principal or inner plot of this play — that of the London apprentice and his master's daughter — is apparently original, though the coffin scene may have been suggested by that in Marston's *Antonio and Mellida* (pub. 1602). The knight-errantry of Ralph has been very generally attributed to the influence of *Don Quixote*, — an opinion which the publisher tried to forestall (see Dedictory Letter) by saying that it was certainly "his elder above a year." For evidence against this influence see the edition of H. S. Murch, 1908. Particular scenes which seem to have been suggested by *Don Quixote* are that in which Ralph takes the inn to be a castle (II, vi), that in which he declines to pay his bill (III, ii), and that in which he releases the prisoners of Barbaroso (III, iv). (See the Appendix for further details.) Heywood's *Four Prentices of London* (acted probably about 1600, not printed till 1615), while not contributing anything definite to the plot of this comedy, is obviously alluded to in the satirical presentation of the ambition of London apprentices and tradesmen. In particular, one of the Four Prentices is a grocer who bears the arms of his craft into battle as a Crusader. Leonhardt suggests a connection between Master Merrythought and the Matthew Merrygreek of *Ralph Roister Doister*, — a very different person, but one who "entereth singing" at the opening of the play, and proposes a concluding song at the end. A resemblance has also been noted between Merrythought and the singing Valerius of Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece* (pub. 1609); but the connection is only superficial, and it is impossible to say which play is the earlier.

TO HIS MANY
WAIES ENDEERED

friend Maister Robert Keyfar.

Sir, this unfortunate child, who in eight daies (as lately I have learned) was begot and borne, soone after, was by his parents (perhaps because hee was so unlike his brethren) exposed to the wide world, who for want of judgement, or not understanding the priuy marke of Ironie about it 5 (which shewed it was no of-spring of any vulgar braine) utterly rejected it: so that for want of acceptance it was even ready to give up the Ghost, and was in danger to have bene smothered in perpetuall oblivion, if you (out of your direct antipathy to ingratitude) had not bene moved 10 both to relieve and cherish it: wherein I must needs commend both your judgement, understanding, and singular love to good wits. You afterwards sent it to mee, yet being an infant and somewhat ragged; I have fostred it privately in my bosome these two yeares, and now to shew 15 my love returne it to you, clad in good lasting cloaths, which scarce memory will weare out, and able to speake for it selfe; and withall, as it telleth mee, desirous to try his fortune in the world, where if yet it be welcome, father, foster-father, nurse and child, all have their de- 20 sired end. If it bee slighted or traduced, it hopes his father

To . . . Keyfar. In Q1 only.

will beget him a yonger brother, who shall revenge his
 quarrell, and challenge the world either of fond and
 meerely literall interpretation, or illiterate misprision.
 Perhaps it will be thought to bee of the race of Don 25
 Quixote: we both may confidently sweare, it is his elder
 above a yeare; and therefore may (by vertue of his birth-
 right) challenge the wall of him. I doubt not but they
 will meet in their adventures, and I hope the breaking
 of one staffe will make them friends; and perhaps they 30
 will combine themselves, and travell through the world
 to seeke their adventures. So I commit him to his good
 fortune, and my selfe to your love.

Your assured friend

W. B.

[To the Readers of this Comedie.

Gentlemen, the world is so nice in these our times, that
 for apparrell there is no fashion; for musicke (which is a
 rare art, though now slighted) no instrument; for diet,
 none but the French kickshoes that are delicate; and for
 playes, no invention but that which now runneth an in- 5
 vective way, touching some particular person, or else it is
 contemned before it is throughly understood. This is all
 that I have to say, that the author had no intent to wrong
 any one in this comedy, but as a merry passage, here and
 there interlaced it with delight, which hee hopes will please 10
 all, and be hurtfull to none.]

To the Readers of this Comedie. Not in Q1.
 6 person. Q3, F, persons.

[THE PROLOGUE.]

Where the bee can sucke no honey, shee leaves her sting behind; and where the beare cannot finde origanum to heale his griefe, hee blasteth all other leaves with his breath. We feare it is like to fare so with us; that seeing you cannot draw from our labours sweete content, you 5 leave behinde you a sower mislike, and with open reproach blame our good meanings, because you cannot reape the wonted mirth. Our intent was at this time to moove inward delight, not outward lightnesse, and to breed (if it might be) soft smiling, not loud laughing: 10 knowing it to the wise to be a great pleasure to heare counsell mixed with wit, as to the foolish to have sport mingled with rudenesse. They were banished the theater of Athens, and from Rome hissed, that brought parasites on the stage with apish actions, or fooles with uncivill 15 habits, or courtezans with immodest words. We have endeavoured to be as farre from unseemely speeches, to make your eares glow, as we hope you will be free from unkinde reports, or, mistaking the author's intention (who never aymed at any one particular in this play) to make 20 our cheekes blush. And thus I leave it, and thee to thine owne censure, to like, or dislike. Vale.]

The Prologue. Not in Q1.

7 meanings. Q3, F, meaning.

[THE SPEAKERS NAMES.]

The Prologue.

Then a Cittizen.

The Cittizen's wife, and Raph
her man, sitting below amidst
the Spectators.

[Venturewell,] A rich Marchant,
Jasper his Apprentise.

Master Humphry, a friend to
the Marchant.

Luce, Marchant's daughter.

Mistresse Merry-thought, Jas-
pers mother.

Michael, a second sonne of
Mistresse Merri-thought.

Old M. Merry-thought.

[Tim,] A Squire.

[George,] A Dwarf.

A Tapster.

A Boy that danceth
and singeth.

An Host.

A Barber.

[Three Captive]
Knights.

[Captive Woman.]

A Captaine.

A Sergeant.

Souldiers.

[Boys.]

[Pompiona, daughter of
the King of Moldavia.]

The Speakers' Names. Not in Q1; collated with Q3. F reads: *The Actors Names.*

Three Captive Knights. Early eds. have *Two Knights.*

The Famous Historie of the Knight of the Burning Pestle

[INDUCTION

*Several Gentlemen, sitting on Stools upon the Stage.
The Citizen, his Wife, and Ralph, below among the
audience.]*

Enter Prologue.

Prologue.

From all that's neere the Court, from all that's great
Within the compasse of the Citty-wals,
We now have brought our sceane.

Enter Citizen [mounting to the stage].

Citizen. Hold your peace, good-man boy.

Pro. What do you meane, sir?

Cit. That you have no good meaning. This
seven yeares there hath beene playes at this house,
I have observed it, you have still girds at citi-
zens; and now you call your play *The London*
Marchant. Downe with your title, boy! downe
with your title!

Pro. Are you a member of the noble Citty?

Cit. I am.

Pro. And a free-man?

Cit. Yea, and a grocer.

15

Pro. So, Grocer, then by your sweet favour,
we intend no abuse to the Citty.

Cit. No sir, yes sir; if you were not resolv'd
to play the Jacks, what need you study for new
subjects, purposely to abuse your betters? Why
could not you be contented, as well as others,
with *The Legend of Whittington*, or *The Life and*
Death of Sir Thomas Gresham, with *the Building*
of the Royall Exchange? or *The Story of Queene*
Elenor, with *the Rearing of London Bridge upon*
Wool-sackes?

20

25

Pro. You seeme to bee an understanding
man: what would you have us do, sir?

Cit. Why, present something notably in hon-
our of the commons of the Citty.

30

Pro. Why, what doe you say to *The Life and*
Death of Fat Drake, or *the Repairing of Fleet-*
privies?

Cit. I do not like that, but I will have a citi-
zen, and hee shall be of my owne trade.

35

Pro. Oh, you should have told us your minde
a moneth since; our play is ready to begin now.

Cit. 'Tis all one for that; I will have a gro-
cer, and he shall do admirable things.

Pro. What will you have him do?

40

Cit. Marry, I will have him —

Wife (*below*). Husband, husband!

Rafe (*below*). Peace, mistresse!

Wife. Hold thy peace, Rafe; I know what I do, I warrant tee. Husband, husband! 45

Cit. What sayst thou, cunny?

Wife. Let him kill a lyon with a pestle, husband! Let him kill a lyon with a pestle!

Cit. So he shall; Il'e have him kill a lyon with a pestle. 50

Wife. Husband, shall I come up, husband?

Cit. I, cunny. Rafe, helpe your mistresse this way. Pray, gentlemen, make her a little roome. I pray you, sir, lend me your hand to helpe up my wife: I thanke you, sir. So. 55

[*Wife comes on the stage.*]

Wife. By your leave, gentlemen all, Im'e something troublesome; Im'e a strāger here; I was nere at one of these playes, as they say, before; but I should have seene *Jane Shore* once, and my husband hath promised me any time this twelve-moneth to carry me to the *Bold Beauchams*, but in truth he did not. I pray you beare with me. 60

Cit. Boy, let my wife and I have a cupple

43 *Rafe.* F, Ralph (and so generally in Acts 1 and 11).

45 *tee.* Q2, Q3, F, ye.

46 *cunny.* F, conie (and so frequently).

52 *Rafe.* Q2, Ralfe.

64 *cupple.* Q2, Q3, F, couple of.

stooles, and then begin; and let the grocer do 65
rare things.

Pro. But, sir, we have never a boy to play
him; ~~every one hath a part already.~~ *order*

Wife. Husband, husband! for God's sake, let
Rafe play him! Beshrew mee if I do not thinke 70
hee will goe beyond them all.

Cit. Well remembred, wife. Come up, Rafe.
Il'e tell you, gentlemen, let them but lend him
a suit of reparaell, and necessities, and by Gad,
if any of them all blow winde in the taile on him, 75
Il'e be hang'd. [*Raph comes on the stage.*]

Wife. I pray you, youth, let him have a suit
of reparaell. Il'e be sworne, gentlemen, my hus-
band tels you true: hee will act you sometimes
at our house, that all the neighbours cry out on 80
him: hee will fetch you up a couraging part so
in the garret, that we are all as feard, I warrant
you, that wee quake againe. Wee'l feare our
children with him; if they bee never so un-ruly,
do but cry, *Rafe comes, Rafe comes*, to them, and 85
they'l be as quyet as lambes. Hold up thy head,
Rafe: shew the gentlemen what thou canst doe.
Speake a huffing part; I warrant you the gentle-
men will accept of it.

Cit. Do, Rafe, do. 90

Raph. By heaven, me thinkes it were an easie
leap

To plucke bright honour from the pale-fac'd
moone,
Or dive into the bottome of the sea,
Where never fathame line touch't any ground,
And plucke up drowned honor from the lake of
hell.

95

Cit. How say you, gentlemen? is it not as I
told you?

Wife. Nay, gentlemen, hee hath playd before,
my husband sayes, *Musidorus*, before the war-
dens of our Company.

100

Cit. I, and hee should have played *Jeronimo*
with a shoemaker, for a wager.

Pro. He shall have a suite of apparrell, if he
will go in. *expressed the 1031 1113 333 grocers*

Cit. In, Rafe! in, Rafe! and set out the grocery 105
in their kinde, if thou lov'st me. [*Exit Raph.*]

Wife. I warrant our Rafe will looke finely
when hee's drest.

Pro. But what will you have it cal'd?

Cit. The Grocer's Honour.

110

Pro. Me thinks The Knight of the Burning
Pestle were better.

Wife. Il'e be sworn, husband, that's as good
a name as can be.

Cit. Let it be so. Begin, begin! my wife and 115
I wil sit downe.

Pro. I pray you do.

Cit. What stately musicke have you? You have shawmes? *old instrument*

Pro. Shawmes? No.

120

Cit. No? Im'e a thiefe if my minde did not give me so. Rafe playes a stately part, and he must needs have shawmes. Il'e be at the charge of them my selfe, rather then wee'l be without them.

125

Pro. So you are like to be.

Cit. Why, and so I will be: ther's two shillings; let's have the waits of South-warke, they are as rare fellows as any are in England; and that will fetch them all or'e the water with a 130 vengeance, as if they were mad.

Pro. You shall have them. Will you sit downe then?

Cit. I. Come, wife.

Wife. Sit you merry all, gentlemen; Im'e bold 135 to sit amongst you, for my ease.

[*Citizen and Wife sit down.*]

Pro.

From all that's neere the Court, from all that's great
Within the compasse of the Citty-walles,

120, 123 *shawmes*. Q1, shawnes; F, shawns (shawnes in l. 119). Possibly the authors meant that there should be some uncertainty as to the pronounciation of this word by the Prologue and the Citizens. Q2 has shawmes in l. 119, shawnes in ll. 120, 123; Q3 has shawnes in ll. 119, 123, and shawns in l. 120.

We now have brought our sceane. Flye farre from hence
 All private taxes, all immodest phrases, 140
 What ere may but shew like vicious:
 For wicked mirth never true pleasure brings,
 But honest minds are pleas'd with honest things.

Thus much for that we do: but for Rafe's part
 You must answere for your selfe. 145

Cit. Take you no care for Rafe; hee'l discharge himselfe, I warrant you. [*Exit Prologue.*]

Wife. I; faith, gentlemen, Il'e give my word
 for Rafe.

140 *all.* Early eds. omit.

148 *I; faith gentlemen.* Q1, no punctuation.

ACTUS PRIMI SCÆNA PRIMA.

[*Venturewell's House.*]*Enter Marchant, and Jasper his prentice.*

Venturewell. Sirrah, Il'e make you know you
 are my prentice,
 And whom my charitable love redeem'd
 Even from the fall of fortune, gave thee heate
 And growth, to be what now thou art, new cast
 thee,
 Adding the trust of all I have at home, 5
 In forren staples, or upon the sea,
 To thy direction, ti'de the good opinions
 Both of my selfe and friends to thy endeavours,
 So faire were thy beginnings; but with these,
 As I remember, you had never charge 10
 To love your maister's daughter, and even then,
 When I had found a wealthy husband for her,
 I take it, sir, you had not; but how ever,
 I'le breake the necke of that commission,
 And make you know you are but a merchant's
 factor. 15

Jasper. Sir, I do liberally confesse I am yours,
 Bound, both by love and duty, to your service;

Prentice. Q3, F, man.

8 *my selfe.* F, self.

In which my labour hath bene all my profit.
I have not lost in bargaine, nor delighted
To weare your honest gaines upon my backe, 20
Nor have I given a pencion to my bloud,
Or lavishly in play consum'd your stocke.
These, and the miseries that do attend them,
I dare with innocence proclaime are strangers
To all my temperate actions. For your daughter, 25
If there be any love to my deservings
Borne by her vertuous selfe, I cannot stop it;
Nor am I able to refraine her wishes.
She's private to her selfe, and best of know-
ledge
Whom she'll make so happy as to sigh for. 30
Besides, I cannot thinke you meane to match
her
Unto a fellow of so lame a presence,
One that hath little left of nature in him.

Vent. 'Tis very well, sir, I can tell your wise-
dome

How all this shall bee cur'd.

Jasp. Your care becomes you. 35

Vent. And thus it must be, sir: I heere dis-
charge you

My house and service. Take your liberty!
And when I want a sonne I'll send for you.

Exit.

Jasp. These be the faire rewards of them that
love.

[O you that live in freedome never prove
The travell of a mind led by desire. 40

Enter Luce.

Luce. Why, how now, friend, struck with my
father's thunder?

Jasp. Strucke, and strucke dead, unlesse the
remedy

Be full of speede and vertue. I am now,
What I expected long, no more your father's. 45

Luce. But mine.

Jasp. But yours, and onely yours I am.
That's all I have to keepe mee from the statute.
You dare be constant still?

Luce. O feare me not;

In this I dare be better then a woman.

Nor shall his anger nor his offers move me, 50
Were they both equall to a prince's power.

Jasp. You know my rivall?

Luce. Yes, and love him deerly, —
Even as I love an ague, or foule weather.
I prethee, Jasper, feare him not.

Jasp. O no,
I do not meane to do him so much kindnesse. 55
But to our owne desires. You know the plot
We both agreed on?

Luce. Yes, and will performe
My part exactly.

Jasp. I desire no more.

Fare-well, and keepe my heart; 'tis yours.

Luce. I take it!

He must do miracles makes me forsake it. 60

Exeunt.

Citizen. Fye upon am, little infidels! what a matter's here now? Well, I'le be hang'd for a halfe-penny, if there be not some abomination knavery in this play. Well, let 'em looke toot: Rafe must come, and if there be any tricks a 65 brewing, —

Wife. Let 'em brew and bake too, husband, a God's name; Rafe will find all out, I warrant you, and they were older then they are. I pray, my pretty youth, is Rafe ready? 70

Boy. He will be presently.

Wife. Now I pray you make my commendations unto him, and withall carry him this sticke of licoras: tell him his mistresse sent it him, and bid him bite a peece. 'Twill open his pipes the 75 better, say.

[ACTUS PRIMI SCÆNA SECUNDA.

Venturewell's House.]

Enter Marchant [i. e. Venturewell] and Maister Humfery. *Marchant* 80

Venturewell. Come, sir, shee's yours; upon my faith, she's yours!

You have my hand. For other idle lets
 Betweene your hopes and her, thus, with a wind
 They are scattered and no more; my wanton
 prentice,

That like a bladder blew himselfe with love, 5
 I have let out, and sent him to discover
 New maisters yet unknowne.

Humphrey. I thanke you, sir,
 Indeed I thanke you, sir, and ere I stir,
 It shall bee knowne, how ever you do deeme,
 I am of gentle blood, and gentle seeme. 10

Vent. O sir, I know it certaine.

Humph. Sir my friend,
 Although, as writers say, all things have end,
 And that we call a pudding hath his two,
 O let it not seeme strange, I pray, to you,
 If in this bloody simile I put 15
 My love, more endlesse then fraile things or gut.

Wife. Husband, I prethee, sweete lambe, tell
 me one thing, but tell mee truely: — stay, youths,
 I beseech you, till I question my husband.

Cit. What is it, mouse? 20

Wife. Sirrah, didst thou ever see a prettier
 child? How it behaves it selfe, I warrant yee,
 and speakes, and lookes, and pearts up the head?
 I pray you, brother, with your favor, were you
 never none of M. Monkester's schollars? 25

Cit. Chicken, I prethee heartely containe thy

selfe; the childer are pretty childer, but when Rafe comes, lambe!

Wife. I, when Rafe comes, conny! Well, my youth, you may proceed. 30

Vent. Wel, sir, you know my love, and rest, I hope, Assur'd of my consent; get but my daughter's, And wed her when you please; you must be bold,

And clap in close unto her. Come, I know You have language good enough to win a wench. 35

Wife. A whoreson tyrant! Has ben an old *rake* stringer in's daies, I warrant him.

Humph. I take your gentle offer, and withall Yeeld love again for love reciprocally.

Vent. What, Luce, within theer!

Enter Luce.

Luce. Cal'd you, sir?

Vent. I did. 40

Give entertainment to this gentleman; And see you bee not froward. To her, sir! My presence will but bee an eye-soare to you.

Exit.

Humph. Faire Mistresse Luce, how do you? are you well?

Give me your hand; and then, I pray you, tell 45 How doth your little sister, and your brother? And whether you love me or any other?

Luce. Sir, these are quickly answered.

Humph. So they are,

Where women are not cruel; but how farre
Is it now distant from this place we are in, ⁵⁰
Unto that blessed place, your father's warren?

Luce. What makes you thinke of that, sir?

Humph. Even that face.

For, stealing rabbits whilome in that place,
God Cupid, or the keeper, I know not whether,
Unto my cost and charges brought you thither, ⁵⁵
And there began —

Luce. Your game, sir.

Humph. Let no game,

Or any thing that tendeth to the same,
Bee evermore remembred, thou faire killer, ^{out bow}
For whom I sate me downe and brake my tiller!

Wife. There's a kind gentleman, I warrant
you! ⁶⁰

When will you do as much for me, George?

Luce. Beshrew me, sir, I am sorry for your
losses,

But, as the proverb saies, I cannot cry;
I would you had not seene me.

Humph. So would I,

Unlesse you had more ^{appeale} maw to do me good. ⁶⁵

Luce. Why, cannot this strange passion be
withstood,

Send for a constable, and raise the towne.

⁵⁰ *this place.* Q2, Q3, F, the place.

Humph. O no, my valiant love will batter
downe

Millions of constables, and put to flight
Even that great watch of Mid-summer Day at
night. *into milke* 70

Luce. Beshrew me, sir, 'twere good I yeelded,
then;

Weake women cannot hope, where valiant men
Have no resistance.

Humph. Yeeld, then; I am full
Of pittie, though I say it, and can pull
Out of my pocket, thus, a paire of gloves. ? 75
Looke, Lucy, looke! the dog's tooth, nor the
dove's,

Are not so white as these; and sweete they bee,
And whipt about with silke, as you may see.

If you desire the price, sute from your eie
A beame to this place, and you shall espie 80
F. S., which is to say, my sweetest hony,
They cost me three and two pence, or no money. *mercen*

Luce. Well, sir, I take them kindly, and I
thanke you.

What would you more?

Humph. Nothing.

Luce. Why, then, fare-well.

Humph. Nor so, nor so! for, lady, I must
tell, 85

Before we part, for what we met together.

God grant me time, and patience, and faire weather!

Luce. Strike, and declare your minde in termes so brieve.

Humph. I shall. Then first and formost, for reliefe

I call to you, if that you can affoord it, 90

I care not at what price, for on my word, it

Shall be repaid againe, although it cost me

More than I'le speake of now; for love hath
tost me

In furious blanket like a tennis ball,

And now I rise aloft, and now I fall. *Scenes* 95

Luce. Alas, good gentleman! alas the day!

Humph. I thank you hartely; and, as I say,

Thus do I still continue without rest,

I'th' morning like a man, at night a beast,

Roaring and bellowing myne owne disquiet, 100

That much I feare, forsaking of my diet

Will bring me presently to that quandary,

I shall bid all adeiw.

Luce. Now, by S. Mary,

That were great pittie.

Humph. So it were, beshrew me!

Then ease me, lusty Luce, and pittie shew me. 105

Luce. Why, sir, you know my will is nothing worth,

90 *you, if.* Q1, you, I if.

Without my father's grant. Get his consent,
And then you may with assurance try me.

Humph. The worshipfull your sire will not
deny me;

For I have askt him, and he hath repli'd: 110

"Sweete Maister Humfrey, Luce shall be thy
bride."

Luce. Sweete Maister Humfrey, then I am
content.

Humph. And so am I, in truth.

Luce. Yet take me with you:

There is another clause must be annex,
And this it is: I swore and will performe it; 115

No man shall ever joy me as his wife
But he that stole me hence. If you dare venter,
I am yours; you need not feare, my father loves
you;

If not, farewell for ever.

Humph. Stay, nimph, staie!

I have a double gelding, culored bay, 120

Sprung by his father from Barbarian kind;
Another for my selfe, though somewhat blind,
Yet true as trusty tree.

Luce. I am satisfied;

And so I give my hand. Our course must lie
Through Waltham Forrest, where I have a
friend 125

108 *with assurance.* Sympson, and many modern eds. read,
with full assurance.

Will entertaine us. So fare-well, sir Humfrey,
And thinke upon your businesse. *Exit Luce.*

Humph. Though I die,
I am resolv'd to venter life and lim
For one so yong, so faire, so kind, so trim.

Exit Humfrey.

Wife. By my faith and troth, George, and ^{as} ₁₃₀
I am vertuous, it is e'ne the kindest yong man
that ever trod on shooe leather. Well, go thy
waies; if thou hast her not, 'tis not thy fault,
'faith.

Citizen. I prethee, mouse, be patient; a shall ₁₃₅
have her, or I'll make some of 'em smoake
for't. *would change a lot*

Wife. That's my good lambe, George. Fie,
this stinking tobacco kils [me]; would there were
none in England! Now I pray, gentlemen, what ₁₄₀
good does this stinking tobacco do you? Nothing,
I warrant you; make chimnies a your faces. O
husband, husband! now, now, there's Rafe!
there's Rafe!

₁₃₆ *some of 'em.* Q1, some 'em.

₁₃₉ *me.* All early eds. read, men. The emendation is Sym-
pson's, accepted by D.

₁₄₁₋₂ *tobacco do . . . make chimnies.* Q1, Tobacco? do you no-
thing. I warrant you make chimnies.

[ACTUS PRIMI SCÆNA TERTIA.]

*Enter Rafe like a grocer in's shop, with two prentices,
reading Palmerin of England. Sp. Romance*

Citizen. Peace, foole, let Rafe alone! Harke you, Rafe: doe not straine your selfe too much at the first. Peace; begin, Rafe.

Raph [reads]. Then Palmerin and Trineus, snatching their launces from their dwarfes, and clasp- 5
ing their helmets, gallopt amaine after the gyant, and Palmerin, having gotten a sight of him, came posting amaine, saying: Stay, tray-
terous thiefe! for thou maist not so carry away her, that is worth the greatest lord in the world, 10
and with these words gave him a blow on the shoulder, that he stroake him besides his ele-
phant; and Trineus, comming to the knight that had Agricola behind him, set him soone besides his horse, with his necke broken in the fall. So 15
that the Princesse, getting out of the thronge, betweene joy and grieve said: All happy knight, the mirror of all such as follow armes! now may I bee well assured of the love thou bearest me.
— I wonder why the kings doe not raise an 20
army of foureteene or fifteene hundred thousand men, as big as the army that the Prince of Por-
tigo brought against Rocicler, & destroy these

giants ; they do much hurt to wandring damsels,
that go in quest of their knights.

25

Wife. Faith, husband, and Rafe saies true;
for they say the King of Portugall cannot sit at
his meate, but the giants & the ettins will come
and snatch it from him.

Cit. Hold thy tongue. On, Rafe!

30

Raph. And certainly those knights are much
to be commended, who, neglecting their posses-
sions, wander with a squire and a dwarfe through
the desarts, to relieve poore ladies.

Wife. I, by my faith are they, Rafe ! Let 'em 35
say what they will, they are indeed. Our
knights neglect their possessions well enough,
but they do not the rest.

Raph. There are no such courteous and faire
well spoken knights in this age. They will call 40
one "The sonne of a whore," that Palmerin of
England would have called "Faire sir"; and one
that Rosicler would have cal'd "Right beauteous
damsell," they will call "Dam'd bitch."

Wife. I'le be sworne will they, Rafe; they 45
have cal'd mee so an hundred times about a
scurvy pipe of tobacco.

Raph. But what brave spirit could be content to
sit in his shop with a flappet of wood and a blew
apron before him, selling *Methridatum* and *Dra-* 50
gons water to visited houses, that might pursue

Raph

feats of armes, and through his noble atchievements procure such a famous history to be written of his heroicke prowess?

Cit. Well said, Rafe! Some more of those 55 words, Rafe!

Wife. They go finely, by my troth.

Raph. Why should not I, then, pursue this course, both for the credit of my selfe and our company? For amongst all the worthy bookes of 60 atchievements I doe not call to minde that I yet read of a Grocer Errant. I will be the said knight! Have you heard of any that hath wandered unfurnished of his squire and dwarfe? My elder prentice Tim shall be my trusty squire, 65 and little George my dwarfe. Hence, my blew aporne! Yet in remembrance of my former trade, upon my shield shall be purtraide a burning Pestle, and I will be cal'd the *Knight oth Burning Pestle*. 70

Wife. Nay, I dare sweare thou wilt not forget thy old trade; thou wert ever meeke.

Raph. Tim!

Tim. Anon.

Raph. My beloved squire, & George my 75 dwarfe, I charge you that from hence-forth you never call me by any other name but the *Right Courteous and Valiant Knight of the Burning Pes-*

tle; and that you never call any female by the name of a woman or wench, but faire ladie, if 80 she have her desires, if not, distressed damsell; that you call all forrests and heaths desarts, and all horses palfries.

Wife. This is very fine, faith. Do the gentlemen like Rafe, thinke you, husband? 85

Cit. I, I warrant thee; the plaiers would give all the shooes in their shop for him.

Raph. My beloved squire Tim, stand out. Admit this were a desart, and over it a knight errant pricking, and I should bid you inquire of 90 his intents: what would you say?

Tim. Sir, my maister sent me to know whether you are riding?

Raph. No! thus: Faire sir, the Right Courteous and Valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle 95 commanded me to enquire upon what adventure you are bound, whether to relieve some distressed damsels, or otherwise.

Cit. Whoresome blocke-head! cannot remember. 100

Wife. I'faith, & Rafe told him on't before; all the gentlemen heard him; did he not, gentlemen? did not Rafe tel him on't?

George. Right Courteous and Valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle, here is a distressed dam- 105 sell, to have a halfe pennyworth of pepper.

93 *whether.* Q3, F, whither. 98 *damsels.* F, D, damsel.

Wife. That's a good boy! See, the little boy can hit it; by my troth, it's a fine child!

Raph. Relieve her with all courteous language. Now shut up shoppe, no more my prentice, but 110 my trusty squire and dwarfe. I must bespeake my shield and arming-pestle.

[*Exeunt Tim and George.*]

Cit. Go thy waies, Rafe; as Im'e a true man, thou art the best on 'em all.

Wife. Rafe, Rafe!

115

Raph. What say you, mistresse?

Wife. I prethee come againe quickly, sweet Rafe.

Raph. By and by.

Exit Rafe.

[ACTUS PRIMI SCÆNA QUARTA.

Merry thought's House.]

Enter Jasper, and his mother Mistresse Merri-thought.

Mrs. Merrithought. Give thee my blessing? No, Il'e ner'e give thee my blessing; Il'e see thee hang'd first. It shall ner'e bee said I gave thee my blessing; th'art thy father's owne sonne, of the right bloud of the Merri-thoughts. 5 I may curse the time that er'e I knew thy father: he hath spent all his owne, and mine

4 *th'art.* Q3, F, thou art.

5 *right bloud.* Q3 and F omit *right*.

too, and when I tell him of it, he laughs and dances, and sings, and cries, A merry heart lives long-a. And thou art a wast-thrift, and art run away from thy maister, that lov'd thee well, and art come to me, and I have laid up a little for my yonger sonne Michael, and thou think'st to bezell that, but thou shalt never be able to do it. Come hither, Michael; come, Michael, downe on thy knees, thou shalt have my blessing.

Enter Michael.

Michael. I pray you, mother, pray to God to blesse me.

Mrs. Mer. God blesse thee. But Jasper shal never have my blessing; he shall be hang'd first, shall hee not, Michael? How saist thou?

Mich. Yes forsooth, mother, and grace of God.

Mrs. Mer. That's a good boy.

Wife. I, faith, it's a fine spoken child.

Jasper. Mother, though you forget a parents love,

I must preserve the duty of a child.

I ran not from my maister, nor returne

To have your stocke maintaine my idlenesse.

Wife. Ungracious childe, I warrant him! Harke how hee chops logicke with his mother! Thou hadst best tell her she lyes: do tell her she lyes!

Cit. If hee were my sonne, I would hang him up by the heeles, and flea him and salt him, 35
whoore-sonne haltersacke!

Jasp. My comming onely is to begge your love,
Which I must ever, though I never gaine it;
And howsoever you esteeme of me,
There is no drop of bloud hid in these veines, 40
But I remember well belongs to you
That brought me forth, and would be glad for
you
To rip them all againe, and let it out.

Mrs. Mer. I, faith, I had sorrow enough for thee, God knowes; but Il'e hamper thee well 45
enough. Get thee in, thou vagabond! get thee in, and learne of thy brother Michael.

[*Exeunt Jasper and Michael.*]

Merrythought (*within*).

Nose, nose, jolly red nose,

And who gave thee this jolly red nose?

Mrs. Mer. Harke! my husband hee's singing 50
and hoiting; and Im'e faine to carke and care,
and all little enough. Husband! Charles!
Charles Merithought!

Enter old Merithought.

Merrythought.

Nutmegs and ginger, cinnamon and cloves,

And they gave me this jolly red nose!

55

38 *must ever.* Q3 and F omit *must.*

Mrs. Mer. If you would consider your state, you would have little list to sing, I-wisse.

Mer. It should never bee considered while it were an estate, if I thought it would spoyle my singing.

60

Mrs. Mer. But how wilt thou do, Charles? Thou art an old man, and thou canst not worke, and thou hast not fortie shillings left, and thou eatest good meat, and drinkest good drinke, and laughest.

65

Mer. And will do.

Mrs. Mer. But how wilt thou come by it, Charles?

Mer. How? Why, how have I done hitherto, this forty yeares? I never came into my dining roome, but at eleven & six a clocke I found excellent meat and drinke a'th table; my clothes were never worne out, but next morning a taylor brought me a new suit; and without question it will be so ever: use makes perfectnesse. If all should faile, it is but a little straining my selfe extraordinary, & laugh my selfe to death.

75

Wife. It's a foolish old man, this, is not he, George?

80

Citizen. Yes, cunny.

Wife. Give me a peny i'th purse while I live, George.

Cit. I, by ladie, cunnie, hold thee there.

* *Mrs. Mer.* Well, Charles, you promis'd to 85
provide for Jasper, and I have laid up for Michael.
I pray you pay Jasper his portion; hee's come
home, and hee shall not consume Michael's
stocke; he saies his maister turnd him away, but
I promise you truly, I thinke he ran away. 90

Wife. No indeed, Mistresse Merrithought;
though he bee a notable gallows, yet Il'e as-
sure you his maister did turne him away, even
in this place, 'twas i'faith, within this halfe
houre, about his daughter. My husband was by. 95

Cit. Hang him, rogue, he serv'd him well
enough: love his maister's daughter! By my
troth, cunnie, if there were a thousand boies,
thou wouldst spoile them all with taking their
parts. Let his mother alone with him. 100

Wife. I, George, but yet truth is truth.

Mer. Where is Jasper? Hee's welcome how
ever; call him in, hee shall have his portion. Is
he merry?

Enter Jasper and Michael.

* *Mrs. Mer.* I, foule chive him, he is too mer- 105
rie. Jasper! Michael!

Mer. Welcome, Jasper, though thou runst
away; welcome, God blesse thee! 'Tis thy
mother's minde thou should'st receive thy por-
tion. Thou hast beene abroad, and I hope hast 110

learn'd experience enough to governe it. Thou art of sufficient yeares; hold thy hand: one, two, three, foure, five, sixe, seven, eight, nine, there's ten shillings for thee. Thrust thy selfe into the world with that, and take some setled course. If ¹¹⁵ fortune crosse thee, thou hast a retiring place: come home to me, I have twentie shillings left. Bee a good husband; that is, weare ordinary clothes, eate the best meate, and drinke the best drinke, bee merrie, and give to the poore, and ¹²⁰ beleewe me, thou hast no end of thy goods.

Jasp. Long may you live free from all thought of ill,

And long have cause to be thus merry still!

But, father, —

Mer. No more words, Jasper; get thee gone, ¹²⁵ thou hast my blessing; thy father's spirit upon thee. Fare-well, Jasper!

But yet or ere you part, oh cruell!

Kisse me, kisse me, sweeting, mine owne deere jewell.

So, now begone; no words. *Exit Jasper.* ¹³⁰

Mrs. Mer. So, Michael, now get thee gone too.

Mich. Yes, forsooth, mother, but I'll have my father's blessing first.

Mrs. Mer. No, Michael, 'tis no matter for ¹³⁵

his blessing; thou hast my blessing; begone. Il'e fetch my money & jewels, and follow thee; Il'e stay no longer with him, I warrant thee. [*Exit Michael.*] Truly, Charles, Il'e begone too.

Mer. What, you will not?

140

Mrs. Mer. Yes, indeed will I.

Mer.

Hey ho, fare-well, Nan!

Il'e never trust wench more againe, if I can.

Mrs. Mer. You shall not thinke, when all your owne is gone, to spend that I have beene¹⁴⁵ scraping up for Michael.

Mer. Farewell, good wife; I expect it not. All I have to doe in this world is to bee merry: which I shall, if the ground be not taken from me, and if it be,

150

When earth and seas from me are reft,

The skyes aloft for me are left. *Exeunt.*

Boy danceth. Musicke. Finis Actus primi.

Wife. Il'e be sworne hee's a merry old gentleman, for all that. Harke, harke, husband! Harke! Fiddles, fiddles! Now surely they go¹⁵⁵ finely. They say 'tis present death for these filders to tune their rebeckes before the great Turke's grace, is't not, George? But looke, looke! here's a youth dances. Now, good youth, do a turne a'th toe. Sweet heart, i'faith¹⁶⁰

Ile have Rafe come and do some of his gambols ;
hee'l ride the wild mare, gentlemen, 'twould
do your hearts good to see him. I thanke you,
kinde youth ; pray bid Rafe come.

Cit. Peace, cunnie. Sirrah, you scurvie boy, 165
bid the plaiers send Rafe, or by Gods ———
and they do not, Il'e teare some of their periwigs
beside their heads. This is all riffe raffe.

ACTUS SECUNDI SCENA PRIMA.

[*Venturewell's House.*]*Enter Merchant [i. e. Venturewell] and Humphrey.**Venturewell.* And how, faith, how goes it now,
son Humphrey?*Humphrey.* Right worshipfull, and my beloved
friend

And father deere, this matters at an end.

Vent. 'Tis well, it should be so: Im'e glad
the girle

Is found so tractable.

Humph. Nay, she must whirle 5
From hence, and you must winke; for so I say,
The storie tels, to morrow before day.*Wife.* George, dost thou thinke in thy conscience now 'twil be a match? tell me but what thou thinkst, sweet rogue. Thou seest the poore 10
gentleman, deere heart, how it ~~labours and throbs,~~
I warrant you, to be at rest! Il'e goe move the
father fort.*Citizen.* No, no; I prethee sit still, hony-suckle; thou'lt spoile all. If he deny him, Il'e 15
bring halfe a dozē good fellows my selfe, & in
the shutting of an evening knock't up, & ther's
an end.

Wife. Il'e busse thee for that, i'faith, boy.
Well, George, well, you have beene a wag in 20
your daies, I warrant you; but God forgive you,
and I do with all my heart.

Vent. How was it, sonne? you told me that
to morrow
Before daybreake you must convey her hence.

Humph. I must, I must; and thus it is agreed: 25
Your daughter rides upon a browne-bay steed,
I on a sorrel, which I bought of Brian,
~~The honest host of the red roaring Lion,~~
~~In Waltham situate.~~ Then, if you may,
Consent in seemely sort: lest, by delay, 30
The fatall sisters come and do the office,
And then you'l sing another song.

Vent. Alasse,
Why should you be thus full of griefe to me,
That do as willing as your selfe agree
To any thing, so it be good and faire? 35
Then steale her when you will, if such a pleasure
Content you both; I'le sleepe and never see it,
To make your joyes more full. But tell me why
You may not here performe your marriage?

Wife. God's blessing a thy soule, old man! 40
i'faith, thou art loath to part true hearts. I see
a has her, Georg; and I'me as glad on't! Well,
go thy waies, Humphrey, for a faire spoken man.

41-2 hearts. I see a has her. Q1, hearts, I see, a has her.

I beleeeve thou hast not thy fellow within the wals
of London; and I should say the suburbes too, I 45
should not lie. Why dost not rejoyce with me,
George?

Cit. If I could but see Raph againe, I were
as merry as mine host, ifaith.

Humph. The cause you seeme to aske I thus
declare —

50

Helpe me, ô Muses nine! Your daughter sweare
A foolish oath, the more it was the pittie:

Yet none but my selfe within this citty
Shall dare to say so, but a bold defiance
Shall meete him, were he of the noble science; 55

And yet she sweare, and yet why did she sweare?
Truely, I cannot tell, unlesse it were

For her owne ease; for sure sometimes an oath,
Being sworne thereafter, is like cordiall broth.

And this it was shee swore, never to marry 60

But such a one whose mighty arme could carry
(As meaning me, for I am such a one)

Her bodily away, through sticke and stone,
Till both of us arrive, at her request,

Some ten miles off, in the wilde Waltham For-
rest. 65

Vent. If this be all, you shall not need to feare
Any deniall in your love: proceed;

I'le neither follow, nor repent the deed.

46 *dost not.* Q3, F, *dost not thou.*

53 *none.* D, *no one.*

59 *thereafter.* Q1, *no punctuation.*

Humph. Good-night, twenty good-nights, &
 twenty more,
 And 20 more good-nights, — that makes three-
 score!

Exeunt. 70

[ACTUS SECUNDI SCÆNA SECUNDA.]

Waltham Forest.]

Enter Mistresse Mery-thought and her son Michael.

Mrs. Merrithought. Come, Michael; art thou
 not weary, boy?

Michael. No, for-sooth, mother, not I.

Mrs. Mer. Where be we now, child?

Michael. Indeed, for-sooth, mother, I cannot 5
 tell, unlesse we be at Mile-End: is not all the
 world Mile-End, mother?

Mrs. Mer. No, Michael, not al the world,
 boy; but I can assure thee, Michael, Mile-End
 is a goodly matter: there has bene a pitch-field, 10
 my child, betweene the naughty Spaniels and the
 English-men; and the Spaniels ran away, Michael,
 and the English-men followed: my neighbour
 Coxstone was there, boy, and kil'd them all with
 a birding peece. *made little upon mile* 15

Michael. Mother, forsooth —

Mrs. Mer. What saies my white boy?

Michael. Shall not my father go with us too?

Mrs. Mer. No, Michael, let thy father go snicke-up ; he shall never come between a paire 20
of sheets with me againe, while he lives ; let him
stay at home & sing for his supper, boy. Come,
child, sit downe, and I'll shew my boy fine
knacks, indeed. [*They sit down ; and she opens a*
casket.] Look here, Michael ; here's a ring, and 25
here's a bruch, & here's a bracelet, and here's
two rings more, and here's mony and gold bi'th
eie, my boy.

Michael. Shall I have all this, mother ?

Mrs. Mer. I, Michael, thou shalt have all, 30
Michael.

Citizen. How lik'st thou this, wench ?

Wife. I cannot tell ; I would have Raph,
George ; I'll see no more else indeed-law, & I
pray you let the youths understand so much by 35
word of mouth ; for, I tell you truly, I'me
afraid a my boy. Come, come, George, let's be
merry and wise : the child's a father-lesse child ;
and say they should put him into a streight paire
of gaskins, 'twere worse than knot-grasse ; he 40
would never grow after it.

Enter Raph, Squire, and Dwarfes.

Cit. Here's Raph, here's Raph !

Wife. How do you, Raph ? you are welcome,
Raph, as I may say ; it's a good boy, hold up
thy head, and be not afraid ; we are thy friends, 45

Raph; the gentlemen will praise thee, Raph, if thou plaist thy part with audacity. Begin, Raph, a God's name!

Raph. My trusty squire, unlace my helme, give mee my hat.

Where are we, or what desart may this be? 50

George. Mirrour of knight-hood, this is, as I take it, the perrilous Waltham downe, in whose bottome stands the enchanted valley.

Mrs. Mer. O, Michael, we are betrai'd, we are betraid! Here be gyants! Flie, boy! flie, 55 boy, flie!

Exeūt mother & Michael [dropping the casket].

Raph. Lace on my helme againe. What noise is this?

A gentle ladie flying the imbrace
Of some uncurteous knight! I will releive her.
Go, squire, and say, the knight that weares this
pestle

✓ In honour of all ladies, sweares revenge 60
Upon that recreant coward that pursues her;
Go comfort her, and that same gentle squire
That beares her companie.

Squire. I go, brave knight. [*Exit.*]

Raph. My trustie dwarfe and friend, reach me my shield, 65

And hold it while I sweare: first, by my knight-hood,

Then by the soule of Amadis de Gaule, *Rom*
 My famous ancestor; then by my sword, *some*
 The beauteous Brionella girt about me; *some*
 By this bright burning pestle, of mine honour *70*
 The living trophie, and by all respect
 Due to distressed damsels, here I vow .
 Never to end the quest of this faire lady,
 And that forsaken squire, till by my valour
 I gaine their liberty!

Dwarf. Heaven blesse the knight 75
 That thus relieves poore errant gentlewomen!

Exeunt.

Wife. I, marrie, Rafe, this has some savour
 in't; I would see the proudest of them all offer
 to carrie his bookes after him. But, George, I
 will not have him go away so soone; I shall 80
 bee sicke if he go away, that I shall: call Rafe
 againe, George, call Rafe againe; I prethee,
 sweet heart, let him come fight before me, and
 let's ha some drums, and some trumpets, and
 let him kill all that comes neere him, and thou 85
 lov'st me, George!

Cit. Peace a little, bird: hee shall kill them
 all and they were twentie more on 'em then
 there are.

76 *Exeunt. Q1, Exit.*

84 *some trumpets. Q3 and F omit some.*

Enter Jasper.

Jasper. Now, Fortune, if thou beest not onely
ill,

90

Shew me thy better face, and bring about
Thy desperate wheele, that I may clime at
length,

And stand. This is our place of meeting,
If love have any constancie. Oh age

Where onely wealthy men are counted happie! 95

How shall I please thee, how deserve thy smiles,
When I am onely rich in misery?

My father's blessing and this little coine
Is my inheritance, a strong revenew!

From earth thou art, and to the earth I give thee: 100
There grow and multiply, whilst fresher aire
Breeds me a fresher fortune. — (*Spies the casket.*)

How! illusion?

What, hath the divell coin'd himselfe before me?
'Tis mettle good, it rings well; I am waking,
And taking too, I hope. Now, God's deere
blessing

105

Upon his heart that left it here! 'tis mine;
These pearles, I take it, were not left for swine.

Exit.

Wife. I do not like that this unthrifty youth
should embecill away the money; the poore

93 stand. D queries, stand secure.

100 to the earth. Q3 and F omit the.

gentlewoman his mother will have a heavy heart 110
for it, God knowes.

Cit. And reason good, sweet heart.

Wife. But let him go; I'll tell Raph a tale
in's eare shall fetch him againe with a wanion,
I warrant him, if hee bee above ground; and 115
besides, George, heere are a number of sufficient
gentlemen can witnesse, and my selfe, and your
selfe, and the musitians, if we be cal'd in ques-
tion. But here comes Raph, George; thou shalt
here him speake, as he were an emperall. 120

[ACTUS SECUNDI SCENA TERTIA.

Waltham Forest.]

Enter Rafe and Dwarfes.

Raph. Comes not si^r squire^s againe?

George. Right courteous knight,
Your squire doth co^e and with him comes the
lady,

*Enter Mistresse Merr[lythought]^r and Michael and
F (Squire.*

For and the Squire of Damsels, as I take it.

Raph. Madam, if any service or devoire
Of a poore errant knight may right your wrongs, 5

116 *are.* Q2, Q3, F, be.

120 *as.* Q1, Q2, an.

Command it; I am prest to give you succour,
For to that holy end I beare my armour.

Mrs. Merrythought. Alas, sir, I am a poore
gentlewoman, and I have lost my monie in this
forrest!

10

Raph. Desert, you would say, lady; and not
lost

Whilst I have sword and launce. Dry up your
teares,

Which ill befits the beauty of that face,
And tell the storie, if I may request it,
Of your disasterous fortune.

15

Mrs. Mer. Out, alas! I left a thousand
pound, a thousand pound, e'ne all the monie I had
laid up for this youth, upon the sight of your
maistership; you lookt so grim, and, as I may say
it, saving your presence, more like a giant then
a mortall man.

20

Raph. I am as you are, ladie, so are they
All mortall. But why weepes this gentle squire?

Mrs. Mer. Has hee not cause to weepe, doe
you thinke, when he hath lost his inheritance?

25

Raph. Yong hope of valour, weepe not; I am
here

That will confound thy foe, and paie it deere
Upon his coward head, that dares denie

25 *hath lost.* Q3, F, has lost.

28 *dares.* Q2, Q3, F, dare.

Distressed squires and ladies equitie.
 I have but one horse, on which shall ride 30
 This ladie faire behind me, and before
 This courteous squire: fortune will give us more
 Upon our next adventure. Fairelie speed
 Beside us, squire and dwarfe, to do us need!

Exeunt.

Citizen. Did not I tell you, Nel, what your 35
 man would doe? By the faith of my bodie,
 wench, for cleane action and good deliverie, they
 may all cast their caps at him.

Wife. And so they may, i'faith; for I dare 40
 speake it boldly, the twelve companies of Lon-
 don cannot match him, timber for timber. Well,
 George, and hee be not inveigled by some of
 these paltrie plaiers, I ha much marvell; but,
 George, wee ha done our parts, if the boy have
 any grace to be thankfull. 45

Cit. Yes, I warrant thee, duckling.

[ACTUS SECUNDI SCENA QUARTA.

Waltham Forest.]

Enter Humphrey and Luce.

Humphrey. Good Mistress Luce, how ever I
 in fault am

30 *on.* Sympson, and many modern eds. read, upon.

46 *thee.* Q2, Q3, F, you.

For your lame horse, you're welcome unto
Waltham ;

But which way now to go, or what to saie
I know not truely, till it be broad daie.

Luce. O, feare not, Maister Humphrey ; I am
guide

5

For this place good enough.

Humph. Then up and ride ;
Or, if it please you, walke for your repose,
Or sit, or, if you will, go plucke a rose ; *see*
Either of which shall be indifferent

To your good friend and Humphrey, whose con-
sent

10

Is so entangled ever to your will,
As the poore harmelesse horse is to the mill.

Luce. Faith, and you say the word, we'le
e'ne sit downe

And take a nap.

Humph. 'Tis better in the towne,
Where we may nap together ; for, beleeeve me, 15
To sleepe without a snatch would mickle grieve
me.

Luce. You're merrie, Maister Humphrey.

Humph. So I am,
And have bene ever merrie, from my dam.

Luce. Your nurce had the lesse labour.

Humph. Faith, it may bee,
Unlesse it were by chance I did beray mee. 20

Enter Jasper.

Jasper. Luce ! deere friend Luce !

Luce. Heere, Jasper.

Jasp. You are mine.

Humph. If it be so, my friend, you use me
fine :

What do you thinke I am ?

Jasp. An arrant noddie.

Humph. A word of obloquie ! Now, by God's
bodie,

I'll tell thy maister; for I know thee well. 25

Jasp. Nay, and you be so forward for to tell,
Take that, and that ; and tell him, sir, I gave it ;
And saie I paid you well. [*Beats him.*]

Humph. O, sir, I have it,
And do confesse the paiement ! Praie be quiet.

Jasp. Go, get you to your night-cap and the
diet, 30

To cure your beaten bones.

Luce. Alas, poor Humphrie,
Get thee some wholsome broth, with sage and
comfrie ;

A little oile of roses and a feather
To noint thy backe withall.

Humph. When I came hether,
Would I had gone to Paris with John Dorrie. 35

Luce. Fare-well, my pretty nump ; I am verie
sorrie

I cannot beare thee companie.

Humph.

Fare-well :

The divel's dam was ne're so bang'd in hell.

Exeunt. Manet Humphrey.

Wife. This yong Jasper will prove me another things, a my conscience, and he may be suffered, 40
George. Dost not see, George, how a swaggers, and flies at the very heads a fokes, as he were a dragō? Well, if I do not do his lesson for wronging the poore gentleman, I am no true woman. His friends that brought him up might 45
have bene better occupied, I wis, then ha taught him these fegaries: hee's e'ne in the high-way to the gallows, God blesse him!

Citizen. You're too bitter, conny; the yong man may do wel enough for all this. 50

Wife. Come hither, Maister Humfrey; has hee hurt you? now, beshrew his fingers for't! Here, sweet heart, here's some greene ginger for thee. Now, beshrew my heart, but a has pepper-nel in's head, as big as a pullets egge! Alas, 55
sweete lamb, how thy tempels beate! Take the peace on him, sweete heart, take the peace on him.

Enter a Boy.

Cit. No, no; you talke like a foolish woman: I'le ha Raph fight with him, and swing him up 60
welfavourdlie. Sirrah boie, come hither. Let Raph come in and fight with Jasper.

46 *ha.* Q2, Q3, F, have.

Wife. I, and beate him well ; he's an unhappy boy.

Boy. Sir, you must pardon us, the plot of our plaie lies contrarie ; and 'twill hazard the spoiling of our plaie. 65

Cit. Plot mee no plots ! I'le ha Raph come out ; I'le make your house too hot for you else.

Boy. Why, sir, he shall ; but if anie thing fall 70 out of order, the gentlemen must pardon us.

Cit. Go your waies, good-man boie. I'le hold him a pennie hee shall have his bellie-full of fighting now. Ho, heere comes Raph ! no more !

[ACTUS SECUNDI SCÆNA QUINTA.

Waltham Forest.]

Enter Raph, Mistresse Merri[thought], Michael, Squire, and Dwarfe.

Raph. What knight is that, squire ? aske him if he keep

The passage, bound by love of ladie faire
Or else but prickant.

Humphrey. Sir, I am no knight,
But a poore gentleman, that this same night
Had stolne from me, on yonder greene,
My lovelie wife, and suffered to be seene 5

5 on. Sympson, and many modern eds. read, upon.

Yet extant on my shoulders such a greeting,
That whilst I live I shall thinke of that meeting.

Wife. I, Raph, hee beate him unmercifully,
Raph; and thou spar'st him, Raph, I would 10
thou wert hang'd.

Citizen. No more, wife, no more.

Raph. Where is the caitife wretch hath done
this deed?

Lady, your pardon; that I may proceed
Upon the quest of this injurious knight. 15
And thou, faire squire, repute me not the worse,
In leaving the great venture of the purse
And the rich casket, till some better leasure.

Enter Jasper and Luce.

Humph. Here comes the broker hath purloin'd
my treasure.

Raph. Go, squire, and tell him I am here, 20
An errant knight at armes, to crave delivery
Of that faire lady to her owne knight's armes.
If he deny, bid him take choice of ground,
And so defye him.

Tim. From the knight that beares
The Golden Pestle, I defie thee, knight, 25
Unlesse thou make fair restitution
Of that bright lady.

Jasper. Tell the knight that sent thee
Hee is an asse, and I will keepe the wench,
And knocke his head-peece.

Raph. Knight, thou art but dead,
If thou recall not thy uncurteous tearmes. 30

Wife. Breake's pate, Raph; breake's pate,
Raph, soundly!

Jasp. Come, knight; I am ready for you.
Now your pestel *Snatches away his pestle.*
Shall try what temper, sir, your morters off.
With that he stood upright in his stirrops, 35
And gave the Knight of the Calve-skinne such
a knocke,
That he forsooke his horse and downe he fell;
And then he leaped upon him, and plucking of
his helmet —

Humph. Nay, and my noble knight be downe
so soone,
Though I can scarcely go, I needs must runne. 40
Exit Humphery and Raph.

Wife. Runne, Raph, runne, Raph; runne for
thy life, boy! Jasper comes, Jasper comes!

Jasp. Come, Luce, we must have other armes
for you:
Humphery and Golden Pestle, both adiew!

Exeunt.

Wife. Sure the divell (God blesse us!) is in 45
this springald! Why, George, didst ever see
such a fire-drake? I am afraid my boie's mis-
caried: if he be, though hee were Maister Mery-

29 *Knight.* F omits.

38 *plucking of.* Q3, F, plucking off.

thought's sonne a thousand times, if there bee
any law in England, I'le make some of them 50
smart for't.

Cit. No, no; I have found out the matter,
sweete-heart; Jasper is enchanted; as sure as we
are heere, he is enchanted: he could no more
have stood in Raph's hands then I can stand in 55
my Lord Maior's. I'le have a ring to discover
all inchantments, and Raph shall beate him yet:
be no more vexed, for it shall be so.

[ACTUS SECUNDI SCENA SEXTA.]

Before the Bell Inn, Waltham.]

*Enter Raph, Squire, Dwarfes, Mistresse Mery-thought,
and Michaell.*

Wife. O husband, heere's Raph again! Stay,
Raph, let mee speake with thee. How dost thou,
Raph? art thou not shrodly hurt? the foule
great lungeis laid unmercifully on thee: there's
some suger-candy for thee. Proceed; thou shalt 5
have another bout with him.

Citizen. If Raph had him at the fencing-
schoole, if hee did not make a puppy of him,
and drive him up and downe the school, he
should nere come in my shop more. 10

3 shrodly. Q3, F, shrewdly.

Mistress Merrythought. Truly, Maister Knight of the Burning Pestle, I am weary.

Michael. Indeed, law, mother, and I am very hungry.

Raph. Take comfort, gentle dame, and you,
faire squire;

For in this desert there must needs be plac't
Many strong castles, held by curteous knights;
And till I bring you safe to one of those,
I swear by this my Order nere to leave you.

Wife. Well said, Raph! George, Raph was
ever comfortable, was he not?

Cit. Yes, ducke.

Wife. I shall nere forget him, when wee had
lost our child, you know it was straid almost,
alone, to Puddle-wharfe, and the criers were
abroad for it, and there it had drown'd it selfe
but for a sculler, Raph was the most comfort-
ablest to me: "Peace, Mistresse," saies he, "let
it go; I'll get you another as good." Did he not,
George, did he not say so?

Cit. Yes, indeed did he, mouse.

Dwarfe. I would we had a mess of pottage,
and a pot of drinke, squire, and were going to
bed!

Squire. Why, we are at Waltham townes
end, and that's the Bell Inne.

15 *you, faire.* Q3, F, your faire. So D.

Dwarfe. Take courage, valiant knight, dam-
sel, & squire !

I have discovered, not a stones cast off,
An ancient castle, held by the old knight
Of the most holy order of the Bell, 40
Who gives to all knights errant entertain :
There plenty is of food, and all prepar'd
By the white hands of his owne lady deere.
He hath three squires that welcome all his
guests ;

The first hight Chamberlino, who will see 45
Our beds prepar'd, and bring us snowy sheetes,
Where never foote-man stretch'd his butter'd
hams ;

The second hight Tapstero, who will see
Our pots full filled, and no froth therein ;
The third, a gentle squire, Ostlero hight, 50
Who will our palfries slicke with wisps of straw,
And in the maunger put them oates enough,
And never grease their teeth with candle snuffe.

Wife. That same dwarfe's a pretty boy, but
the squire's a grout-nole. *He . . .* 55

Raph. Knocke at the gates, my squire, with
stately lance.

45 *hight.* Early eds., high (but not in l. 48).

Chamberlino. Q2, Chamberlaino ; Q3, F, Chamberlain.

48 *Tapstero.* Q1, Tastero ; Q2, Q3, F, Tapstro.

55 *grout-nole.* Q3, F, grout-nold.

[*Tim knocks.*] *Enter Tapster.*

Tapster. Who's there? You're welcome, gentlemen: will you see a roome?

Dwarfe. Right curteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle, this is the Squire Tapstero. 60

Raph. Fair Squire Tapstero, I a wandring knight,

Hight of the Burning Pestle, in the quest
Of this faire ladies casket and wrought purse,
Loosing my selfe in this vast wilderness,
Am to this castle well by fortune brought; 65
Where, hearing of the goodly entertaine
Your knight of holy order of the Bell
Gives to all damsels, and all errant knights,
I thought to knocke, and now am bold to enter.

Tap. An't please you see a chamber, you are 70
very welcome. *Exeunt.*

Wife. George, I would have something done,
and I cannot tell what it is.

Cit. What is it, Nel?

Wife. Why, George, shall Raph beate no 75
body againe? Prethee, sweete-heart, let him.

Cit. So he shall, Nel; and if I joyne with
him, wee'le knocke them all.

60, 61 *Tapstero.* Q2, Q3, F, *Tapstro.*

[ACTUS SECUNDI SCÆNA SEPTIMA.

Venturewell's House.]

Enter Humphery and Merchant [i. e. Venturewell].

Wife. O, George, here's Maister Humphery againe now, that lost Mistresse Luce, and Mistresse Lucie's father. Maister Humphery will do some-bodies errant, I warrant him.

Humphrey. Father, it's true, in armes I nere shall claspe her ;

5

For shee is stolne away by your man Jasper.

Wife. I thought he would tell him.

Venturewell. Unhappy that I am, to loose my child!

Now I beginne to thinke on Jaspers words,
Who oft hath urg'd to me thy foolishnesse. 10
Why didst thou let her go ? thou lovst her not,
That wouldst bring home thy life, and not bring
her.

Humph. Father, forgive me. Shall I tell you true ?

Looke on my shoulders, they are blacke and blew.

Whilst too and fro faire Luce and I were winding,

15

Hee came and basted me with a hedge binding.

13 *Shall I.* Q2, Q3, F, I shall.

Vent. Get men and horses straight: we will
be there

Within this houre. You know the place againe?

Humph. I know the place where he my loines
did swaddle;

I'll get six horses, and to each a saddle. 20

Vent. Meane time I'll go talke with Jaspers
father. *Exeunt.*

Wife. George, what wilt thou laye with mee
now, that Maister Humphery has not Mistresse
Luce yet? Speake, George, what wilt thou laie
with me? 25

Citizen. No, Nel; I warrant thee Jasper is at
Puckeridge with her, by this.

Wife. Nay, George, you must consider Mis-
tresse Lucies feete are tender; and besides, 'tis
darke; and, I promise you truely, I doe not see 30
how hee should get out of Waltham forrest with
her yet.

Cit. Nay, cunny, what wilt thou laie with
me, that Raph has her not yet?

Wife. I will not lay against Raph, hunny, 35
because I have not spoken with him. But looke,
George, peace! heere comes the merry old gen-
tleman againe.

[ACTUS SECUNDI SCÆNA OCTAVA.]

Merrythought's House.

Enter Old Merrie-thought.

Merrythought.

When it was growne to darke midnight,
And all were fast asleepe,
In came Margarets grimely ghost,
And stood at Williams feete.

I have mony, and meate and drinke before hand, 5
till to morrow at noone; why should I be sad?
Mee thinks I have halfe a dozen joviall spirits
within mee!

I am three merry men, and three merry-men!

To what end should any man be sad in this 10
world? Give me a man that when hee goes to
hanging cries,

Troule the blacke bowle to mee!

and a woeman that will sing a catch in her trav-
ell! I have seene a man come by my dore, with 15
a serious face, in a blacke cloake, without a hat-
band, carrying his head as if hee lookt for pinnes
in the streete; I have lookt out of my window
halfe a yeare after, and have spide that man's
head upon London-bridge. 'Tis vile: never 20
trust a tailor that does not sing at his worke;
his mind is of nothing but filching.

Wife. Marke this, George ; 'tis worth noting.
Godfrey my tailor, you know, never sings, and
hee had foureteene yards to make this gowne: 25
and I'le be sworne Mistresse Pennistone the
drapers wife had one made with twelve.

Mer.

'Tis mirth that fils the veines with bloud,
More then wine, or sleepe, or food;
Let each man keepe his heart at ease, 30
No man dies of that disease.
He that would his body keepe
From diseases, must not weepe;
But who ever laughes and sings,
Never he his body brings 35
Into fevers, gouts, or rhumes,
Or lingringly his longs consumes,
Or meets with aches in the bone,
Or catharhes, or griping stone;
But contented lives for aye; 40
The more he laughes, the more he may.

Wife. Looke, George ; how saist thou by this,
George ? is't not a fine old man ? Now, God's
blessing a' thy sweet lips ! When wilt thou be so
merry, George ? Faith, thou art the frowningst 45
little thing when thou art angry, in a countrey.

Enter Merchant [*i. e.* *Venturewell*].

Cit. Peace, coney ; thou shalt see him taken

downe too, I warrant thee. Here's Luces father
come now.

Mer.

As you came from Walsingham,
Frō that holy land,
There met you not with my tru-love
By the way as you came ?

50

Venturewell. Oh, Maister Merri-thought, my
daughter's gone !

This mirth becomes you not ; my daughters
gone !

55

Mer.

Why, an if she be, what care I ?
Or let her come, or go, or tarry.

Vent. Mocke not my misery. It is your sonne
(Whom I have made my owne when all forsooke
him)

Has stolne my onely joy, my childe away.

60

Mer.

He set her on a milk-white steed,
& him selfe upō a gray ;
He never turn'd his face againe,
But he bore her quite away.

Vent. Unworthy of the kindnesse I have shewn
To thee and thine ! too late I well perceive
Thou art consenting to my daughters losse.

65

Mer. Your daughter ! what a stur's here wee

51 *that holy.* Q2, Q3, F, the holy.

yer daughter ? Let her goe, thinke no more on
her, but sing lowd. If both my sons were on the 70
gallows, I would sing, —

Downe, down, downe: they fall downe,
And arise they never shall.

Vent. Oh, might I behold her once againe,
And she once more embrace her aged sire ! 75

Mer. Fie, how scurvily this goes ! And she
once more imbrace her aged sire ? You'l make
a dogge on her, will yee ? She cares much for her
aged sire, I warrant you.

She cares not for her daddy, 80
Nor shee cares not for her mammie,
For she is, she is, she is, she is
My lord of Low-gave's lassie.

Vent. For this thy scorne I will pursue that
sonne
Of thine to death. 85

Mer. Do ; and when you ha kild him,
Give him flowers i'now, palmer, give him flowers
i'now ;
Give him red, and white, and blew, greene, and yel-
low.

Vent. Il'e fetch my daughter —

Mer. Il'e heare no more a your daughter ; it 90
spoyles my mirth.

74 *I behold.* W, I but behold.

82 *For . . . she is.* Q2, Q3, and F omit one *she is.*

84 *that sonne.* Begins next line in Q.

Vent. I say, Il'e fetch my daughter —

Mer.

Was never man for ladies sake,

Downe, downe,

Tormented as I poore Sir Guy,

95

De derry downe.

For Lucies sake, that lady bright,

Downe, downe,

As ever men beheld with eye,

De derry downe.

100

Vent. Il'e be reveng'd, by Heaven! *Exeunt.*

Musicke. Finis Actus secundi.

Wife. How dost thou like this, George?

Cit. Why, this is well, coney; but if Raph were hot once, thou shouldst see more.

Wife. The fdlers go againe, husband. 105

Cit. I, Nel; but this is scurvy musicke. I gave the whoreson gallowes money, and I thinke hee has not got mee the waits of South-warke: if I heare 'em not anan, Il'e twinge him by the eares. You musicians, play *Baloo*! 110

Wife. No, good George, lets ha *Lachrimae*!

Cit. Why, this is it, cony.

Wife. Its all the better, George. Now, sweet lambe, what story is that painted upon the cloth? the Confutation of St. Paul? 115

95 *poore Sir Guy.* Q3 and F omit *poore.*

109 'em. Old eds., him. The emendation is D's.

Cit. No, lambe, that's Raph and Lucrece.

Wife. Raph and Lucrece! which Raph? our Raph?

Cit. No, mouse; that was a Tartarian.

Wife. A Tartarian! Well, I woud the fidders 120
had done, that wee might see our Raph againe!

ACTUS TERTIUS, SCENA PRIMA.

[*Waltham Forest.*]*Enter Jasper and Luce.*

Jasper. Come, my deere deere; though we
 have lost our way
 We have not lost our selves. Are you not
 weary
 With this nights wandring, broken from your
 rest,
 And frighted with the terrour that attends
 The darknesse of this wilde un-peopled place? 5

Luce. No, my best friend; I cannot either feare
 Or entertaine a weary thought, whilst you
 (The end of all my full desires) stand by me:
 Let them that loose their hopes, and live to lan-
 guish
 Amongst the number of forsaken lovers, 10
 Tell the long weary steps, and number time,
 Start at a shadow, and shrink up their bloud,
 Whilst I (possest with all content and quiet)
 Thus take my prettie love, and thus imbrace him.

Jasp. You have caught me, Luce, so fast,
 that, whilst I live, 15
 I shall become your faithfull prisoner,

1 *deere deere.* Q3, F, deare.5 *this.* Q1, these.

And were these chaines for ever. Come, sit
downe

And rest your body, too too delicate
For these disturbances. [*They sit down.*] — So:
will you sleepe?

Come, do not be more able then you are; 20
I know you are not skilfull in these watches,
For women are no souldiers: be not nice,
But take it; sleepe, I say.

Luce. I cannot sleepe,
Indeed I cannot, friend.

Jasp. Why, then, wee'l sing,
And try how that will worke upon our sences. 25

Luce. Il'e sing, or say, or any thing but
sleepe.

Jasp. Come, little mer-maid, rob me of my
heart
With that inchanting voyce.

Luce. You mocke me, Jasper.

Song.

Jasp. Tell me, deerest, what is love?

Luce. 'Tis a lightning from above; 30

'Tis an arrow, 'tis a fire,

'Tis a boy they call Desire;

'Tis a smile

Doth beguile

Jasp. The poore hearts of men that prove. 35
Tell me more, are women true?

Luce. ~~Some love change, and so do you.~~

Jasp. Are they faire and never kind?

Luce. Yes, when men turne with the winde.

Jasp. Are they frōward?

Luce. Ever toward

40

Those that love, to love a new.

Jasp. Dissemble it no more; I see the god
Of heavy sleepe lay on his heavy mace.
Upon your eye-lids.

Luce. I am very heavy.

45

Jasp. Sleep, sleep; & quiet rest crowne thy
sweet thoughts!

Keepe from her faire bloud, distempers, startings,
Horrors, and fearefull shapes! let all her dreames
Be joyes, and chaste delights, imbraces, wishes,
And such new pleasures as the ravisht soule
Gives to the sences! — So; my charmes have
tooke.

50

Keepe her, you powers divine, whilst I con-
template

Upon the wealth and beauty of her minde.

~~She is onely faire and constant, onely kinde,~~

And onely to thee, Jasper. Oh, my joyes!

55

Whither will you transport me? let not fulnesse
Of my poore buried hopes come up together
And over-charge my spirits! I am weake.

Some say (how ever ill) the sea and women

Are govern'd by the moone; both ebbe and flow, 60

Both full of changes; yet to them that know,

And truly judge, these but opinions are,
And heresies, to bring on pleasing warre
Betweene our tempers, that without these were
Both void of after-love and present feare; 65
Which are the best of Cupid. Oh, thou child
Bred from dispaire, I dare not entertaine thee,
Having a love without the faults of women,
And greater in her perfect goods then men!
Which to make good, and please my selfe the
stronger, 70

Though certainly I am certaine of her love,
Il'e try her, that the world and memory
May sing to after times her constancie. —
Luce! Luce! awake! [Draws his sword.] 75

Luce. Why do you fright me, friend,
With those distempered looks? what makes your
sword

Drawne in your hand? who hath offended you?
I prethee, Jasper, sleepe: thou art wilde with
watching. 75

Jasp. Come, make your way to heaven, and
bid the world,
With all the villanies that sticke upon it,
Fare-well; you'r for another life.

Luce. Oh, Jasper, 80
How have my tender yeares committed evill,
Especially against the man I love,
Thus to be cropt untimely?

Jasp.

Foolish girle,
 Canst thou imagine I could love his daughter
 That flung me from my fortune into nothing, 85
 Discharged me his service, shut the doores
 Upon my poverty, and scorn'd my prayers,
 Sending me, like a boat without a mast,
 To sinke or swim? Come; by this hand you dye;
 I must have life and bloud, to satisfie 90
 Your father's wrongs.

Wife. Away, George, away! raise the watch
 at Ludgate, and bring a *mittimus* from the justice
 for this desperate villaine! Now I charge you,
 gentlemen, see the kings peace kept! O my 95
 heart, what a varlet's this, to offer man-slaughter
 upon the harmlesse gentlewoman!

Citizen. I warrant thee, sweet heart, wee'l
 have him hampered.

Luce. Oh, Jasper, be not cruell! 100

If thou wilt kill me, smile, and do it quickly,
 And let not many deaths appeare before me.
 I am a woman, made of feare and love,
 A weake, weake woman; kill not with thy eyes,
 They shoot me through and through. Strike, I
 am ready; 105

And dying stil I love thee.

Enter Merchant [*i. e. Venturewell*], *Humphrey*, and
his men.

Venturewell.

Where abouts?

Jasp. [*aside*]. No more of this; now to my selfe again.

Humph. There, there he stands, with sword like martial knight

Drawne in his hand; therefore beware the fight, *from*
 You that be wise; for, were I good Sir Bevis, *110*
 I would not stay his comming, by your leaves. *new*

Vent. Sirrah, restore my daughter!

Jasp. Sirrah, no!

Vent. Upon him, then!

Wife. So; downe with him, downe with him,
 downe with him! cut him i'th leg, boies, cut *115*
 him i'th leg!

[*They force Luce from Jasper.*]

Vent. Come your waies, minion: I'le provide
 a cage

For you, you'r growne so tame.—Horse her
 away.

Humphrey. Truly, Ime glad your forces have
 the day. *Exeunt. Manet Jasper.*

Jasp. They are gone, and I am hurt; my love
 is lost, *120*

Never to get againe. Oh, me unhappy!
 Bleed, bleed, and dye, I cannot. Oh, my folly,
 Thou hast betraid me! Hope, where art thou
 fled?

Tell me, if thou beest any where remaining,
 Shall I but see my love againe? Oh, no! *125*
 She will not daine to looke upon her butcher,

Nor is it fit she should; yet I must venter.

Oh, Chance, or Fortune, or what ere thou art,
That men adore for powerfull, heare my cry,
And let me loving, live; or loosing, die! *Exit.* 130

Wife. Is a gone, George?

Cit. I, conie.

Wife. Marie, and let him goe, sweet heart.
By the faith a my body, a has put me into such
a fright that I tremble (as they say) as 'twere an 135
aspine leafe. Looke a my little finger, George,
how it shakes. Now, itruth, every member of
my body is the worse for't.

Cit. Come, hugge in mine armes, sweet mouse;
hee shall not fright thee any more. Alas, mine 140
owne deere heart, how it quivers!

[ACTUS TERTIUS, SCÆNA SECUNDA.

Before the Bell Inn, Waltham.]

*Enter Mistresse Merrithought, Rafe, Michall, Squire,
Dwarfe, Host and a Tapster.*

Wife. Oh, Rafe! how dost thou, Rafe? How
hast thou slept to night? has the knight us'd thee
well?

Citizen. Peace, Nell; let Rafe alone.

Tapster. Maister, the reckoning is not paid. 5

Raph. Right curteous knight, who, for the
order's sake

127 *is it fit.* F omits it.

Which thou hast tane, hang'st out the holy bell,
As I this flaming pestle beare about,
We render thanks to your puissant selfe,
Your beauteous lady, and your gentle squires, 10
For thus refreshing of our wearied limbes,
Stiffened with hard atchievements in wilde desert.

Tapster. Sir, there is twelve shillings to pay.

Raph. Thou merry Squire Tapstero, thanks
to thee

For comforting our soules with double jug: 15
And, if adventrous fortune pricke thee forth,
Thou joviall squire, to follow feats of armes,
Take heed thou tender every ladies cause,
Every true knight, and every damsell faire;
But spill the blood of trecherous Sarazens, 20
And false inchanters, that with magicke spels
Have done to death full many a noble knight.

Host. Thou valiant Knight of the Burning
Pestle, give eare to me: there is twelve shillings
to pay, and, as I am a true knight, I will not 25
bate a peny.

Wife. George, I pray thee tell me, must Rafe
pay twelve shillings now?

Cit. No, Nell, no; nothing but the old knight
is merrie with Rafe. 30

Wife. Oh, is't nothing else? Rafe will be as
merry as he.

Raph. Sir Knight, this mirth of yours becomes
you well;

But, to requite this liberall curtesie,
 If any of your squires will follow armes, 35
 Hee shall receive from my heroicke hand
 A knight-hood, by the vertue of this pestle.

Host. Faire knight, I thanke you for your
 noble offer :

Therefore, gentle knight,
 Twelve shillings you must pay, or I must cap 40
 you.

Wife. Looke, George ! did not I tell thee as
 much ? The knight of the Bel is in earnest.
 Raph shall not bee beholding to him ; give him
 his money, George, and let him go *snickup*.

Cit. Cap Raph ? no. Hold your hand, Sir 45
 Knight of the Bel ; there's your mony : have
 you any thing to say to Raph now ? Cap Raph !

Wife. I would you should know it, Raph has
 friends that will not suffer him to be capt for ten
 times so much, and ten times to the end of that. 50
 Now take thy course, Raph.

Mrs. Merrithought. Come, Michael ; thou &
 I wil go home to thy father ; he hath enough
 left to keep us a day or two, and we'le set fel-
 lows abroad to cry our purse & our casket : shal 55
 we, Michael ?

Michael. I, I pray, mother ; intruth my feete
 are full of chilblaines with travelling.

Wife. Faith, and those chilblanes are a foule trouble. Mistresse Merie-thought, when your youth comes home, let him rub all the soles of his feete, and the heeles, and his ancles, with a mouse skinne, or, if none of your people can catch a mouse, when hee goes to bed, let him rowle his feete in the warme embers, and I warrant you hee shall be well; and you may make him put his fingers betweene his toes, & smell to them; it's very soveraigne for his head, if he be costive. 60 65

Mrs. Mer. Maister Knight of the Burning Pestle, my son Michael and I bid you farewel: I thanke your worship heartily for your kinnesse. 70

Raph. Fare-well, faire lady, and your tender squire.

If, pricking through these desarts, I do heare Of any traiterous knight who through his guile Hath light upon your casket and your purse, I will despoile him of them, and restore them. 75

Mrs. Mer. I thanke your worship.

Exit with Michael.

Raph. Dwarfe, beare my shield; squire, elevate my lance; And now fare-well, you Knight of holy Bell. 80

62 *the heeles.* Q2, Q3, F, his heeles.

63 *your people.* Q3 and F omit *people*.

Cit. I, I, Raph, all is paid.

Raph. But yet, before I go, speake, worthy knight,

If ought you do of sad adventures know,
Where errant knight may through his prowesse
winne

85

Eternall fame, and free some gentle soules
From endlesse bonds of steele and lingring paine.

7 *Host.* Sirrah, go to Nicke the barbor, and
bid him prepare himselfe, as I told you before,
quickely.

90

Tapster. I am gone, sir. *Exit Tapster.*

Host. Sir Knight, this wilderness affoordeth
none

But the great venter, where full many a knight
Hath tride his prowesse, and come off with
shame;

And where I would not have you loose your life 95
Against no man, but furious fiend of hell.

Raph. Speake on, Sir Knight; tell what he is,
and where:

For heere I vow, upon my blazing badge,
Never to blaze a day in quietnesse,
But bread and water will I onely eate, 100
And the greene hearbe and rocke shall be my
couch,

84 *ought.* F, oft.

85 *knight.* Q1, knights.

87 *bonds.* Q3, F, bounds.

99 *blaze.* D queries *lose* or *pass*.

Till I have queld that man, or beast, or fiend,
That workes such damage to all errant knights.

Host. Not far from hence, neere to a craggy
cliffe

At the north end of this distressed towne, 105

There doth stand a lowly house,

Ruggedly builded, and in it a cave

In which an ougly gyant now doth won,

Ycleped Barbaroso: in his hand *inter*

He shakes a naked lance of purest steele *regis* 110

With sleeves turn'd up; and him before he

weares

A motley garment, to preserve his cloaths

From bloud of those knights which he massacres,

And ladies' gent: without his dore doth hang

A copper bason, on a prickant speare; 115

At which no sooner gentle knights can knocke,

But the shrill sound fierce Barbaroso heares,

And rushing forth, brings in the errant knight,

And sets him downe in an enchanted chaire;

Then with an engine which he hath prepar'd, 120

With forty teeth, he clawes his courtly crowne;

Next makes him winke, and underneath his

chinne

Hee plants a brazen peece of mighty bord,

And knocks his bullets round about his cheeks;

104 *neere to.* Q3 and F omit to

114 *gent.* Q2, Q3, F, gentle.

Whilst with his fingers, and an instrument 125
 With which he snaps his haire off, he doth fill
 The wretches eares with a most hideous noise.
 Thus every knight adventurer he doth trim,
 And now no creature dares encounter him.

Raph. In Gods name, I will fight with him.

Kinde sir, 130

Go but before me to this dismall cave,
 Where this huge gyant Barbaroso dwels,
 And, by that vertue that brave Rosicleere
 That damned brood of ougly gyants slew,
 And Palmerin Frannarco overthrew, 135
 I doubt not but to curbe this traitor foule,
 And to the divell send his guilty soule.

Host. Brave sprighted knight, thus far I will
 performe

This] your request: I'le bring you within
 sight

Of this most lothsome place, inhabited 140
 By a more loathsome man; but dare not stay,
 For his maine force swoopes all he sees away.

Raph. Saint George, set on before! march,
 squire and page! *Exeunt.*

Wife. George, dost thinke Raph will con-
 found the gyant? 145

Cit. I hold my cap to a farthing hee does:

130 *fight with him.* Q1 omits *with*.

142 *swoopes.* Q1, *soopes*.

why, Nel, I saw him wrastle with the great Dutch-man, and hurle him.

Wife. Faith, and that Dutch-man was a goodly man, if all things were answerable to his big-¹⁵⁰ nesse, and yet they say there was a Scotch-man higher then hee, and that they two and a knight met, and saw one another for nothing. But of all the sights that ever were in London, since I was married, mee thinkes the little child that was ¹⁵⁵ so faire growne about the members was the prettiest; that and the hermophrodite.

Cit. Nay, by your leave, Nel, Ninivy was better.

Wife. Ninivie! O that was the story of Jone ¹⁶⁰ and the Wall, was it not, George?

Cit. Yes, lam.

[ACTUS TERTIUS, SCÆNA TERTIA.]

Enter Mistresse Merry-thought.

Wife. Looke, George, heere comes Mistresse Merry-thought againe! and I would have Raph come and fight with the giant; I tell you true, I long to see't.

Citizen. Good Mistresse Merry-thought, be gone, I pray you for my sake; I pray you for-

¹⁵¹ *Scotch-man.* Q2, Scottish-man; Q3, F, Scottishman.

¹⁵² *and a knight.* S, on a night.

beare a little; you shall have audience presently;
I have a little businesse.

Wife. Mistresse Merrythought, if it please
you to refraine your passiõ a little, til Raph ¹⁰
have dispatcht the giant out of the way, we shal
think our selves much bound to you. I thank
you, good Mistresse Merry-thought.

Exit Mist[resse] Merry-thou[ght].

Enter a Boy.

Cit. Boy, come hither. Send away Raph and
this whoresonne giant quickly. ¹⁵

Boy. In good faith, sir, we cannot; you'le
utterly spoile our play, and make it to be hist;
and it cost money; you will not suffer us to go
on with our plot. I pray, gentlemen, rule him.

Cit. Let him come now and dispatch this, ²⁰
and I'le trouble you no more.

Boy. Will you give me your hand of that?

Wife. Give him thy hand, George, do; and
I'le kisse him. I warrant thee the youth meanes
plainely. ²⁵

Boy. I'le send him to you presently.

Exit Boy.

Wife. I thanke you, little youth. Feth, the
child hath a sweete breath, George; but I thinke

¹¹ *dispatcht.* Q1, dispatch.

¹² *bound to you.* Q3, F, bound to thank you.

¹⁹ *plot.* Q3, F, plots.

it bee troubled with the wormes; *carduus benedictus* and mares milke were the onely thing in 30
the world for't. O, Raph's here, George! God
send thee good lucke, Raph!

[ACTUS TERTIUS, SCÆNA QUARTA.

Before a Barber's Shop, Waltham.]

Enter Raph, Host, Squire and Dwarf.

Host. Puissant knight, yonder his mansion is.
Lo, where the speare and copper bason are!
Behold that string on which hangs many a tooth,
Drawne from the gentle jaw of wandring
knights!

I dare not stay to sound; hee will appeare.

Exit Host.

Raph. O, faint not, heart! Susan, my lady
deere,
The coblers maid in Milke-streete, for whose
sake

I take these armes, O let the thought of thee
Carry thy knight through all advenferous deeds;
And in the honor of thy beauteous selfe 10
May I destroy this monster Barbaroso!
Knocke, squire, upon the bason, till it breake
With the shrill stroakes, or till the giant speake.

[*Tim knocks.*] *Enter Barbor.*

Wife. Oh, George, the giant, the giant! Now,
Raph, for thy life! 15

Barber. What fond unknowing wight is this,
that dares

So rudely knocke at Barbarossa's cell,
Where no man comes but leaves his fleece
behind?

Raph. I, traiterous caitiffe, who am sent by
fate

To punish all the sad enormities 20
Thou hast committed against ladies gent
And errant knights, traitor to God and men.
Prepare thy selfe; this is the dismall houre
Appointed for thee, to give strickt account
Of all thy beastly treacherous villanies. 25

Barber. Foole-hardy knight, full soone thou
shalt aby

This fond reproach: thy body will I bang;
Hee takes downe his pole.

And loe upon that string thy teeth shall hang!
Prepare thy selfe, for dead soone shalt thou bee.

Raph. Saint George for me! *They fight.* 30

Barber. Gargantua for me!

Wife. To him, Raph, to him! hold up the
giant! Set out thy leg before, Raph!

Citizen. Falsifie a blow, Raph, falsifie a blow!
the giant lies open on the left side. 35

Wife. Beare't off, beare't of still! there,
boy! O, Raphe's almost downe, Raph's al-
most downe!

Raph. Susan, inspire me! now have up againe.

Wife. Up, up, up, up! so, *Raph!* downe 40
with him, downe with him, *Raph!*

Cit. Fetch him ore the hip, boy!

[*Ralph knocks down the Barber.*]

Wife. There, boy! kill, kill, kill, kill, kill,
Raph!

Cit. No, *Raph*; get all out of him first. 45

Raph. Presumptuous man, see to what desper-
ate end

Thy treachery hath brought thee! The just gods,
Who never prosper those that do despise them,
For all the villanies which thou hast done
To knights and ladies, now have paid thee home 50
By my stiffe arme, a knight adventurous.
But say, vile wretch, before I send thy soule
To sad Avernus (whether it must go),
What captives holdst thou in thy sable cave?

Barber. Go in, and free them all; thou hast
the day. 55

Raph. Go, squire & dwarfe, search in this
dreadfull cave,
And free the wretched prisoners from their
bonds. *Exeunt Squire and Dwarfes.*

Barber. I crave for mercy, as thou art a
knight,
And scornst to spill the bloud of those that beg.

Raph. Thou showdst no mercy, nor shalt thou
 have any; 60
 Prepare thy selfe, for thou shalt surely die.

*Enter Squire leading one winking, with a bason under
 his chin.*

Squire. Behold, brave knight, heere is one
 prisoner,
 Whom this wilde man hath used as you see.

Wife. This is the first wise word I heard the
 squire speake. 65

Raph. Speake what thou art, and how thou
 hast bene us'd,
 That I may give him condigne punishment.

I Knight. I am a knight that tooke my jour-
 ney post

North-ward from London; and in curteous wise
 This giant train'd me to his loathsome den, 70
 Under pretence of killing of the itch;
 And all my body with a powder strew'd,
 That smarts and stings; and cut away my
 beard,

And my curl'd lockes wherein were ribands ti'de;
 And with a water washt my tender eyes, 75
 (Whilst up and downe about me still he skipt,)
 Whose vertue is, that, till my eyes be wip't

63 *wilde.* D, vild.

64 *first wise word.* Q2, Q3, and F omit *first*.

67 *him.* Q2 supplies.

70 *loathsome den.* Q2, Q3, and F omit *loathsome*.

With a dry cloath, for this my foule disgrace,
I shall not dare to looke a dog i'th' face.

Wife. Alas, poore knight! Relieve him, Raph! 80
releive poore knights whilst you live.

Raph. My trusty squire, convey him to the
towne,

Where he may finde releife. Adiew, faire knight.

Exit Knight.

Enter Dwarfes, leading one with a patch ore his nose.

Dwarf. Puisant Knight of the Burning Pestle
hight,

See heere another wretch, whom this foule beast 85
Hath scorcht and scor'd in this inhumaine wise.

Raph. Speake me thy name, and eke thy place
of birth,

And what hath bene thy usage in this cave.

2 Knight. I am a knight, Sir Pocke-hole is my
name,

And by my birth I am a Londoner, 90

Free by my coppy, but my ancestors

Were French-men all; and riding hard this way

Upon a trotting horse, my bones did ake,

- And I, faint knight, to ease my weary limbes,

Light at this cave; when straight this furious
fiend, 95

With sharpest instrument of purest steele,

Did cut the gristle of my nose away,

86 scorcht. D, scotch'd.

And in the place this velvet plaistⁿor shalt thou
Relieve me, gentle knight, out of h. 60

Wife. Good Raph, releive Sir Pocke die.
send him away; for intruth his breath ~~son~~ under
Raph. Convey him straight after the
knight. s one

Sir Pocke-hole, fare you well.

2 *Knight.*

Kinde sir, good-re.

Exit. Cryes w^l the

Man. Deliver us! 65

Woman. Deliver us! u

Wife. Hearke, George, what a woefull cry
there is! I thinke some woman lies in there.

Man. Deliver us!

Woman. Deliver us!

Raph. What gastly noise is this? Speak, Bar-
baroso, 110

Or, by this blasing steele, thy head goes off!

Barber. Prisoners of mine, whom I in diet
keepe.

Send lower downe into the cave,

And in a tub that's heated smoaking hot,

There may they finde them, and deliver them. 115

Raph. Run, squire and dwarfe; deliver them
with speed. *Exeunt Squire and Dwarfes.*

Wife. But will not Raph kill this giant? Surely
I am afeard, if hee let him go, he will do as much
hurt as ever he did.

With a dry clow mouse, neither, if hee could con- 120
I shall not d^e

Wife. A! George, if hee could convert him ;
releive p^{er}nt is not so soone converted as one of
*Rap*nary people. There's a pretty tale of a
that had the divel's marke about her, (God 125
Where us !) that had a giant to her sonne, that
il'd Lob-lie-by-the-fire ; didst never here it,
Enterge ?

*D^r Squire, leading a man with a glasse of lotion in
his hand, and the Dwarf*e leading a woman, with
Se diet-bread and drinke.

Cit. Peace, Nel, heere comes the prisoners.

*Dwarf*e. Here be these pined wretches, man-
full knight, 130

That for these sixe weekes have not seene a
wight.

Raph. Deliver what you are, and how you
came

To this sad cave, and what your usage was.

Man. I am an errant knight that followed
armes,

With speare and shield ; and in my tender yeares 135
I stricken was with Cupids fiery shaft,
And fell in love with this my lady deere,
And stole her from her friends in Turne-bull-
streete,

And bore her up and downe from towne to towne,
 Where we did eate and drinke, and musicke heare, 140
 Till at the length at this unhappy towne
 Wee did arrive, and comming to this cave,
 This beast us caught, and put us in a tub,
 Where we this two monthes sweate, and should
 have done

Another moneth, if you had not reliev'd us. 145

Woman. This bread and water hath our diet
 bene,

Together with a rib cut from a necke
 Of burned mutton; hard hath bene our fare:
 Release us from this ougly giants snare!

Man. This hath bene all the food we have
 receiv'd; 150

But onely twice a day, for novelty,
 He gave a spoonefull of this hearty broth

Puls out a sirringe.

To each of us, through this same slender quill.

Raph. From this infernall monster you shall
 go,

That useth knights and gentle ladies so! 155
 Convey them hence! *Exeunt Man and Woman.*

Cit. Cony, I can tell thee the gentlemen like
 Rafe.

Wife. I, George, I see it well inough. Gen-

150 *all.* Q3, F, halfe.

152 *this.* Q2, Q3, F, his.

153 *slender.* Q3, F, tender.

lemen, I thanke you all heartily for gracing my¹⁶⁰
man Rafe; and I promise you you shall see him
oftner.

Barber. Mercy, great knight! I do recant my
ill,

And henceforth never gentle blood will spill.

Raph. I give thee mercy; but yet shalt thou
sweare

165

Upon my burning pestle, to performe
Thy promise utterd.

Barber. I sweare and kisse.

Raph. Depart, then, and amend. —

[*Exit Barber.*]

Come, squire and dwarfe, the sunne growes to-
wards his set,

And we have many more adventures yet.

170

Exeunt.

Cit. Now Rafe is in this humour, I know hee
would ha beaten all the boyes in the house if
they had beene set on him,

Wife. I, George, but it is well as it is: I war-
rant you the gentlemen do consider what it is to¹⁷⁵
overthrow a gyant. But looke; George; heere
comes Mistresse Merri-thought, and her sonne
Michael. Now you are welcome, Mistresse
Merri-thought; now Rafe has done, you may go
on.

180

165 shalt thou. Q3, F, thou shalt.

[ACTUS TERTIUS, SCÆNA QUINTA.]

*Before Merrythought's House.**Enter Mistresse Merri-thought and Michael.*

Mistress Merrythought. Micke, my boy —
Michael. I, forsooth, mother.

Mrs. Mer. Be merry, Micke, we are at home
 now; where, I warrant you, you shall finde the
 house flung out at the windowes. [*Music within.*] 5
 Harke! hey, dogges, hey! this is the old world,
 i'faith, with my husband. If I get in among 'em,
 Ile play em such a lesson, that they shall have
 little list to come scraping hither againe. —
 Why, Maister Merrithought! husband! Charles 10
 Merrithought!

Merrythought (within).

If you will sing, and daunce, and laugh,
 And hollow, and laugh againe,
 And then cry, There, boys, there! why then,
 One, two, three, and foure, 15
 We shall be merry within this houre.

Mrs. Mer. Why, Charles, doe you not know
 your owne naturall wife? I say, open the doore,
 and turne me out those mangy companions; 't is
 more then time that they were fellow and fellow 20

5 *at the.* Q2, Q3, F, of the.7 *If I get.* Q3, I get; F, I'll get.7-8 *'em . . . em.* Q3, F, them . . . them. 8 *such a.* F omits *a.*20 *fellow and fellow.* Q3, F, fellow.

like with you. You are a gentleman, Charles, and an old man, and father of two children; and I my selfe (though I say it) by my mothers side neece to a worshipfull gentleman, and a conductor; ha has beene three times in His Majesties 25 service at Chester, and is now the fourth time, God blesse him, and his charge, upon his journey.

Mer.

Go from my window, love, goe,
Go from my window, my deere,
The winde and the raine will drive you backe againe, 30
You cannot be lodged heere.

Harke you, Mistresse Merrithought, you that walke upon adventures, and forsake your husband, because hee sings with never a peny in his purse; what shall I thinke my selfe the worse? 35 Faith, no, Il'e be merry. You come not heere; heer's none but lads of mettle, lives of a hundred yeares, and upwards; care never drunke their blouds, nor want made 'em warble, "Hey-ho, my heart is heavy." 40

Mrs. Mer. Why, M^r. Merrithought, what am I, that you should laugh me to scorne thus abruptly? am I not your fellow-feeler, as we may say, in all our miseries? your comforter in health and sicknesse? have I not brought you children? 45 are they not like you, Charles? looke upon thine

25 *ha.* Q2, Q3, F, hee.

39 *'em.* Q3, F, them.

owne image, hard-hearted man ! and yet for all this —

Mer. (within).

Begone, begone, my juggy, my puggy,

Begone, my love, my deere!

50

The weather is warme, twill do thee no harme,

Thou canst not be lodged heere.

Be merry, boyes ! some light musicke, and more wine !

Wife. He's not in earnest, I hope, George, 55
is he ?

Citizen. What if he be, sweet heart ?

Wife. Marie, if hee be, George, Ile make bold
to tell him hee's an ingrant old man to use his
bed-fellow so scurvily.

60

Cit. What ! how does he use her, hunny ?

Wife. Marie, come up, sir sauce-box ! I thinke
you'l take his part, will you not ? Lord, how hot
you are growne ! you are a fine man an you had a
fine dogge, it becomes you sweetly !

65

Cit. Nay, prethee, Nell, chide not ; for, as I
am an honest man and a true Christian grocer,
I doe not like his doings.

Wife. I cry you mercie, then, George ! you
know we are all fraile, and full of infirmities. 70
— Dee heare, M^r Merri-thought ? may I crave
a word with you ?

Mer. (within). Strike up lively, lads !

64 you are growne. Q2, Q3, F, are you growne.

Wife. I had not thought, in truth, Mr. Merri-
thought, that a man of your age and discretion, 75
as I may say, being a gentleman, and therefore
knowne by your gentle conditions, could have
used so little respect to the weaknesse of his
wife; for your wife is your owne flesh, the staffe
of your age, your yoke-fellow, with whose helpe 80
you draw through the mire of this transitory
world; nay, she's your own ribbe. And againe —

Mer.

I come not hither for thee to teach,
I have no pulpit for thee to preach,
I would thou hadst kist me under the breech, 85
As thou art a lady gay.

Wife. Marie, with a vengeance! I am hartely
sorry for the poore gentlewoman: but if I were
thy wife, i'faith, gray-beard, i'faith —

Cit. I prethee, sweet hunny-suckle, be con- 90
tent.

Wife. Give me such words that am a gentle-
woman borne! Hang him, hoary rascall! Get
mee some drinke, George, I am almost molten
with fretting: now beshrew his knaves heart for 95
it!

Mer. Play me a light *lavalto*. Come, bee frolicke,
fill the good fellowes wine!

Mrs. Mer. Why, Mr. Merri-thought, are you

disposed to make me wait here? You'l open, I ¹⁰⁰ hope; Il'e fetch them that shall open else.

Mer. Good woman, if you wil sing, Il'e give you something; if not —

Song.

You are no love for me, Margret,
I am no love for you.

105

Come aloft, boyes, aloft!

Mrs. Mer. Now a churles fart in your teeth, sir! Come, Micke, wee'l not trouble him; a shall not ding us i'th teeth with his bread and his broth, that he shall not. Come, boy; Il'e ¹¹⁰ provide for thee, I warrant thee. Wee'l goe to Maister Venterwels, the merchant: Il'e get his letter to mine host of the Bell in Waltham; there Il'e place thee with the tapster: will not that doe well for thee, Micke? and let me alone ¹¹¹ for that old cuckoldly knave your father; Il'e use him in his kinde, I warrant yee. [*Exeunt.*]

Wife. Come, George, wher's the beere?

Cit. Here, love.

Wife. This old fornicating fellow will not ¹¹² out of my mind yet. Gentlemen, Il'e begin to you all; and I desire more of your acquaintance, with all my heart. Fill the gentlemen some beere, George.

Finis Actus tertii. Musicke.

ACTUS QUARTUS, SCÆNA PRIMA.

Boy daunceth.

Wife. Looke, George, the little boy's come againe; mee thinkes he lookes something like the Prince of Orange in his long stocking, if hee had a little harnesse about his necke. George, I will have him dance *Fading: Fading* is a fine 5 jigge, Il'e assure you, gentlemen. Begin, brother. Now a capers, sweet heart. Now a turne a'th toe, and then tumble! cannot you tumble, youth?

Boy. No, indeed, forsooth. 10

Wife. Nor eate fire?

Boy. Neither.

Wife. Why, then, I thanke you heartily; there's two pence to buy you points withall.

Enter Jasper and Boy.

Jasper. There, boy, deliver this; but do it well. 15

Hast thou provided me foure lusty fellowes,
Able to carry me? and art thou perfect
In all thy businesse?

Boy. Sir, you need not feare;

Actus Quartus. D and other modern eds. begin the Act at line 14. Q1 sets ll. 14-15 as prose.

I have my lesson here, and cannot misse it:
The men are ready for you, and what else
Pertaines to this imployment.

Jasp. There, my boy;
Take it, but buy no land.

Boy. Faith, sir, 'twere rare
To see so yong a purchaser. I flye,
And on my wings carry your destinie. *Exit.*

Jasp. Go, and be happy! Now, my latest
hope,

Forsake me not, but fling thy anchor out,
And let it hold! Stand fixt, thou rolling stone,
Till I enjoy my deerest! Heare me, all
You powers, that rule in men, cœlestiall! *Exit.*

Wife. Go thy wayes; thou art as crooked a
sprigge as ever grew in London. I warrant him
hee'l come to some naughty end or other; for
his lookes say no lesse. Besides, his father (you
know, George) is none of the best; you heard
him take me up like a flirt Gill, and sing baudy
songs upon me; but ifaith, if I live, George, —

Citizen. Let me alone, sweet-heart: I have a
tricke in my head shall lodge him in the Arches
for one yeare, and make him sing *Peccavi*, ere
I leave him; and yet hee shall never know who
hurt him neither.

Wife. Do, my good George, do!

27 *Stand fixt.* F, Stand, fix. 35 *flirt Gill.* Q3, F, Gill flirt.

Cit. What shall we have Rafe do now, boy?

Boy. You shall have what you will, sir.

Cit. Why, so, sir; go and fetch me him 45
then, and let the Sophy of Persia come and
christen him a childe.

Boy. Beleeve me, sir, that will not doe so
well; 'tis stale; it has beene had before at the
Red Bull. 50

Wife. George, let Rafe travell over great
hils, & let him be very weary, and come to the
King of Cracovia's house, covered with [black]
velvet; and there let the kings daughter stand
in her window all in beaten gold, combing her 55
golden locks with a combe of ivory; and let
her spy Rafe, and fall in love with him, and
come downe to him, and carry him into her
fathers house; and then let Rafe talke with her.

Cit. Well said, Nell; it shal be so. Boy, 60
let's ha't done quickly.

Boy. Sir, if you will imagine all this to be
done already, you shall heare them talke to-
gether; but we cannot present a house covered
with blacke velvet, and a lady in beaten gold. 65

Cit. Sir boy, lets ha't as you can, then.

Boy. Besides, it will shew ill-favouredly to
have a grocers prentice to court a kings daugh-
ter.

Cit. Will it so, sir? you are well read in histories! I pray you, what was Sir Dagonet? was not he prentice to a grocer in London? Read the play of the *Four Prentices of London*, where they tosse their pikes so. I pray you fetch him in, sir, fetch him in. 70 75

Boy. It shall be done. It is not our fault, gentlemen. *Exit.*

Wife. Now we shall see fine doings, I warrant tee, George. O here they come! how pretily the King of Cracovia's daughter is drest. 80

[ACTUS QUARTUS, SCENA SECUNDA.

A Palace in Moldavia.]

Enter Rafe and the Lady, Squire and Dwarf.

Citizen. I, Nell, it is the fashion of that country, I warrant tee.

Lady. Welcome, Sir Knight, unto my father's court,

King of Moldavia; unto me Pompiona,
His daughter deere! But sure you do not like 5
Your entertainment, that will stay with us
No longer but a night.

Raph. Damsell right faire,
I am on many sad adventures bound,
That call me forth into the wilderness.

8 *I am.* Q3, F, I'me.

Besides, my horses backe is something gal'd, 10
Which will inforce me ride a sober pace.
But many thanks, faire lady, be to you
For using errant knight with curtesie.

Lady. But say, brave knight, what is your
name & birth?

Raph. My name is Rafe; I am an English-
man, 15

(As true as steele, a hearty Englishman,)
And prentice to a grocer in the Strand
By deed indent, of which I have one part :
But Fortune calling me to follow armes,
On me this holy order I did take 20
Of Burning Pestle, which in all mens eyes
I beare, confounding ladies enemies.

Lady. Oft have I heard of your brave coun-
try-men,
And fertill soyle, and store of holesome food;
My father oft will tell me of a drinke 25
In England found, and *Nipitato* cal'd,
Which driveth all the sorrow from your hearts.

Raph. Lady, 'tis true; you need not lay your
lips

To better *Nipitato* than there is.

Lady. And of a wild-fowle he will often
speake, 30
Which poudred beefe and mustard called is :

For there have beene great warres 'twixt us and
you;

But truly, Rafe, it was not long of me.

Tell me then, Rafe, could you contented be
To weare a ladies favour in your shield?

35

Raph. ~~I am a knight of religious order,
And will not weare a favour of a ladies~~

~~That trusts in Antichrist and false traditions.~~

Cit. Well sayd, Rafe! convert her if thou
canst.

Raph. Besides, I have a lady of my owne
In merry England, for whose vertuous sake
I tooke these armes; and Susan is her name,
A coblers maid in Milke-street; whom I vow
Nere to forsake, whilst life and pestle last.

40

Lady. Happy that cobling dame, who ere she
be,

45

That for her owne, deere Rafe, hath gotten thee!
Unhappy I, that nere shall see the day
To see thee more, that bearest my heart away!

Raph. Lady, fare-well; I needs must take my
leave.

Lady. Hard-harted Rafe, that ladies dost de-
ceive!

50

Cit. Harke thee, Rafe: there's money for

36 *religious.* D, a religious.

37 *ladies.* D, lady.

49 *needs must.* F, must needs.

thee ; give something in the King of Cracovia's house ; be not beholding to him.

Raph. Lady, before I go, I must remember
Your fathers officers, who, truth to tell,
Have beene about me very diligent.

Hold up thy snowy hand, thou princely maid !

There's twelve pence for your fathers chamber-
laine,

And another shilling for his cooke,

For, by my troth, the goose was roasted well ; 60

And twelve-pence for your fathers horse-keeper,

For nointing my horse backe ; and for his butter

There is another shilling. To the maid

That washt my boot-hose there's an English
groat ;

And two pence to the boy that wipt my boots ; 65

And last, faire lady, there is for your selfe

Three pence, to buy you pins at Bumbo faire.

Lady. Full many thanks ; and I will keepe
them safe

Till all the heads be off, for thy sake, Rafe.

Raph. Advance, my squire and dwarfe ! I can-
not stay. 70

Lady. Thou kilst my heart in parting thus
away. *Exeūt.*

Wife. I commend Rafe yet, that hee will not
stoope to a Cracovian ; ~~there's properer women~~
in London then any are there, I-wis. But heere

59 *And another.* Some modern eds. read: And there's another.

comes Maister Humphrey and his love againe 75
now, George.

Cit. I, cony; peace!

[ACTUS QUARTUS, SCÆNA TERTIA.

Venturewell's House.]

*Enter Marchant [i. e. Venturewell], Humphrey, Luce
and a Boy.*

Venturewell. Go, get you up; I will not be in-
treated;

And, gossip mine, Il'e keepe you sure hereafter
From gadding out againe with boyes and un-
thrifts:

Come, they are womens teares; I know your
fashion. —

Go, sirrah, locke her in, and keepe the key 5
Safe as you love your life. *Exeunt Luce & Boy.*

Now, my sonne Humfrey,
You may both rest assured of my love
In this, and reape your owne desire.

Humphrey. I see this love you speake of,
through your daughter,
Although the hole be little; and hereafter 10
Will yeeld the like in all I may, or can,
Fitting a Christian and a gentleman.

6 *as you love.* F omits *you love.*

Exeunt. Q1, Exit.

Vent. I do beleeeve you, my good sonne, and
thanke you ;

For 'twere an impudence to thinke you flattered.

Humph. It were, indeed ; but shall I tell you
why ?

I have beene beaten twice about the lye.

Vent. Well, son, no more of complement.
My daughter

Is yours againe : appoint the time, and take her ;

We'le have no stealing for it ; I my selfe

And some few of our friends will see you mar-
ried.

Humph. I would you would, i'faith, for be it
knowne

I ever was afraid to lie alone.

Vent. Some three daies hence, then.

Humph. Three daies ! let me see :

'Tis somewhat of the most ; yet I agree,

Because I meane against the appointed day

To visite all my friends in new array.

Enter Servant.

Servant. Sir ; there's a gentlewoman without
would speake with your worship.

Vent. What is shee ?

Serv. Sir, I askt her not.

Vent. Bid her come in. [*Exit Servant.*]

Enter Mistrisse Merry-thought and Michael.

Mistress Merrythought. Peace be to your

25 appointed. Q2, Q3, F, pointed.

worship! I come as a poore suter to you, sir, in the behalfe of this child.

Vent. Are you not wife to Merrie-thought?

Mrs. Mer. Yes, truely. Would I had nere 35
seene his eies! ha has undone me and himselfe
and his children; & there he lives at home, &
sings, and hoights, & revels among his drunken
cōpanions! but, I warrant you, where to get
a peny to put bread in his mouth he knowes 40
not: and therefore, if it like your worship, I
would entreate your letter to the honest host of
the Bel in Waltham, that I may place my child
under the protection of his tapster, in some
setled course of life. 45

Vent. I'me glad the heavens have heard my
prayers. Thy husband,
When I was ripe in sorrows, laught at me;
Thy sonne, like an unthankfull wretch, I having
Redeem'd him from his fall and made him mine,
To shew his love againe, first stole my daughter, 50
Then wrong'd this gentleman, and, last of all,
Gave me that grieve had almost brought me
downe

Unto my grave, had not a stronger hand
Releiv'd my sorrows. Go, and weepe as I did,
And be unpittied; for I heere professe 55
An everlasting hate to all thy name.

36 *ha.* Q3, F, he.

42 *would.* Q2, should.

55 *I heere.* F, here I.

Mrs. Mer. Will you so, sir? how say you by that? Come, Micke, let him keepe his winde to coole his porrage. We'le go to thy nurce's, Micke: shee knits silke stockings, boy; and 60 we'le knit too, boy, and bee beholding to none of them all. *Exeunt Michael and mother.*

Enter a Boy with a letter.

Boy. Sir, I take it you are the maister of this house.

Vent. How then, boy? 65

Boy. Then to your selfe, sir, comes this letter.

Vent. From whom, my pretty boy?

Boy. From him that was your servant, but no more

Shall that name ever be, for hee is dead:
Griefe of your purchas'd anger broke his heart. 70
I saw him die, and from his hand receiv'd
This paper, with a charge to bring it hither:
Reade it, and satisfie your selfe in all.

Letter.

Vent. Sir, that I have wronged your love I must confesse; in which I have purchast to my 75 selfe, besides myne owne undoing, the ill opinion of my friends. Let not your anger, good sir, outlive me, but suffer mee to rest in peace with your forgivenessse; let my body (if a dying man may so much prevaile with you) bee brought to 80

your daughter, that shee may truely know my
hote flames are now buried, and, withall, receive
a testimony of the zeale I bore her vertue. Fare-
well for ever, and be ever happy ! JASPER.

God's hand is great in this: I do forgive him; 85
Yet I am glad he's quiet, where I hope
He will not bite againe. Boy, bring the body,
And let him have his will, if that be all.

Boy. 'Tis here without, sir.

Vent. So, sir; if you please,
You may conduct it in; I do not feare it. 90

Humph. I'le be your usher, boy; for, though
I say it,
He ow'd me something once, and well did pay it.

Exeunt.

[ACTUS QUARTUS, SCENA QUARTA.]

Venturewell's House.

Enter Luce alone.

Luce. If there be any punishment inflicted
Upon the miserable, more then yet I feele,
Let it together ceaze me, and at once
Presse downe my soule! I cannot beare the
paine

Of these delaying tortures. — Thou that art 5
The end of all, and the sweete rest of all,

81 *truely know.* Q3 and F omit *truely.*

Come, come, ô Death! bring me to thy peace,
And blot out all the memory I nourish
Both of my father and my cruell friend.
O wretched maide, still living to be wretched, 10
To be a say to Fortune in her changes,
And grow to number times and woes together!
How happy had I bene, if, being borne,
My grave had bene my cradle!

Enter Servant.

Servant. By your leave,
Yong mistresse, here's a boy hath brought a
coffin: 15
What a would say, I know not, but your father
Charg'd me to give you notice. Here they
come. [*Exit.*]

Enter two bearing a coffin, Jasper in it.

Luce. For me I hope 'tis come, and 'tis most
welcome.

Boy. Faire mistresse, let me not adde greater
griefe

To that great store you have already. Jasper 20
(That whilst he liv'd was yours, now dead,
And here enclos'd) commanded me to bring
His body hither, and to crave a teare

7 *bring.* S, and bring.

9 *my father.* Q3 and F omit *my.*

18 *hope.* Q1, hop't.

21 *was yours.* D queries: was only yours.

From those faire eyes (though he deserv'd not
pitty),

To decke his funerall; for so he bid me 25
Tell her for whom he di'de.

Luce.

He shall have many.

Good friends, depart a little, whilst I take
My leave of this dead man, that once I lov'd.

Exeunt Coffin Carrier & Boy.

Hold yet a little, life! and then I give thee
To thy first heavenly being. O my friend! 30

Hast thou deceiv'd me thus, and got before me?

I shall not long bee after. But, beleeve me,
Thou wert too cruell, Jasper, gainst thy selfe,
In punishing the fault I could have pardoned,
With so untimely death: thou didst not wrong
me, 35

But ever wert most kind, most true, most loving;

And I the most unkind, most false, most cruell!

Didst thou but aske a teare? Il'e give thee all,

Even all my eies can powre downe, all my sighs,

And all my selfe, before thou goest from me. 40

There are but sparing rites; but if thy soule

Be yet about this place, and can behold

And see what I prepare to decke thee with,

It shall go up, borne on the wings of peace,
And satisfied. First will I sing thy dirge, 45

Then kisse thy pale lips, and then die my selfe,

And fill one coffin and one grave together.

Song.

Come, you whose loves are dead,
 And, whiles I sing,
 Weepe, and wring 50
 Every hand, and every head
 Bind with cipres and sad ewe;
 Ribands blacke, and candles blew,
 For him that was of men most true!

Come with heavy mourning, 55
 And on his grave
 Let him have
 Sacrifice of sighes and groaning;
 Let him have faire flowers enow,
 White and purple, greene and yellow, 60
 For him that was of men most true!

Thou sable cloth, sad cover of my joies,
 I lift thee up, and thus I meete with death.

[She lifts the cloth, and Jasper rises.]

Jasper. And thus you meete the living!

Luce. Save me, Heaven!

Jasp. Nay, do not flie me, faire; I am no
 spirit: 65

Looke better on me, — do you know me yet?

Luce. O thou deere shadow of my friend!

Jasp. Deere substance!

I sweare I am no shadow: feele my hand,

It is the same it was; I am your Jasper,

Your Jasper that's yet living, and yet loving. 70

Pardon my rash attempt, my foolish prooffe

I put in practise of your constancy;

For soone should my sword have drunke my
bloūd,

And set my soule at liberty, then drawne

The least drop from that body: for which bold-
nesse 75

Doome me to any thing; if death, I take it,

And willingly.

Luce. [This death I'll give you for it.

So, now I am satisfied: you are no spirit,

But my owne truest, truest, truest friend.

Why doe you come thus to mee?

Jasp.

First, to see you; 80

Then to convey you hence.

Luce.

It cannot bee:

For I am lockt up here, and watcht at all howers,

That 'tis impossible for me to scape.

Jasp. Nothing more possible. Within this
coffin

Do you convey your selfe: let me alone, 85

I have the wits of twenty men about me;

Onely I crave the shelter of your closet

A little, and then feare me not. Creepe in,

That they may presently convey you hence.

Feare nothing, deerest love; Il'e be your second; 90

[*Luce lies down in the coffin.*]

Lie close : so ; [*he covers her*] all goes well yet.

— Boy ! [*Enter Boy and Coffin-Carrier.*]

Boy. At hand, sir.

Jasp. Convey away the coffin, and be wary.

Boy. 'Tis done already. [*Exeunt.*]

Jasp. Now must I go conjure. *Exit.*

Enter Merchant.

Venturewell. Boy, boy !

Boy. Your servant, sir.

95

Vent. Deme this kindnesse, boy ; (hold, here's
a crowne):

Before thou bury the body of this fellow,
Carry it to his old merie father, and salute him
From mee, and bid him sing: he hath cause.

Boy. I will, sir.

Vent. And then bring me word what tune he
is in,

100

And have another crowne; but do it truely.

I have fitted him a bargain, now, will vex him.

Boy. God blesse your worships health, sir !

Vent. Fare-well, boy ! *Exeunt.*

[ACTUS QUARTUS, SCÆNA QUINTA.

Merrythought's House.]

Enter Maister Merrie-thought.

Wife. Ah, old Merry-thought, art thou there
again? Let's here some of thy songs.

97-99 *Before . . . cause.* Q sets as prose.

Merrythought.

Who can sing a merrier noate

Then he that cannot change a groat ?

Not a denier left, and yet my heart leapes : I do 5
wonder yet, as old as I am, that any man will
follow a trade, or serve, that may sing and laugh,
and walke the streetes. My wife and both my
sonnes are I know not where; I have nothing
left, nor know I how to come by meate to sup- 10
per; yet am I merry still, for I know I shall finde
it upon the table at sixe a clocke; therefore hang
thought !

I would not be a servingman to carry the cloke-bag
still,

Nor would I be a fawleconer the greedy hawlkes to fill; 15
But I would be in a good house, & have a good maister
too,

But I would eat & drink of the best, & no work would
I do.

This it is that keepes life and soule together,
mirth; this is the philosophers stone that they
write so much on, that keepes a man ever yong. 20

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Sir, they say they know all your mony
is gone, and they will trust you for no more
drinke.

Mer. Will they not ? let am choose ! The

5 *denier.* Q3, F, dinner. 18 *This it is.* Q3 and F omit it.

best is, I have mirth at home, and neede not 25
send abroad for that; let them keepe their
drinke to themselves.

For Jillian of Berry, shee dwels on a hill,
And shee hath good beere and ale to sell,
And of good fellowes she thinks no ill; 30
And thether will we go now, now, now,
And thether will wee go now.

And when you have made a little stay,
You need not aske what is to pay,
But kisse your hostesse and go your way; 35
And thither &c.

Enter another Boy.

2 Boy. Sir, I can get no bread for supper.

Mer. Hang bread and supper! let's preserve
our mirth, and we shall never feele hunger, I'll
warrant you. Let's have a catch, boy; follow 40
me, come. *Sing this Catch.*

Ho, ho, no body at home!
Meate, nor drinke, nor money ha wee none.

Fill the pot, Eedy,
Never more need I. 45

Mer. So, boies; enough. Follow mee. Let's
change our place and we shall laugh afresh.

Exeunt.

31 now, now, now. Q1, now, now, now, now.

34 aske. Q3, F, know.

40-1 catch . . . come. Q1, catch, boy follow me, come.

41 come. *Sing this Catch.* Q1, come *sing this Catch*; Q2,
Q3, F, *Come sing this Catch.*

Wife. Let him goe, George; a shall not have any countenance from us, nor a good word from any i'th' company, if I may strike stroke 50 in't.

Citizen No more a shannot, love. But, Nel, I will have Raph doe a very notable matter now, to the eternall honour and glory of all grocers. Sirrah! you there, boy! Can none of you 55 heare?

[*Enter Boy.*]

Boy. Sir, your pleasure?

Cit. Let Raph come out on May-day in the morning, and speake upon a conduit with all his scarfes about him, and his fethers and his 60 rings and his knacks.

Boy. Why, sir, you do not thinke of our plot; what will become of that, then?

Cit. Why, sir, I care not what become on't: I'le have him come out, or I'le fetch him out 65 my selfe; I'le have something done in honor of the Citty: besides, he hath bene long enough upon adventures. Bring him out quickly; or if I come in amongst you —

Boy. Well, sir, hee shall come out, but if our 70 play miscarry, sir, you are like to pay for't.

Exit Boy.

Cit. Bring him away, then!

49 *nor.* Q2, Q3, F, not.

68-69 *or if I come in.* Q2 and Q3 omit *in*; F, for I come.

Wife. This will be brave, i'faith! George, shall not he dance the morrice too, for the credit of the Strand? 75

Cit. No, sweete heart, it will bee too much for the boy. ô there he is, Nel! hee's reasonable well in reparell, but hee has not rings enough.

Enter Raph.

Raph. London, to thee I do present the merry month of May;

Let each true subject be content to heare me what I say: 80

For from the top of conduit head, as plainely may appeare,

I will both tell my name to you and wherefore I came heere.

My name is Raph, by due discent, though not ignoble I,

Yet far inferior to the flocke of gracious Grocery; And by the common-councell of my fellowes in the Strand, 85

With gilded staffe, and crossed skarfe, the May-lord here I stand.

Rejoyce, ô English hearts, rejoyce! rejoyce, ô lovers deere!

Rejoyce, ô citty, towne, and country! rejoyce eke every shire!

For now the fragrant flowers do spring and sprout in seemely sort,

84 *flocke.* D, stock.

The little birds do sit and sing, the lambes do
 make fine sport ; 90
 And now the burchin tree doth bud, that maks
 the schoole boy cry ;
 The morrice rings, while hobby-horse doth
 foote it feateously ;
 The lords and ladies now abroad for their dis-
 port and play,
 Do kisse sometimes upon the grasse, and some-
 times in the hey.
 Now butter with a leafe of sage is good to
 purge the bloud ; 95
 Fly Venus and phlebotomy, for they are neither
 good.
 Now little fish on tender stone beginne to cast
 their bellies,
 And sluggish snails, that erst were mute, do
 creep out of their shelines.
 The rumbling rivers now do warme for little
 boies to padle ;
 The sturdy steede now goes to grasse, and up
 they hang his saddle. 100
 The heavy hart, the bellowing bucke, the ras-
 cal, and the pricket,
 Are now among the yeomans pease, and leave
 the fearefull thicket.

98 *mute*. D, mew'd.101 *bellowing*. Q3, F, blowing.

And be like them, ô you, I say, of this same
noble towne,
And lift aloft your velvet heads, and slipping of
your gowne,
With bels on legs, and napkins cleane unto
your shoulders tide, 105
With scarfes & garters as you please, & "Hey
for our town" cri'd,
March out, and shew your willing minds, by
twenty and by twenty,
To Hogsdon or to Newington, where ale and
cakes are plenty;
And let it nere be said, for shame, that we the
youths of London
Lay thrumming of our caps at home, and left
our custome undone. 110
Up, then, I say, both yong and old, both man
and maide a Maying,
With drums and guns that bounce alowd, &
mery taber playing!
Which to prolong, God save our King, and
send his country peace,
And roote out treason from the land! and so,
my friends, I cease.

Finis Act 4.

ACTUS 5. SCÆNA PRIMA.

Enter Marchant, solus.

Venturewell. I will have no great store of company at the wedding; a cupple of neighbours and their wives; and wee will have a capon in stewed broth, with marrow, and a good peece of beefe stucke with rose-mary.

5

Enter Jasper, his face mealed.

Jasper. Forbeare thy paines, fond man! it is too late.

Vent. Heaven blesse me! Jasper?

Jasp. I, I am his ghost,
Whom thou hast injur'd for his constant love;
Fond worldly wretch! who dost not understand
In death that true hearts cannot parted be.
First know thy daughter is quite borne away
On wings of angels, through the liquid aire,
To farre out of thy reach, and never more
Shalt thou behold her face: but shee and I
Will in another world enjoy our loves,
Where neither fathers anger, povertie,
Nor any crosse that troubles earthly men,
Shall make us sever our united hearts.
And never shalt thou sit, or be alone

10

15

12 of angels. Q2, Q3, F, on angels.

In any place, but I will visit thee 20
With gastly lookes, and put into thy minde
The great offences wich thou didst to me:
When thou art at thy table with thy friends,
Merry in heart, and fild with swelling wine,
Il'e come in midst of all thy pride and mirth, 25
Invisible to all men but thy selfe,
And whisper such a sad tale in thine eare
Shall make thee let the cuppe fall from thy hand,
And stand as mute and pale as Death it selfe.

Vent. Forgive me, Jasper! Oh, what might
I doe, 30

Tell me, to satisfie thy trobled ghost?

Jasp. There is no meanes; too late thou thinkst
of this.

Vent. But tell me what were best for me to
doe.

Jasp. Repent thy deede, and satisfie my father,
And beat fond Humphrey out of thy dores. 35

Exit Jasper.

Enter Humphrey.

Wife. Looke, George; his very ghost would
have folkes beaten!

Humphrey. Father, my bride is gone, faire
Mistresse Luce:

My soule's the fount of vengeance, mischiefes
sluce.

Vent. Hence, foole, out of my sight with thy
fond passion !

40

Thou hast undone me. [*Beats him.*]

Hum. Hold, my father deere !

For Luce thy daughters sake, that had no peere !

Vent. Thy father, foole ? There's some blows
more ; begone !

Jasper, I hope thy ghost bee well appeased

To see thy will performd. Now will I go

45

To satisfie thy father for thy wrongs. *Exit.*

Hum. What shall I doe ? I have beene beaten
twice,

And Mistresse Luce is gone. Helpe me, device !

Since my true-love is gone, I nevermore,

Whilst I do live, upon the sky will pore ;

50

But in the darke will weare out my shooe-soles

In passion, in Saint Faith's Church under Paules.

Exit.

Wife. George, call Rafe hither ; if you love
me, call Rafe hither ! I have the bravest thing
for him to do, George ; prethee call him quickly.

55

Citizen. Rafe ! why, Rafe, boy !

Enter Rafe.

Raph. Heere, sir.

Cit. Come hither, Rafe ; come to thy mis-
tresse, boy.

44 *thy ghost.* Q2, the ghost.

45 *will I.* Q2, Q3, F, I'll.

Wife. Rafe, I would have thee call all the 60
youthes together in battle-ray, with drums, and
guns, and flags, and march to Mile End in pomp-
ous fashion, and there exhort your souldiers to
be merry and wise, and to keepe their beards
from burning, Rafe; and then skirmish, and let 65
your flagges flye, and cry, Kill, kill, kill! My
husband shall lend you his jerkin, Rafe, and
there's a scarfe; for the rest, the house shall fur-
nish you, and wee'l pay for't. Doe it bravely,
Rafe; and thinke before whom you performe, 70
and what person you represent.

Raph. I warrant you, mistresse, if I do it not
for the honour of the citty and the credit of my
maister, let me never hope for freedome.

Wife. 'Tis well spoken, ifaith. Go thy wayes! 75
thou art a sparke indeed.

Cit. Rafe, Rafe, double your files bravely,
Rafe!

Raph. I warrant you, sir. *Exit Rafe.*

Cit. Let him looke narrowly to his service; I 80
shall take him else. I was there my selfe a pike-
man once in the hottest of the day, wench; had
my feather shot sheere away, the fringe of my
pike burnt off with powder, my pate broken with
a scouring-sticke, and yet I thanke God I am 85
heere.

Drum within.

Wife. Harke, George, the drums!

Cit. Ran, tan, tan, tan; ran, tan! O wench,
 an thou hadst but seene little Ned of Algate,
 drum Ned, how hee made it rore againe, and 90
 layd on like a tyrant, and then stroke softly till
 the ward came up, and then thundred againe,
 and together we go! Sa, sa, sa, bounce! quoth
 the guns; Courage, my hearts! quoth the cap-
 taines; Saint George! quoth the pikemen; and 95
 withall here they lay, and there they lay, and yet
 for all this I am heere, wench!

Wife. Be thankfull for it, George; for indeed
 'tis wonderfull.

[ACTUS QUINTUS, SCÆNA SECUNDA.]

Enter Rafe and his Company, with drummes and colours.

Raph. March faire, my hearts! Lieutenant,
 beate the reare up. Ancient, let your colours
 flye! but have a great care of the butchers
 hookes at White-chappell; they have beene the
 death of many a faire ancient. Open your files, 5
 that I may take a view both of your persons and
 munition. Sergeant, call a muster.

Sergeant. A stand! William Hamerton, peu-
 terer!

Hamerton. Here, captaine!

Raph. A corslet, and a Spanish pike; 'tis 10
 well: can you shake it with a terror?

91 *stroke.* F, struck.

Ham. I hope so, captaine.

Raph. Charge upon me.—'Tis with the weakest: put more strength, William Hammer- 15
ton, more strength! As you were againe!—
Proceed, Sergeant.

Serg. George Greene-goose, poulterer! —

Greengoose. Heere!

Raph. Let me see your peece, neighbour 20
Greene-goose: when was she shot in?

Green. And like you, maister captaine, I made
a shot even now, partly to scoure her, and partly
for audacity.

Raph. It should seeme so certainly, for her 25
breath is yet inflamed; besides, there is a maine
fault in the touch-hole, it runnes, and stinketh;
and I tell you moreover, and beleeeve it, ten
such touch-holes would breed the pox in the
army. Get you a feather, neighbour, get you a 30
feather, sweet oyle, and paper, and your peece
may do well enough yet. Where's your powder?

Green. Heere.

Raph. What, in a paper! As I am a souldier
and a gentleman, it craves a martiall court! you 35
ought to dye for't. Where's your horne? an-
swere me to that.

Green. An't like you, sir, I was oblivious.

Raph. It likes me not you should bee so; 'tis

22 *And.* D, An 't. 39 *you should.* Q2, Q3, F, it should.

a shame for you, and a scandall to all our neigh- 40
bours, beeing a man of worth and estimation,
to leave your horne behinde you: I am afraid
'twill breed example. But let me tell you no
more on't. Stand, till I view you all. What's
become o'th nose of your flaske? 45

1 Soldier. Indeed, law, captaine, 'twas blowne
away with powder.

Raph. Put on a new one at the cities charge.
—Where's the stone of this peece?

2 Soldier. The drummer tooke it out to light 50
tobacco.

Raph. 'Tis a fault, my friend; put it in
again. You want a nose,—and you a stone.
Sergeant, take a note on't, for I meane to stoppe
it in the pay.—Remove, and march! Soft and 55
faire, gentlemen, soft and faire! double your
files! as you were! faces about! Now, you with
the sodden face, keepe in there! Looke to your
match, sirrah, it will be in your fellowes flaske
anone. So; make a crescent now; advance your 60
pikes; stand and give eare! Gentlemen, coun-
treymen, friends, and my fellow-souldiers, I have
brought you this day from the shops of security,
and the counters of content, to measure out in
these furious fields honour by the ell, and prow- 65
esse by the pound. Let it not, ô let it not, I
say, bee told hereafter, the noble issue of this

citie fainted; but beare your selves in this faire
action like men, valiant men, and freemen!
Feare not the face of the enemy, nor the noise 70
of the guns; for, beleeve me, brethren, the rude
rumbling of a brewers carre is farre more terrible,
of which you have a daily experience; nei-
ther let the stinke of powder offend you, since
a more valiant stinke is nightly with you. To 75
a resolved minde his home is every where: I
speake not this to take away the hope of your
returne; for you shall see (I do not doubt it)
and that very shortly, your loving wives againe,
and your sweet children, whose care doth beare 80
you company in baskets. Remember, then,
whose cause you have in hand, and, like a sort
of true-borne scavengers, scoure me this famous
realme of enemies. I have no more to say but
this: stand to your tacklings, lads, and shew to 85
the world you can as well brandish a sword as
shake an apron. Saint George, and on, my hearts!

Omnes. St. George, St. George! *Exeunt.*

Wife. 'Twas well done, Rafe! Il'e send
thee a cold capon a field, and a bottle of March- 90
beere; and, it may be, come my selfe to see
thee.

Cit. Nell, the boy has deceived me much; I
did not thinke it had beene in him. He has per-

72 *farre more.* Q3 and F omit *farre.* 93 *has.* Q3, F, *hath.*

formed such a matter, wench, that, if I live, 95
next yeare Il'e have him captaine of the gally-
foist, or Il'e want my will.

[ACTUS QUINTUS, SCENA TERTIA.]

Merrythought's House.]

Enter old Merri-thought.

Merrythought. Yet, I thanke God, I breake
not a rinkle more then I had. Not a stoope,
boyes? Care, live with cats: I defie thee! My
heart is as sound as an oke; and though I want
drinke to wet my whistle, I can sing: 5

Come no more there, boyes, come no more there;
For we shall never, whilst we live, come any more
there.

Enter a Boy, with a Coffin.

Boy. God save you, sir!

Mer. It's a brave boy. Canst thou sing?

Boy. Yes, sir, I can sing; but 'tis not so 10
necessary at this time.

Mer.

Sing wee, and chaunt it,
Whilst love doth grant it.

Boy. Sir, sir, if you knew what I have brought
you, you would have little list to sing. 15

Mer.

O the Mimon round, full long I have thee sought,
And now I have thee found, & what hast thou here
brought?

Boy. A coffin, sir, and your dead son Jasper
in it.

Mer. Dead? Why, fare-well he! 20
Thou wast a bonny boy, and I did love thee.

Enter Jasper.

Jasper. Then, I pray you, sir, do so still.

Mer. Jaspers ghost?

Thou art welcome from Stygian lake so soone,
Declare to mee what wondrous things in Pluto's court
are done. 25

Jasp. By my troth, sir, I nere came there;
tis too hot for me, sir.

Mer. A merry ghost, a very merry ghost!
And where is your true-love? ô where is yours?

Jasp. Marie, looke you, sir! 30

Heaves up the coffin, [and Luce comes out.]

Mer. Ah! ha! art thou good at that, ifaith?
With hey, trixie, terlery-whiskin, the world it runnes
on wheelles:

When the young mans ——— up goes the maiden's
heelles.

Mistresse Merri-thought and Michael within.

Mistress Merrythought. What, M^r Merri-

16 long. Q1, long long.

thought! will you not let's in? what do you 35
thinke shall become of us?

Mer. What voyce is that that calleth at our
doore?

Mrs. Mer. You know me well enough; I am
sure I have not beene such a stranger to you.

Mer.

And some they whistled, and some they sung, 40

Hey, downe, downe!

And some did lowdly say,

Ever as the Lord Barnet's horne blew

Away, Musgrave, away!

Mrs. Mer. You will not have us starve here, 45
will you, M^r. Merri-thought?

Jasp. Nay, good sir, be perswaded; she is my
mother;

If her offences have beene great against you,

Let your owne love remember she is yours,

And so forgive her.

Luce.

Good M^r. Merri-thought, 50

Let mee entreat you; I will not be denied.

Mrs. Mer. Why, M^r. Merri-thought, will you
be a vext thing still?

Mer. Woman, I take you to my love againe;
but you shall sing before you enter; therefore 55
dispatch your song, and so come in.

46 *Mr.* Q3, F, Master.

52 *Mr.* Q3, F, Master.

50 *Mr.* Q2, Q3, F, Master.

— *Mrs. Mer.* Well, you must have your will when al's done. Micke, what song canst thou sing, boy?

Mich. I can sing none, forsooth, but "A ladies daughter of Paris properly."

— *Mrs. Mer.* Song.

It was a ladies daughter, &c.

[*Merrythought admits Mrs. Merrythought and Michael.*]

Mer. Come, you'r welcome home againe.

If such danger be in playing,
And jest must to earnest turne, 65
You shall go no more a maying.

Venturewell (within). Are you within, sir, Maister Merri-thought?

Jasp. It is my maister's voice: good sir, go hold him in talke, whilst we convey our selves 70 into some inward roome. [*Exit with Luce.*]

Mer. What are you? are you merry? You must bee very merry, if you enter.

Vent. I am, sir.

Mer. Sing, then! 75

Vent. Nay, good sir, open to me.

Mer. Sing, I say, or by the merry heart, you come not in!

Vent. Well, sir, Il'e sing.

Fortune, my foe, &c. 80

70 in talke. Q3 and F omit in.

[*Merrythought admits Venturewell.*]

Mer. You are welcome, sir, you are welcome:
you see your entertainment; pray you bee merry.

Vent. O M^r Merri-thought, I am come to
aske you

Forgivenesse for the wrongs I offered you,
And your most vertuous sonne! they're infin-
ite;

85

Yet my contrition shall be more then they.
I do confesse my hardnesse broke his heart,
For which just Heaven hath given me punish-
ment

More then my age can carry; his wandring spirit,
Not yet at rest, pursues me every where,
Crying, "I'le haunt thee for thy cruelty."

90

My daughter she is gone, I know not how,
Taken invisible, and whether living
Or in [the] grave, 'tis yet uncertaine to me.
O Maister Merry-thought, these are the weights
Will sinke me to my grave! forgive me, sir.

95

Mer. Why, sir, I do forgive you, and be
merry!

And if the wag in's life time plaid the knave,
Can you forgive him too?

Vent. With all my heart, sir.

Mer. Speake it againe, and hartely.

83 *Mr.* Q2, Q3, F, Master.

94 *in the grave.* Early eds. omit *the*.

Vent.

I do, sir; 100

Now by my soule I do.

Mer.

With that came out his paramoure,
 Shee was as white as the lillie flower :
 Hey, troule, trollie, lollie!

Enter Luce and Jasper.

With that came out her owne deere knight, 105
 He was as true as ever did fight, &c.

Sir, if you will forgive ham, clap their hands together; there's no more to be said i'th' matter.

Vent. I do, I do.

Cit. I do not like this. Peace, boies! Heare 110
 me, one of you: every bodies part is come to an end but Raphes, and hee's left out.

Boy. 'Tis long of your selfe, sir; wee have nothing to doe with his part.

Cit. Raph, come away! Make [an end] on 115
 him as you have done of the rest; boies, come!

Wife. Now, good husband, let him come out and die.

Cit. He shall, Nel. Raph, come away quickly and die, boy! 120

Boy. 'Twill be very unfit he should die, sir, upon no occasion — and in a comedy too.

Cit. Take you no care of that, sir boy; is not

115 *an end.* Added by Colman, followed by D, and modern eds. generally.

his part at an end, thinke you, when he's dead?
Come away, Raph!

125

Enter Raph, with a forked arrow through his head.

Raph. When I was mortall, this my costive
corps

Did lap up figs and raisons in the Strand;
Where sitting, I espi'd a lovely dame,
Whose maister wrought with lingell and with all,
And under ground he vampied many a boote. 130
Straight did her love pricke forth me, tender
sprig,

To follow feats of armes in warlike wise,
Through Waltham desert; where I did performe
Many atchievements, and did lay on ground
Huge Barbaroso, that insulting giant, 135
And all his captives soone set at liberty.
Then honour prick't me from my native soile
Into Moldavia, where I gain'd the love
Of Pompiana, his beloved daughter;
But yet prov'd constant to the blacke-thum'd
maide 140

Susan, and skorn'd Pompianaes love;
Yet liberall I was, and gave her pinnes,
And money for her father's officers.
I then returned home; and thrust my selfe
In action, and by all men chosen was 145
Lord of the May, where I did flourish it,

146 *Lord of the May. Q2, Q3, F, The Lord of May.*

With skarfes and rings, and poesie in my hand.
After this action I preferred was,
And chosen citty captaine at Mile-End,
With hat and feather, and with leading staffe, 150
And train'd my men, and brought them all of
cleere,

Save one man that berai'd him with the noise.
But all these things I Raph did undertake
Onely for my beloved Susans sake.
Then comming home, and sitting in my shop 155
With apron blew, Death came unto my stall
To cheapen *aqua-vitae*; but ere I
Could take the bottle downe, and fill a taste,
Death caught a pound of pepper in his hand,
And sprinkled all my face and body ore, 160
And in an instant vanished away.

Cit. 'Tis a pretty fiction, i'faith.

Raph. Then tooke I up my bow and shaft in
hand,

And walkt into Moore-fields to coole my selfe :
But there grim cruell Death met me againe, 165
And shot this forked arrow through my head;
And now I faint. Therefore be warn'd by me,
My fellowes every one, of forked heads!
Fare-well, all you good botes in merry London!
Nere shall we more upon Shrove-Tuesday meete, 170

159 *Death caught.* Q2, Death come and caught; Q3, F, Death came and caught.

164 *into.* Q2, Q3, F, in.

And plucke downe houses of iniquitie.

My paine increaseth ; — I shall never more
Hold open, whilst another pumpes both legs,
Nor daube a satten gowne with rotten eggs;
Set up a stake, ô never more I shall!

175

I die! flie, flie, my soule, to Grocers' Hall!

Oh, oh, oh, &c.

Wife. Well said, Raph! do your obeysance to
the gentlemen, and go your waies: well said,
Raph!

Exit Raph. 180

Mer. Me thinkes all we, thus kindly and
unexpectedly reconciled, should not depart with-
out a song.

Vent. A good motion.

Mer. Strike up, then!

185

Song.

Better musicke nere was knowne
Then a quire of hearts in one.
Let each other, that hath beene
Troubled with the gall or spleene,
Learne of us to keepe his brow,
Smoth and plaine as ours are now: 190
Sing, though before the houre of dying
He shall rise and then be crying,
Hey, ho, 'tis nought but mirth
That keepees the body from the earth! 195

Exeunt omnes.

177 *Oh, oh, oh, &c.* Ends l. 176 in Q1.

182 *depart.* Q2, Q3, F, part.

Epilogus.

Cit. Come, Nel, shall we go ? the plaies done.

Wife. Nay, by my faith, George, I have more manners then so ; I'le speake to these gentlemen first. I thanke you all, gentlemen, for your patience and countenance to Raph, a poore fatherlesse child ; and if I might see you at my house, it should go hard but I would have a pottle of wine and a pipe of tobacco for you : for truely I hope you do like the youth, but I would bee glad to know the truth ; I referre it to your owne discretions, whether you will applaud him or no ; for I will winke, and whilst you shall do what you will. I thanke you with all my heart. God give you good night ! Come, George.

9 *do like.* Q3 and F omit *do.*

FINIS.

Notes to The Knight of the Burning Pestle

For the meaning of single words see the Glossary.

STAGE HISTORY. Nothing is known of the first performances of *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*. From the want of contemporary allusions, and the remarks of Burre in the dedicatory epistle, it has been assumed that it met with little success. It was revived in 1635, the only year in which it was separately reprinted after the time of the first quarto; from the title-pages of these two 1635 quartos it appears that it was acted "by her Majesties Servants at the Private house in Drury lane." Again on Feb. 28, 1635-6, it was produced by the Queen's Men at St. James, as appears from a note in the MSS. of Sir Henry Herbert, quoted in Boswell's *Malone's Shakspeare*, iii, 238. Weber cited a passage from Brome's *Sparagus Garden* (1635), indicating the popularity of the revival at this period:

"*Rebecca*. I long to see a play, and above all playes, The Knight of the Burning — what dee' call't?

Monylacke. The Knight of the Burning Pestle.

Rebecca. Pestle is it? I thought of another thing; but I would faine see it. They say there's a Grocer's boy kills a Gyant in it, and another little boy that does a Citizens wife the daintielist — but I would faine see their best Actor doe me; I would so put him too't; they should find another thing in handling of mee, I warrant 'em."

In Gerard Langbaine's *Account of the English Dramatic Poets* (1691) appears evidence of another revival in the Restoration period: "This Play was in vogue some years since, it being reviv'd by the King's House, and a new Prologue (instead of the old One in prose) being spoken by Mrs. Ellen Guin." (p. 210; quoted by Dyce.)

1. *Quod . . . natum*. "But if you should summon that judgment, subtle in the arts that appeal to the eye, to books and

to these gifts of the Muses (i. e., poetry), you would swear he was a Bæotian, born in a dull air."

3, 14. **fostered . . . two years.** On this, and the later passage in the epistle bearing on the date of the play, see *Appendix*.

3, 20. **father . . . child.** The father is doubtless the author, the foster-father Master Keysar, who had preserved the manuscript, the nurse Burre himself, the publisher.

4. **To the Readers.** This purely formal dedication was substituted for that by the original publisher, in the later editions.

5. **Prologue.** The Prologue is borrowed bodily, as Dyce pointed out, from Lyly's *Sapho and Phao* (1584), and is written in the euphuistic style. It appeared first in the 1635 quarto, and was probably never used on the stage. The reference to personal satire at the close (**or mistaking . . . this play**) was added to the original version of the Prologue, and, together with similar allusions in Burre's letter and the address to the readers, indicates that the comedy had suffered from a popular suspicion that it was a covert attack on certain London citizens. Such disclaimers of personal satire were, however, conventional among the publishers of the period and are not to be over-emphasized.

5, 2. **origanum.** The wild marjoram, an herb traditionally sought by animals. This, and the reference to the bear's breath, are derived from Pliny. See similar passages, with the notes, in Lyly's *Euphues*, ed. Bond, i, 208, and ii, 147.

7, 4. **Enter Citizen.** He has joined the more pretentious auditors who purpose to see the play from the stage itself, leaving his wife and apprentice standing among the "groundlings" in the pit. (See *Appendix* on the behavior of citizens at plays.)

7, 7. **this house.** Probably Blackfriars, as suggested by Professor Thorndike. See his discussion of the passage, quoted below in the *Appendix* on the date of the play.

7, 9. **London Merchant.** Dyce and others have called this an allusion to Ford's *London Merchant*, entered on the Stationers' Register June 29, 1660, but probably never printed. There is no reason to suppose that it was written before *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*. The only reference here is to the play proposed by the Prologue boy, — that is, the Jasper-Luce comedy, now altered at the grocer's request.

7, 10. **Downe with your title.** The title of the play was

often displayed above the stage. In this case it read: "The London Merchant."

8, 19. **play the Jacks.** Play the knave. Cf. *Tempest*, iv, i, 198.

8, 22. **Legend of Whittington, etc.** The first of these plays was entered on the Stationers' Register in 1604, but has not been found. The second is Heywood's *If you know not me you know nobody, . . . with the building of the Royall Exchange, and the famous victory of Queen Elizabeth* (1606). **The Story of Queene Elenor** appears to be Peele's *Chronicle of King Edward the First* (1593). **The Rearing of London Bridge** has not been identified, and may be only a mocking parallel to the sub-title of Heywood's play.

8, 31. **Life and Death of Fat Drake.** Unknown.

9, 47. **Kill a lyon with a pestle.** One of the heroes in the *Four Prentices of London* relates that he has slain a lion singly in the forest; this passage has therefore been thought to be one of the allusions to Heywood's play.

9, 59. **Jane Shore.** Usually thought to be a reference to Heywood's *Edward IV*; Fleay thinks to a part of it, extracted and made into a new play; Dyce to "some drama . . . which is not extant," bearing the title of *Jane Shore*. In Henslowe's *Diary* (January, 1601-2) is a note of payment for the "booke of Shoare now newly to be written."

9, 61. **Bold Beauchams.** Dyce says this play is "repeatedly noticed by our early writers"; Fleay that it is "attributed to Heywood by the author of the surreptitious *2 Hudibras*, 1663."

10, 91. **By heaven, etc.** Hotspur's speech in *1 Henry IV*, i, iii.

11, 99. **Musidorus.** *A Most Pleasant Comedie of Mucedorus* was printed in 1598; it "enjoyed an extraordinary popularity on the stage and was reprinted a dozen times between 1598 and 1639." (Schelling: *Elizabethan Drama*, i, 240.)

11, 101. **Jeronimo.** *The Spanish Tragedy* (1599).

11, 105. **set out the grocery in their kinde.** Represent the craft fittingly, — probably an allusion to the livery of the company.

12, 130. **ore the water.** The Thames. This indicates that the play was produced at one of the theatres north of the city, not in Southwark.

13, 140. private taxes. Slurs on individuals.

14. Venturewell's House. The conventional division and numbering, and in most cases the place descriptions, of scenes, as supplied by modern editors, are retained in this edition for convenience of reference; but it should be noted that they are extraneous additions, often inconsistent with the usage of the Elizabethan stage, where there was commonly no attempt made to present a series of "scenes" each portraying a definite locality. On this subject see the article by Mr. G. F. Reynolds, "Some Principles of Elizabethan Staging," Part Two, *Modern Philology*, iii, 69, where the writer shows that the Elizabethan drama was largely written for "a symbolic rather than a picture stage," with free use of "the unlocated scene." "Modern editors feel called upon to give each [scene] its proper setting — a street, a court, a hall, a corridor — as the fancy strikes them. . . . So long as editors continue to introduce into the old plays their own misleading divisions into scenes and their own meaningless location of scenes, so long will the plays seem chaotic and unintelligible." No better illustration of all this could be found than the present play. In Act I, the second scene represents a different group of characters from the first, but there is nothing to indicate that they were expressly localized in two distinct rooms, nor that the fourth scene was expressly localized in a different house. The third scene opens with Raph entering *as a grocer*, — not the same thing as the attempt to represent him *in a grocer's shop*. In the later acts the point becomes of still greater importance, when we consider the mingling of incidents which must be thought to have taken place at several different points in Waltham Forest, the free change from exteriors to interiors or the reverse, and the presence in all the scenes of the irrepressible grocer and his wife. The characters and the action are everything: they carry their locality with them at pleasure. Hence there is an imaginative unity quite different from scene unity; and it is significant that it was not until the use of elaborate scenery had changed the principle of stage presentation that the critics began to complain of the want of "unity of place" in the Elizabethan drama.

14, 1. prentice. The numerous double endings in this scene seem to indicate the work of Fletcher.

15, 21. pencion to my bloud. A license to my passions.

16, 47. the statute. Doubtless (as I am informed by Pro-

fessor E. P. Cheyney) the Statute of Apprentices (5 *Elizabeth*, chap. 4), passed in 1563, which required all young persons to be apprenticed, imprisoned such as left their masters, etc.

18, 13. pudding hath his two. The old pudding, shaped somewhat like a sausage, was enclosed either in an intestine or in a bag. The allusion to its two ends was proverbial.

18, 25. Monkester's schollars. Dr. Richard Mulcaster was Head Master of the Merchant Tailors' School between 1561 and 1586, and of St. Paul's School between 1596 and 1608. (See *Dictionary of National Biography*, and Thorndike's *Influence of Beaumont and Fletcher on Shakspeare*, p. 63.) This passage makes it probable that the play was presented by the Children of Paul's.

21, 70. watch of Mid-summer Day. "A grand sort of annual military muster" for the citizens of London, "embodying all the companies, for the purpose of forming a regular guard for the city during the ensuing year." (Herbert's *History of the Twelve Companies of London*, i, 196, quoted by Dyce.)

21, 81. F. S. Evidently a symbolic price mark.

23, 113. take me with you. Understand me.

23, 125. Waltham forest. Another name for the wooded district known as Epping Forest, which formerly extended almost to the city of London, on the north. One may see it indicated on the map of Middlesex in Camden's *Britain* (translation of 1637), p. 418.

24, 139. tobacco. On its use at the time see the introduction to Arber's Reprint of King James's *Counterblaste to Tobacco*.

25. Palmerin of England. A Spanish romance englished by Anthony Munday (Stationers' Register, 1581). The passage read by Rafe, however, is from *Palmerin d'Oliua*, an earlier romance, translated 1588. See the *Appendix* below, for the original text. *Palmerin of England* is also alluded to in the *Wild Goose Chase*, i, i. Both the Palmerin romances were in the library of Don Quixote (see *Don Quixote*, Part i, chap. 6).

25, 22. Prince of Portigo. A character in *The Mirrour of Princely deedes and Knighthood* (1579), a romance from the Spanish. So also is Rocicler (for Rosicleer; cf. III, ii, 133).

26, 51. visited houses. Houses visited by the plague, for which mithridatum and dragon's-water (see *Glossary*) were remedies.

27, 67. remembrance of my former trade. Probably a burlesque of the *Four Prentices*, in which Eustace, the grocer, says :

“ For my trades sake, if good successe I have,
The Grocers Armes shall in my Ensigne wave ” ;

and again :

“ Upon this shield I beare the Grocers Armes,
Unto which trade I was enrold and bound.”

27, 70. Burning Pestle. On the meaning of “ burning,” see note on **43, 70**, below.

30, 9. A merry heart. On this, and the other songs, see *Appendix*.

33, 84. by lady. That is, “ By our Lady.”

33, 105. foul chive him. Evil take him. Perhaps from the slang use of *chive* for knife.

34, 118. a good husband. Thrifty or saving.

36, 162. ride the wild mare. Play see-saw. Cf. *2 Henry IV*, II, iv, 268.

38, 31. Fatal Sisters. The Fates.

39, 55. noble science. Fencing.

40, 69. twenty more. This farewell may be a parody of the parting of Romeo and Juliet (*Romeo and Juliet*, II, ii).

40, 6. Mile-End. East of London ; the scene of musters and mock battles among the militia (see v, i, 63). In *Monsieur Thomas* (III, iii) is cited a ballad called “ The Landing of the Spaniards at Bow, with the Bloody Battle of Mile End,” — probably an account of the same contest alluded to by Mistress Merrythought. Stow is cited by Weber as saying that in 1599 no less than 30,000 citizens were trained at Mile-End.

40, 17. white boy. A common term of endearment.

41, 40. knot-grass. It was a superstition that this herb would arrest growth. Cf. “ hindering knot-grass,” *Midsummer Night's Dream*, III, ii, 329.

43, 67. Amadis de Gaule. The hero of one of the most popular of the romances.

43, 69. Brionella. Apparently the more romantic name of Susan the cobbler's maid (III, iv, 7). Rafe doubtless derived it from the romance of *Palmerin*, where it belongs to the daughter of “ the Duke of Saxon ” (chap. 27).

43, 70. this bright burning pestle. The character of Rafe's pestle is somewhat puzzling. Originally he speaks of it (i, iii, 68) merely as to be portrayed upon his shield; but from later allusions it appears that he takes it with him in solid form, — a view for which the stage-direction at ii, v, 33, seems to be conclusive. The meaning of "burning" is also uncertain, but is probably to be understood as *burnished*, *gleaming*, hence *golden*. In ii, v, 44, the pestle is called "golden," in iii, ii, 8, "flaming," and in iii, ii, 98, it appears as a "blazing badge." (For the use of "blazing" in this sense, compare "blazing steele" in iii, iv, 111.) Dyce suggested that the title of the knight may have been imitated from *The Knight in the Burning Rock*, a play known to us only by title. But Leonhardt is undoubtedly right in tracing it to the "burning sword" which appeared in legends of Amadis and other heroes (*Ueber B. und F.'s K. of the B. P.*, 1885). Weber had already traced the phrase to what he speaks of as "the Knight of the Burning Shield" in *Don Quixote*, — apparently an error for "Burning Sword." In *Don Quixote*, Part i, chap. 1, is a reference to "the knight of the burning sword, which, with one thwart blow, cut asunder two fierce and mighty giants." (Shelton translation, ed. 1901, i, 4.) Again in Part iii, chap. 4, Don Quixote hopes to find the sword "which belonged to Amadis, when he called himself 'the knight of the burning sword,' which was one of the best that ever knight had in this world; for besides the virtue that I told, it did also cut like a razor, and no armour, were it ever so strong or enchanted, could stand before it." (*Ibid.*, i, 154.) That this style of title was familiar in the Elizabethan age is also indicated by Shakspeare's use of it (cited by Weber) in *1 Henry IV*, iii, iii, 30, where Falstaff calls Bardolph (from his nose) "the Knight of the Burning Lamp."

44, 93-105. meeting . . . blessing. The numerous double endings here suggest Fletcher's hand.

45, 114. with a wanion. With bad luck to him. Cf. *Pericles*, ii, i, 17.

45, 3. for and. The "for" is merely expletive. Cf. the clown's song in *Hamlet* (v, i, 103):

"A pick-axe and a spade, a spade,
For and a shrouding sheet."

45, 3. Squire of Damsels. Perhaps suggested by Spenser's "Squire of Dames," *Faerie Queene*, iii, vii, 51.

47, 38. **cast their caps.** In homage.

47, 40. **twelve companies.** The corporations formed of various crafts, which made up the corporate organization of the City of London.

49, 35. **John Dorrie.** An allusion to a popular song, *John Dory* (printed in Ravenscroft's *Deuteromelia*, 1609), the hero of which was taken prisoner while on his way to present an English crew as captives to the king of France.

50, 56. **Take the peace on him.** Take the law ; have him bound to keep the peace.

51, 71. **the gentlemen.** Her neighbors among the auditors on the stage.

53, 35. **With that,** etc. Jasper imitates the style of Rafe's favorite romances, possibly quoting some particular tale. The passage might perhaps better be printed as prose.

53, 40. **scarcely go.** *Go*, as commonly, means *walk*.

55, 25. **Puddle-wharfe.** Often alluded to, and named, according to Stow, from "one Puddle" who "kept" it. See Cunningham's *Handbook of London*, p. 413.

56, 39. **Ancient castle.** Cf. *Don Quixote*, Part i, chap. 2, quoted in the *Appendix* below.

56, 47. **battered hams.** The legs of running footmen were commonly greased.

56, 53. **grease their teeth.** A ruse to prevent horses from eating.

59, 27. **Puckeridge.** Twenty-five miles north of London, and thirteen from Waltham, according to Harrison's *Description of England* (itinerary of "the waie from Walsingham to London"). It is to be seen on the map of Hertfordshire in Camden's *Britain*.

60, 20. **head upon London-bridge.** Displayed after an execution.

61, 38. **aches.** Dissyllabic.

63, 78. **dog on her.** That is *of her*, — alluding to Venturewell's use of "sire."

64, 110. **Baloo** was evidently a popular melody. There are a number of songs with "Baloo" as the refrain, the most familiar being that known as "Lady Bothwell's Lamentation," included in Percy's *Reliques*.

64, 111. **Lachrymae** was a pavan of *circa* 1600, for voices, viol and lute, composed by Dowland ; it is found in various music manuscripts, — for example, in that known as Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book.

64, 114. **painted upon the cloth**. One of the arras hangings of the stage. Cf. the allusion to pictures used to beautify "dead arras in a public theatre," quoted from *Cynthia's Revels*, page 164, below. It is uncertain what scene is called "the Confutation of St. Paul." The confusion of "the Rape of Lucrece" with "Raph and Lucrece" (pronounced *Rafe*) is rendered unintelligible by the usual modern spelling "Ralph."

67, 23. **Take it**. Acquiesce. Cf. *Hamlet*, II, ii, 604.

68, 44. **heavy mace**. The traditional emblem of Morpheus. Cf. *Julius Caesar*, IV, iii, 268.

68, 47. **faire** is dissyllabic. In the verse of this soliloquy we are again reminded of Fletcher's feminine cadences.

69, 65. **after-love**. Perhaps meaning the love that follows a misunderstanding.

70, 93. **Ludgate**. This gate, like Newgate, was used as a prison and — as we should call it — a police station.

71, 110. **Sir Bevis**. Bevis of Hampton, a well-known hero of romance.

74, 34. **to requite, etc.** With this compare *Don Quixote*, Part iii, chap. 3, quoted in the *Appendix*.

76, 88. **Nicke the barbor**. Leonhardt notes that the barber in Don Quixote's town was named Nicholas. The host of the Bell is evidently related to one whom Don Quixote encountered, who "was a great giber, and . . . that he might have an occasion of laughter, he resolved to feed his humour." (Shelton translation, ed. 1901, i, 17.)

76, 97. **blaze a day**. See textual note. *Blaze* was apparently repeated from the line above.

77, 115. **bason, on a prickant speare**. The barber's sign, as it may still be seen in some parts of Europe. The spear is apparently the pole extending from the shop. Compare the barber's basin in *Don Quixote*, Part iii, chap. 7, which the knight took to be a part of an enchanted helmet.

78, 125. **Palmerin Frannarco**. See the extracts from *Palmerin d'Oliwa* in the *Appendix*.

78, 146. **hold my cap to a farthing.** Wager my cap against a farthing.

79, 149. **great Dutchman.** Perhaps (as Dyce suggests) a Dutchman referred to by Stow (*Annales*, ed. 1615, p. 694), under the year 1581, who was "in height seven foote and seven inches."

79, 151-153. **a Scotchman . . . met.** Dyce proposed the emendation: "a Scotchman and a knight higher than he, and that they two met."

79, 158. **Ninivy.** A popular puppet-show of Jonah and the Whale.

79. **Enter Mistresse Merrythought.** A good example of an "unlocated scene," which has unnecessarily perplexed modern editors.

81, 3. **many a tooth.** Drawn by the barber, who was surgeon and dentist incidentally, and displayed the teeth as an advertisement.

82, 31. **Gargantua.** The giant of Rabelais's satiric romance (1535).

84, 61. **under his chin.** According to the old fashion the barber's customer held the basin (to catch the lather) under his own chin.

85, 91. **Free by my copy.** The phrase originally alluded to a copy of the manorial court-roll. Here it may refer to a copy of the knight's papers of "denization" or naturalization, or those of his family.

86, 114. **in a tub.** The common treatment for venereal diseases.

87, 127. **Lob-lie-by-the-fire.** Cf. the phrase addressed to Puck in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, II, i, 16: "lob [i. e. lubber] of spirits."

87, 138. **Turnebull-streete.** Properly Turnmill Street (Dyce), notorious for disorderly houses.

88, 156. **Convey them hence.** Compare Don Quixote's rescue of the prisoners, in Part iii, chap. 8.

94, 106. **come aloft, boyes, aloft.** "'To come aloft means to tumble.' (Mason.) The expression is generally found applied to apes that are taught to vault; here it is used merely as an incitement to mirth." (Dyce.)

94, 117. **use him in his kinde.** Treat him in his own manner; or, according to his nature.

97, 46. **Sophy of Persia.** An allusion to the play of *The Travailes of the Three English Brothers* (1607), in which the brother who has married a niece of the Sophy asks that his child may be baptized a Christian, and the Sophy himself acts as god-father.

97, 50. **Red Bull.** One of the popular playhouses, situated in St. John Street. From other allusions it would appear to have been a special favorite of the citizens, from its sensational performances.

97, 53. **King of Cracovia.** Probably an allusion to some now unknown romance.

98, 71. **Sir Dagonet.** Not a character in Heywood's *Four Prentices*, as the passage seems to imply; it is the name of the king's fool in the *Morte d'Arthur*.

98, 74. **toss their pikes.** A stage-direction in the *Four Prentices* reads, "Theyosse their pikes." (Pearson's ed., ii, 203.) The wood-cut illustrating the 1632 edition of the *Four Prentices* shows the prentices tossing their pikes.

98, 4. **King of Moldavia.** Moldavia was in Roumania. The Prince of Moldavia was actually in London in 1607; he is alluded to in Jonson's *Silent Woman* (v, i) and in Nichols's *Progresses* (cited by Thorndike, *op. cit.* p. 61).

100, 33. **long of me.** Caused by me; cf. v, iii, 113.

105, 70. **your purchas'd anger.** The anger earned from you.

109, 64. **And thus you meete the living!** This coffin scene may have been suggested by that in Marston's *Antonio and Mellida* (v, i). If *The Woman's Prize* was written as early as seems probable, Fletcher had already used a similar device there (v, iv).

110, 77. **This death . . . it.** He kisses Luce.

110, 88. **feare me not.** That is, fear not as to how I shall manage.

111, 96-103 **Do me . . . farewell, boy!** These lines, printed as prose in the old editions, have been treated as verse by all the modern editors, but there is room for some uncertainty. If verse, they must be regarded as Fletcher's.

112, 13. **Hang thought!** *Thought* (as commonly) means anxiety.

114, 59. **upon a conduit.** That is, on the *conduit-head* (line

81), one of the cisterns furnishing the water-supply of the city. See Stephenson's *Shakespeare's London*, pp. 75, 236.

115, 75. **credit of the Strand.** Compare iv, ii, 17.

115, 79. **London, to thee, etc.** In septenary metre, a popular rhythm of the time. On the "May-lord," and the customs connected therewith, see Brand's *Popular Antiquities* (ed. 1813, i, 212) and Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes* (ed. Cox, p. 277). Eustace, one of Heywood's "Four Prentices," speaks of seeing a "muster-ing" and celebrating May-day as two privileges denied by a harsh master.

115, 83. **My name, etc.** A parody on the speech of the Ghost of Andrea, at the opening of *The Spanish Tragedy* (1599):

"My name was Don Andrea, my descent,
Though not ignoble, yet inferior far," etc.

117, 105. **bels on legs, etc.** The costume of morris-dancers.

117, 106. **Hey for our town.** This cry appears to have been a feature of the morris. In Morley's *Madrigals to Four Voices* (1594) is a ditty (No. xviii) running as follows:

"Hoe! who comes here all along with bagpiping and drumming?
tis, I see, the Morris daunce a coming.
Come, Ladies, out come quickly,
and see about, how trim they daunce and trickly.
Hey ho! ther again! how the bells they shake it!
now for our town once more, and take it!"

A similar allusion occurs in No. xi of Weelkes's *Madrigals* (1597). Weber cited another parallel from Butler's *Hudibras* (Part ii, canto 2), where we read of a company of "tall lads"

"That merry ditties troll'd and ballads,
Did ride with many a Good-morrow,
Crying, *Hey for our town*, through the borough."

117, 108. **To Hogsdon or to Newington.** Beyond Shoreditch, to the north of London. "Hogsdon" is usually written *Hoxton*. Or, the Newington referred to may be that in Surrey, beyond Southwark.

120, 52. **St. Faith's Church.** Under the choir of St. Paul's Cathedral.

121, 62. **Mile End.** See note on ii, ii, 6 (page 40).

121, 68. **The house shall furnish.** That is, the "tiring-house" of the theatre.

121, 77. double your files. "Put two files in one and so make the ranks smaller." (*New English Dict.*)

123, 35. craves a martiall court. Deserves a courtmartial.

124, 42. leave your horne. A pun on the notion of "horned" (i. e. cuckolded) citizens.

124, 49. Stone of this peece. That is, the flint for igniting the powder.

124, 61-87. Gentlemen . . . hearts! All printed as prose in the old editions. Modern editors generally print lines 75-84 (**To a . . . of enemies**) as verse. Dyce suggested that the conclusion of the speech was based on the king's oration to his army in *Richard III*, v, iii, 115.

126, 97. want my will. Fail to accomplish my wish.

127, 21. Thou . . . thee. This, like l. 37, p. 128, is a line from some unidentified song.

128, 49. your owne love. That is, as her husband (and so a part of yourself?)

132. forked arrow through his head. Dyce took this to be an allusion to "a stage-direction in *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of York*, 1595; 'Enter Clifford wounded, with an arrow in his necke'" (I, xcii), and Professor G. P. Baker has recalled the *Two Lamentable Tragedies* of Yarrington (1601), in which a murdered youth is discovered with a hammer in his head, an observer exclaiming:

"See how the hammer sticketh in his head,
Wherewith this honest youth is done to death."

132, 126. When I was mortall, etc. Another parody on the speech of the Ghost in *The Spanish Tragedy*:

"When this eternall substance of my soul
Did live imprison'd in my wanton flesh," etc.

133, 170. Shrove-Tuesday. A day which the boys of London felt at liberty to celebrate lawlessly. Dyce quotes Dekker's *Seven Deadly Sinnes of London* (1606): "They presently (like Prentices upon Shrove-tuesday) take the lawe into their owne hands, and doe what they list." He also cites passages showing that the attacking of disorderly houses was one of the favorite amusements of the same holiday.

Appendix

I. — SOURCES IN *PALMERIN D'OLIVA* AND *DON QUIXOTE*.

THE following passages from *Palmerin d'Oliua*, the romance evidently used by Ralph, the apprentice in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, are quoted from the edition of 1637, the earliest in the British Museum Library.

Part 1, chap. xxi, is entitled: "How Palmerin and Ptolome met with a Damosell, who made great mone for a Casket which two Knights had forcibly taken from her, and what happened to them."

"Faire Virgin (saide Palmerin,) doo not discomfort your selfe, but shew me which way they rode that dealt with you so discourteously. Gentle Knight (quoth she) if your hap be to restore my losse againe, you doe the most gracious acte that ever Knight did for a distressed Damosel. These Traytors to honour . . . tooke this way by the Wood, and as yet I am sure they cannot be farre hence.

"Then Palmerin clasped his Helmet, and taking his sword and Launce, desired Ptolome to guard the Damosell and follow him, galloping that way which she had shewed him: and by the time he had rid two miles, he espyed them he looked for, talking with another Knight they had met, and they three together were essaying to open the Casket, unto whom Palmerin cryed, Treacherous villaines, that cannot meete with Ladies on the way, but must offer them injury, deliver the Casket or ye die."

Chap. li is entitled: "How the Queene of England, and Agriola her daughter were in danger to be ravished

by the Giant Franarco, and of the succour they had, by Trineus, Palmerin, and Ptolome."

"Then Palmerin clasping on his Helmet, and snatching his Lance from his Dwarf, galloped amaine after the Giant, not speaking a word to Trineus. . . . Trineus having gotten the sight of them, came posting to the Giant, saying Stay trayterous theife, for thou mayest not so carry her away, that is worthy of the greatest Lord in the world. With these words they ranne fiercely together, Trineus giving the Giant a sore wound on the shoulder, but the prince received such a mighty stroke from the giant, as he fel from his horse with his heels upward. Palmerin being not far off, and doubting least the Prince had bin slain, came in a great rage to Franarco, saying: Monstrous enemy to manhood, what maketh thee so saucy to lay violent hands on Ladyes of such account? By my sword villaine, I shall make thee deerely to pay for thy folly." (In the passage that follows, there is no mention of the "elephant" of Ralph's text. After the slaying of the giant follows the passage:)

"And Trineus comming to the Knight that had Agriola behind him, set him soone beside his horse, with his necke broken in his fall, so that the Princesse getting foorth of the throng, and seeing her beloved so valiant in prowesse, betweene joy and grieve, she said: Ah happy Knight, the myrrour of such as follow Armes, I desire thy high Fortune may prove, as thou and thy good company may have victory over these Traytors. Now may I be well assured of the Love thou bearest me: For which (if we may safely escape this hard brunt) perswade thy selfe not to passe unrecompenced."

The following are the passages in *Don Quixote* which seem to have suggested the inn scenes in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*:

“Looking about him on every side to see whether he could discover any castle or sheepfold wherein he might retire himself for that night, and remedy his wants, he perceived an inn near unto the highway wherein he travelled, which was as welcome a sight to him as if he had seen a star that did address him to the porch, if not to the palace, of his redemption. . . . And, forasmuch, as our knight-errant esteemed all which he thought, saw, or imagined, was done or did really pass in the very same form as he had read the like in his books, forthwith, as soon as he espied the vent, he feigned to himself that it was a castle with four turrets, whereof the pinnacles were of glistening silver, without omitting the drawbridge, deep fosse, and other adherents belonging to the like places. And approaching by little and little to the vent, when he drew near to it, checking Rozinante with the bridle, he rested a while to see whether any dwarf would mount on the battlements to give warning with the sound of a trumpet how some knight did approach the castle. . . . And in this space it befel by chance, that a certain swineherd, as he gathered together his hogs, blew the horn whereat they are wont to come together; and instantly Don Quixote imagined it was what he desired. . . . The innkeeper, . . . being a man who, by reason of his exceeding fatness, must needs have been of a very peaceable condition; who, beholding that counterfeit figure, all armed in so unsuitable armour as were his bridle, lance, target, and corselet, was very near to have kept the damsels company in the pleasant shows of his merriment, but fearing in effect the *machina* and bulk contrived of so various furnitures, he determined to speak him fairly; and therefore began to him in this manner: ‘If your worship, sir knight, do seek for lodging, you may chalk yourself a bed (for there is none in this inn), wherein you shall find all other things in abund-

ance. ” (Shelton trans., Part I, chap. ii; ed. 1901, vol. i, pp. 10-13.)

“Don Quixote, who, as we have said, felt himself eased and cured, would presently depart to seek adventures, it seeming unto him that all the time which he abode there was no other than a depriving both of the world and needful people of his favor and assistance. . . . And, being both mounted this a-horseback, he called the innkeeper, and said unto him, with a grave and staid voice : ‘ Many and great are the favours, sir constable, which I have received in this your castle, and do remain most obliged to gratify you for them all the days of my life. And if I may pay or recompense them by revenging of you upon any proud miscreant that hath done you any wrongs, know that it is mine office to help the weak, to revenge the wronged, and to chastise traitors. Call therefore to memory, and if you find anything of this kind to commend to my correction, you need but once to say it ; for I do promise you, by the order of knighthood which I have received, to satisfy and appay you according to your own desire.’ ”

“The innkeeper answered him again, with like gravity and staidness, saying, ‘ Sir knight, I shall not need your assistance when any wrong is done to me ; for I know very well myself how to take the revenge that I shall think good, when the injury is offered. That only which I require is, that you defray the charges whereat you have been here in the inn this night, as well for the straw and barley given to your two horses, as also for both your beds.’ ‘ This, then, is an inn ? ’ quoth Don Quixote. ‘ That it is, and an honourable one too,’ replied the innkeeper. ‘ Then have I hitherto lived in an error,’ quoth Don Quixote ; ‘ for, in very good sooth, I took it till now to be a castle, and that no mean one neither. But since that it is no castle, but an inn, that which you may do for the present time is, to

forgive me those expenses ; for I cannot do aught against the custom of knights-errant ; of all which I most certainly know (without ever having read until this present anything to the contrary) that they never paid for their lodging, or other thing, in any inn wheresoever they lay.' . . . 'All that concerns me nothing,' replied the inn-keeper. 'Pay unto me my due, and leave these tales and knighthoods apart ; for I care for nothing else but how I may come by mine own.' 'Thou art a mad and a bad host,' quoth Don Quixote. And, saying so, he spurred Rozinante; and, flourishing with his javelin, he issued out of the inn in despite of them all, and, without looking behind him to see once whether his squire followed, he rode a good way off from it." (Part 3, chap. iii ; vol. i, pp. 147-149.)

II. — THE SONGS IN *THE KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE*.

Always eager to seize every opportunity for effectiveness in scenic presentation, Beaumont and Fletcher made abundant use of songs in their plays ; often, like the other dramatists of the period, adapting something already in vogue to their purpose, often writing a new song for a new occasion. In all their work no play is so interesting from this standpoint as *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*. It would be difficult to find better examples of the introduction of lyrics for dramatic effect than the duo of Jasper and Luce in the wood and the dirge of Luce over Jasper's coffin. But the songs of Merrythought form the chief part of the lyrical element, being in themselves, as Professor Ward observes, a veritable "bacchanalian anthology." Obviously these scraps of tuneful mirth were chiefly fragments of familiar current songs, and many of them have been

identified. Others have remained unidentified, and some of them may have been original. The following notes indicate the sources of all the songs in the play of which anything is known, together with remarks on their musical setting, their use elsewhere, etc.

1. "A merry heart lives long-a." (I, iv, 9.)

A line of the same song that Autolycus sang in *A Winter's Tale*, iv, iii, 132: "Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way." Still another stanza was sung by Silence (a character not unlike Merrythought in his fondness for ballad fragments), in *2 Henry IV*, v, iii, 50. The song appeared in a collection of lyrics called *An Antidote against Melancholy*, in 1661.

2. "Nose, nose, jolly red nose." (I, iv, 48.)

This refrain appeared in Ravenscroft's collection called *Deuteromelia*, 1609, as the conclusion to a song running:

"Of all the Birds that ever I see,
The Owle is the fayrest in her degree:
For all the day long she sits in a tree,
And when the night comes away flies she."

The music is reproduced by Chappell in *Old English Popular Music*, Woolbridge ed. (1893), i, 141.

3. "But yet or ere you part, oh, cruell!" (I, iv, 128.)

A part of a song printed in Dowland's *Songs and Airs*, 1597. The first two stanzas, as reprinted by Bullen in *Shorter Elizabethan Poems* (p. 95), are as follows:

"Wilt thou, Unkind! thus 'reave me
Of my heart, and so leave me?
Farewell!

"But yet, or ere I part, O Cruel.
Kiss me Sweet, my Jewel,
Farewell!"

4. "When it was growne to darke midnight."
(II, viii, 1.)

From some version of the familiar Ballad of Fair Margaret and Sweet William, No. 74 in Child's collection. The standard version runs:

"When day was gone, and night was come,
And all men fast asleep,
Then came the spirit of Fair Margaret,
And stood at William's feet."

(Cambridge ed. of *Ballads*, p. 157.)

5. "I am three merry men." (II, viii, 9.)

The music to this song is printed by Chappell (*Woolbridge ed.*, i, 197) from a manuscript commonplace book, with the words, —

"Three merry men, and three merry men, and three merry men
be we ;

I in the wood, and thou on the ground, and Jack sleeps in the
tree."

The words are found in Peele's *Old Wives' Tale*, and in another form in Fletcher's *Bloody Brother* (III, ii). Evidently the song was very popular; it is alluded to in *Twelfth Night* (II, iii, 81) and in other plays of the period. A catch with a similar refrain appears on p. 100 of *Musick's Delight on the Cithern*, John Playford, 1660.

6. "Troule the blacke bowle to mee!" (II, viii, 13.)

Apparently a version of a catch published in Ravenscroft's *Pammelia*, 1609:

"Trole, trole the bowl to me,
And I will trole the same again to thee."

7. "As you came from Walsingham." (II, viii, 50.)

A stanza of one of the versions of the popular Ballad of Walsingham, found in all the collections. It was set to an

equally popular tune, known as "Walsingham," which is reproduced by Chappell (i, 69) from Barley's *Book of Tabliture* (1596), with the words:

"As I went to Walsingham,
To the shrine with speed,
Met I a jolly palmer,
In a pilgrim's weed."

8. "Why, an if she be, what care I?" (II, viii, 56.)

From a popular song beginning "Farewel dear love, since thou wilt needs be gon," — sung by Sir Toby among the fragments in *Twelfth Night*, II, iii. In Robert Jones's *First Booke of Songes and Ayres* (1600) it appeared as No. XII, the last stanza running:

"What shall I doe? my love is now departed,
Shee is as faire as shee is cruell harted.
She would not be intreated
With praiers oft repeated;
If shee come no more,
Shall I die therefore?
If shee come no more, what care I?
Faith, let her go, or come, or tarry!"

9. "He set her on a milk-white steed." (II, viii, 61.)

A conventional ballad stanza, hardly to be identified particularly. In the Ballad of the Knight and Shepherd's Daughter (No. 110 in the Child collection) occurs the stanza:

"He set her on a milk-white steed,
And himselfe upon a gray;
He hung a bugle about his neck,
And so they rode away."

Weber cites a similar stanza from "The Douglas Trag-

edy (Earl Brand)”, as found in *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.

10. “Downe, down, downe: they fall downe.” (II, viii, 72.)

From a song which Dyce (see I, xcii) found quoted “in a Masque (never printed) presented on Candlemas-night at Cole-Overton, and written perhaps by Sir T. Beaumont” :

“Downe, downe it falls,
Downe, and arise, downe, and arise it never shall.”

11. “Was never man for ladies sake.” (II, viii, 93.)

From the Legend of Sir Guy, found in the old ballad collections. In Percy’s *Reliques* it appears as follows (vol. iii, bk. 2) :

“Was ever knight for ladyes sake
Soe tost in love, as I Sir Guy,
For Phelis fayre, that lady bright
As ever man beheld with eye?”

The same stanza was quoted in *The Little French Lawyer*, II, iii.

12. “Go from my window, love, goe,” and “Begone, begone, my juggy, my puggy.” (III, v, 28 and 49.)

From what was evidently a popular song, which appears in various forms. In *Monsieur Thomas*, III, iii, there is a different version; also in *The Woman’s Prize*, I, iii. At the end of Heywood’s *Rape of Lucrece* the stanza runs:

“Begone, begone, my Willie, my Billie,
Begone, begone, my deare.”

The tune is reproduced by Chappell (i, 146) from the

Book of Tabliture (1596) and Robinson's *Schoole of Musicke* (1603).

13. "You are no love for me, Margret." (III, v, 104.)

Probably a fragment of some version of the Ballad of Margaret and William (see No. 4 above). Professor Child suggested that it might be a variant of the first lines of stanza two in the standard version, running:

"I see no harm by you, Margaret,
Nor you see none by me."

14. "Who can sing a merrier noate." (IV, v, 3.)

This song is found in *Pammelia* (1609), under the title, "A Round or Catch for ten or eleven voices":

"Sing wee now merily, our purses be empty,
hey ho, hey ho;
Let them take care
That list to spare,
For I will not doe so:

Who can sing so merry a note
As he that cannot change a groat?

Hey hoe, trolly lolly lo, tro lolly lo."

15. "Ho, ho, no body at home." (IV, v, 42.)

This catch is also found in *Pammelia*, No. 85.

16. "Sing wee, and chaunt it." (v, iii, 12.)

From a song in Morley's *First Book of Ballets* (1600), the first stanza of which runs:

"Sing wee and chaunt it
While love doth graunt it. Fa la la.
Not long youth lasteth,
And old age hasteth:
Now is best leysure
To take our pleasure. Fa la la."

17. "And some they whistled, and some they sung." (v, iii, 40.)

A stanza from the Ballad of Little Musgrave and Lady

Barnard, found in all the collections; No. 81 of the Child collection, Cambridge ed., p. 172.

18. "It was a ladies daughter." (v, iii, 62.)

Dyce identified this from a ballad found in Evans's *Old Ballads* (ed. 1810, i, 135), — not one of the folk type, but a ballad broadside dealing with the heroes of the Reformation. The first stanza runs:

"It was a lady's daughter,
Of Paris properly,
Her mother her commanded
To mass that she should hie :
O pardon me, dear mother,
Her daughter dear did say,
Unto that filthy idol
I never can obey."

19. "Fortune, my foe." (v, iii, 80.)

One of the most familiar songs of the period, which also gave the name to a familiar tune. It is constantly alluded to, e. g., in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Jonson's *The Case is Altered*, Beaumont and Fletcher's *The Custom of the Country* and *A Wild Goose Chase*, Lyly's *Maid's Metamorphosis*, etc. Chappell gives the music (ii, 76) from Corkine's *Instruction Book for the Lute* (1610) and other sources, and the words — which may or may not be the original version — from a broadside called "A Sweet Sonnet, wherein the Lover exclaimeth against Fortune" etc. Of this the first stanza runs :

"Fortune my foe, why dost thou frown on me ?
And wilt thy favours never better be ?
Wilt thou, I say, for ever breed my pain ?
And wilt thou not restore my joys again ?"

There remain a large number of unidentified fragments sung by Merrythought : "Hey ho, fare-well, Nan" (i, iv, 142) ; "When earth and seas from me are reft" (i,

iv, 151); "If you will sing, and daunce, and laugh" (III, v, 12); "I come not hither for thee to teach" (III, v, 83); "I would not be a serving-man" (IV, v, 14); "For Jillian of Berry" (IV, v, 28); "Come no more there" (v, iii, 6); O the Mimon round" (v, iii, 16); "Why, farewell he" (v, iii, 20); "Thou art welcome" (v, iii, 24); "And where is your true-love?" (v, iii, 29); "With hey, trixie, terlery-whiskin" (v, iii, 32); "If such danger be in playing" (v, iii, 64); "She cares not for her daddy" (II, viii, 80); "Give him flowers i' now" (II, viii, 87); "With that came out his paramoure" (v, iii, 102). The last three are mentioned by Child as probable fragments of old ballads; the others are for the most part, no doubt, fragments of current song, either sentimental or jovial, with perhaps a few extemporizations. Merrythought's repertory also includes the apparently complete song, "'Tis mirth that fills the veins with blood" (II, viii, 28), and the concluding chorus, "Better musick nere was knowne" (v, iii, 186). These may have been written for the play; and being of the same metre, they may very well have been sung to the same tune. There seems also no reason to question the originality of the song of Jasper and Luce in the forest (III, i, 29), or that of Luce's dirge (IV, iv, 48), though these are of conventional character. The former ("Tell me, dearest, what is love") was used again, with an additional stanza, in *The Captain* (II, ii).

III. — THE BEHAVIOR OF CITIZENS AT PLAYS.

Since the link between the two plots of *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* is formed by the use made of the custom which permitted spectators to sit on the stage, the

practice of the Elizabethans in this particular becomes of special interest. Nowhere else is there so amusing a picture of the possibilities arising from the custom, or so brilliant a study of the psychology of the spectator in his confusion between real and histrionic action ; but everywhere in the literature of the period we find allusions which throw light on the situation of the citizen and his wife among the gentlemen spectators on the stage. A number of these were brought together by J. Payne Collier, in his *English Dramatic Poetry and Annals of the stage* (iii, 153-157). From Parrot's *Springes for Woodcocks* (1613), for example, he quotes the lines :

“When young Rogero goes to see a play,
His pleasure is you place him on the stage,
The better to demonstrate his array,
And how he sits, attended by his page,” etc.

From Hutton's *Folly's Anatomy* (1619) :

“The Globe to-morrow acts a pleasant play :
In hearing it consume the irksome day ;
Go, take a pipe of To : the crowded stage
Must needs be graced with you and your page.
Swear for a place with each controlling fool,
And send your hackney servant for a stool.”

And from (Guilpin's ?) *Skialetheia* (1598) :

“See you him yonder who sits ore the stage,
With his tobacco-pipe now at his mouth ?
It is Cornelius, that brave gallant youth,
Who is new printed to this fangled age :
He wears a jerkin cudgel'd with gold lace,” etc.

In the introduction to Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels* occurs a brief but illuminating sketch of the stage audience. The boy actors are represented as amusing themselves by imitating the young gentlemen of the period.

“3 Child. Now, sir, suppose I am one of your genteel auditors, that am come in, having paid my money at the door, with much ado, and here I take my place and sit down. I have my three sorts of tobacco in my pocket, my light by me, and thus I begin. By this light, I wonder that any man is so mad, to come to see these rascally tits play here — They do act like so many wrens or pismires — not the fifth part of a good face amongst them all. — And then their music is abominable — able to stretch a man’s ears worse than ten — pillories, and their ditties — most lamentable things, like the pitiful fellows that make them — poets. By this vapour, an ’twere not for tobacco — I think — the very stench of ’em would poison me, I should not dare to come in at their gates — A man were better visit fifteen jails — or a dozen or two of hospitals — than once adventure to come near them. — How is’t ? well ?

“1 Child. Excellent ; give me my cloak.

“3 Child. Stay ; you shall see me do another now, but a more sober, or better-gather’d gallant ; that is, as it may be thought, some friend, or well-wisher to the house : and here I enter.

“1 Child. What, upon the stage too ?

“2 Child. Yes ; and I step forth like one of the children, and ask you, Would you have a stool, sir ?

“3 Child. A stool, boy !

“2 Child. Ay, sir, if you’ll give me sixpence I’ll fetch you one.

“3 Child. For what, I pray thee ? what shall I do with it ?

“2 Child. O lord, sir ! will you betray your ignorance so much ? why throne yourself in state on the stage, as other gentlemen use, sir.

“3 Child. Away, wag ; what, wouldst thou make an

implement of me? 'Slid, the boy takes me for a piece of perspective, I hold my life, or some silk curtain, come to hang the stage here! Sir crack, I am none of your fresh pictures, that use to beautify the decayed dead arras in a public theatre.

“2 Child. 'Tis a sign, sir, you put not that confidence in your good clothes, and your better face, that a gentleman should do, sir. But I pray you, sir, let me be a suitor to you, that you will quit our stage then, and take a place; the play is instantly to begin.”

But the *locus classicus* for this whole subject is Dekker's *Gull's Horn-Book* (1609), an entire chapter of which is devoted to the subject, “How a Gallant should behave himself in a Play-house.” The following are the passages most interesting to the present purpose:

“Sithence then the place is so free in entertainment, allowing a stoole as well to the Farmers sonne as to your Templer: that your Stinkard has the selfe-same libertie to be there in his Tobacco-Fumes, which your sweet Courtier hath: and that your Car-man and Tinker claime as strong a voice in their suffrage, and sit to give judgement on the plaies life and death, as well as the prowdest Momus among the tribe of Critick: it is fit that hee, whom the most tailors bills do make roome for, when he comes, should not be basely (like a vyoll) casd up in a corner.

“Whether therefore the gatherers of the publique or private Playhouse stand to receive the afternoones rent, let our Gallant (having paid it) presently advance himselfe up to the Throne of the Stage. I meane not into the Lords roome (which is now but the Stages Suburbs): No, those boxes, by the iniquity of custome, conspiracy of waiting-women and Gentlemen-Ushers, that there sweat together, and the covetousnes of Sharers, are contemptibly thrust into the reare, and much new Satten is there dambd,

by being smothered to death in darknesse. But on the very Rushes where the Commedy is to daunce, yea, and under the state of Cambises himselfe must our fethered Estridge, like a piece of ordnance, be planted valiantly (because impudently) beating downe the mewes and hisses of the opposed rascality.

“For do but cast up a reckoning, what large cummings-in are pursd up by sitting on the Stage. First a conspicuous Eminence is gotten; by which meanes, the best and most essencially parts of a Gallant (good cloathes, a proportionable legge, white hand, the Persian lock, and a tollerable beard) are perfectly revealed.

“By sitting on the stage, you have a signd patent to engrosse the whole commodity of Censure; may lawfully presume to be a Girder; and stand at the helme to steere the passage of scænes; yet no man shall once offer to hinder you from obtaining the title of an insolent, over-weening Coxcombe.

“By sitting on the stage, you may (without travelling for it) at the very next doore aske whose play it is: and, by that Quest of Inquiry, the law warrants you to avoid much mistaking: if you know not the author, you may raile against him: and peradventure so behave your selfe, that you may enforce the Author to know you. . . .

“By sitting on the stage, you may (with small cost) purchase the deere acquaintance of the boyes: have a good stoole for sixpence: at any time know what particular part any of the infants present: get your match lighted, examine the play-suits lace, and perhaps win wagers upon laying tis copper, &c. . . .

“It shall crowne you with rich commendation, to laugh alowd in the midst of the most serious and saddest scene of the terriblest Tragedy: and to let that clapper (your tongue) be tost so high, that all the house may ring of it.

. . . For by talking and laughing (like a Plough-man in a Morris) you heape Pelion upon Ossa, glory upon glory. . . .

“Mary, if either the company, or indisposition of the weather binde you to sit it out, my counsell is then that you turne plain Ape, take up a rush, and tickle the earnest eares of your fellow gallants, to make other fooles fall a laughing: mew at passionate speeches, blare at merrie, finde fault with the musicke, whew at the childrens Action, whistle at the songs: and above all, curse the sharers, that whereas the same day you had bestowed forty shillings on an embrodered Felt and Feather, (scotch-fashion) for your mistres in the Court, within two houres after, you encounter with the very same block on the stage, when the haberdasher swore to you the impression was extant but that morning.”

IV. — THE DATE OF *THE KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE*.

While there are numerous allusions in this play which furnish some evidence as to the period in which it was written, there is nothing which definitely determines the date. First of all, the publisher's dedicatory letter in the first quarto (1613) states that he had “fostered it privately” in his bosom “these two years,” and that it was the elder of *Don Quixote* “above a year.” Since the first English edition of *Don Quixote* was published in 1612, it has been generally held that these two statements indicate 1610 or 1611 as the original date of the play. The “two years” of the first statement, however, seems to allude not so much to the original writing or production of the *Knight*, as to the time when Keysar (the person addressed in the publisher's letter) rescued it from “perpetual oblivion,” — that is, got possession of the manuscript for

the purpose of publication. And it is very possible that the allusion to *Don Quixote* had reference to the original Spanish edition, which was well known in England before the translation, — the publisher meaning to be understood that the *Knight* was so far in existence as to be said to have been born, even before 1605. As a matter of fact, however, the influence of Cervantes's story upon the play is so obvious as to make the original date of the former, 1605, the earliest limit for dating the *Knight*.

The following are the internal allusions bearing on the matter of the date.

In the induction are allusions to several plays: the *Legend of Whittington*, "Sir Thomas Gresham" (i. e., *If You Know not Me You Know Nobody*), "Queen Eleanor" (i. e., *Edward I*), "Jane Shore" (i. e., *Edward IV*), *The Bold Beauchamps*, *Mucedorus*, and "Jeronimo" (i. e., *The Spanish Tragedy*). To this may be added the burlesque of a passage in Shakespeare's *Henry IV*. Most of these plays belong to the sixteenth century or to the very first years of the seventeenth, the latest date of publication being that of Heywood's *If You Know not Me*, etc., 1606.

Also in the Induction is an allusion to the theatre in which the play is produced, which, if rightly understood, should be the most definite of all the evidences: "This seven yeares there hath beene playes at this house." On this passage one cannot do better than quote Professor Thorndike's note: "Mr. Fleay places the production of the play at Whitefriars, because he thinks the play was acted by the Revels children who were at Whitefriars in 1610. . . . Later Mr. Greenstreet's papers showed that Whitefriars was occupied 1607-10; so in the *Chronicle of the Drama*, Mr. Fleay notices this passage and from it concludes that the play-house in Whitefriars must also have been occu-

pied 1604-7. There is no evidence that it was so occupied. Frequent references to the children show that the play was produced by a children's company. If by the Queen's Revels, the seven years can hardly refer to anything except their occupancy of Blackfriars from their organization of 1600 to 1607. If by the Paul's boys, the passage again alludes to a period beginning in 1599 and ending 1606-7. Judging from what we know of the stage history, the passage cannot refer to any theatre, if spoken in 1610: if spoken in 1607, it can refer to Blackfriars or probably to the house occupied by the Paul's boys." (*Influence of B. and F. on Shakspeare*, p. 60.)

In I, ii, 25, the grocer's wife asks one of the boy players if he was one of "M. Monkester's schollars." The allusion is evidently to Dr. Richard Mulcaster (see the *Notes*), but would be equally appropriate to any date before 1610 or even later.

In I, iv, II, viii, and IV, v, there occur scraps of songs which are also found in Ravenscroft's *Pammelia* and *Deuteromelia* (1609). But since these were evidently familiar ditties, there is no reason why they might not have been quoted before publication in the song-books.

In IV, i, 46 (see the *Notes*), there is an allusion to the *Travailes of the Three English Brothers*, published 1607. Assuming that such an allusion would be likely to be contemporary, Boyle thinks that this fixes the date of the *Knight*.

In IV, i, 50, is a reference to the Red Bull playhouse, which Fleay took to imply a date after April 15, 1609, on account of a patent of that date to Queen Anne's players to "exercise publickly as well within their nowe usual houses called the Redd Bull, Clerkenwell and the Curtayne in Hallowell," etc. But, as Dr. Thorndike has pointed out (*op. cit.*, p. 60, note 5), this properly shows

nothing as to the earliest use of the playhouse in question.

In IV, i, 73, is a reference to Heywood's *Four Prentices*, which was not published, so far as is known, until 1615. Since Heywood's Preface, however, speaks of the play as of a kind in fashion "some fiftene or sixteene yeares agoe," and since it evidently continued to be popular for a long time, no conclusion can be drawn from this.

In IV, ii, 4, is an allusion to the King of Moldavia. The Prince of Moldavia (see on this passage in the *Notes*) concluded a visit to London in November, 1607. Obviously the memory of him might remain, yet the allusion tends to confirm the other suggestions of 1607 as the date of the play.

There seems no reason to object to Professor Thorndike's conclusion: "The evidence, which we have seen points definitely to 1607, is not contradicted by anything in the play, and gives us a good many difficulties to explain if we adopt the usual 1610-11 date." (*Op cit.*, p. 63.)

TEXT

The first quarto (1619), while in matters of printing perhaps inferior to the second, gives the best text, and is here followed with few variations. It contains one passage of some interest (v, iv, 2-7) not found in any other early edition. The copy of this quarto in the British Museum lacks the last three leaves, and that in the Boston Public Library is really a fragment, stopping with II, ii, 104, bound up with the remaining portion of a copy of the second quarto. The present edition is based on the copy in the Bodleian Library. Q2 (1625) corrects a number of typographical errors in Q1, but is a less complete and authentic text; it supplies, one may note, a passage of two or three lines (III, i, 148-150) not found in Q1. Q3 (1631) introduces many new blunders, and shows no characteristic of interest, unless it be the substitution of "Heaven" for "God," and similar instances of the avoidance of violations of the statute against profanity. Q4 (1639), Q5 (1655), and Q6 (1661) all follow the text of Q3, as does the Folio of 1679; Q5 and Q6 may be distinguished by the especial wretchedness of their printing, and by the turning of much verse into prose, — in which they are followed by the Folio. Q6 occasionally restores the avoided oaths of the three preceding editions, as if to signalize the new freedom of the Restoration. Q7 (1676) does this throughout, and in general returns to the text of Q1, though not following it steadily; it is far the best of the later quartos, but includes no new readings of interest. All variants from Q1 (except obvious misprints and variations in spelling) are noted for Q2, Q3, and the Folio of 1679 (F); and all additions to or alterations of the text not drawn from another early edition are enclosed in brackets. For other details as to the form of the text, see the note on the text of *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*.



A King and no King.

Acted at the *Globe*, by his Maie-
sties Seruants.

Written by *Francis Beaumont*, and *Iohn Fletcher*.



AT LONDON

Printed for *Thomas Walkley*, and are to bee sold
at his Shoppe at the Eagle and Childe in
Britains-Burſſe. 1619.

SOURCES

No definite source is known for the plot of this play, although most of the characters bear historical names. The historical Arbaces was a Median prince who warred against Sardanapalus; his story was given in the *Bibliothecae Historicae* of Diodorus Siculus. Dryden (in the Preface to *Troilus and Cressida*) said that the character of Beaumont's Arbaces was probably derived from that of Alexander the Great in the story of *Œdipus*, but there seems to be no sufficient ground for this. The names of Tigranes, Gobrias, and Panthea are found in Xenophon's *Cyropaedia* (Books III-VI), and those of Gobrias and Mardonius in Herodotus (Book VII) (both of which works were translated into English between 1560 and 1584), but their several relationships are not the same as in the play. Tigranes, to be sure, was a Prince of Armenia who effected his own and his father's release from captivity by his nobility of character, a situation which may not have been unfruitful for Beaumont and Fletcher. Again, the character of Panthea — her beauty and virtue — seems to be echoed in the Panthea of the play. The situation in which Araspes (*Cyropaedia*, v, 1, and vi, 1) boasts of his ability to control his desires in the presence of the beautiful Panthea, yet is presently overcome by them so that he declares he must have two souls, may have suggested something for the dramatic irony of Arbaces's temptation. But the passion of Arbaces for his supposed sister is more likely to have been suggested (as Thorndike pointed out, *Influence of B. and F. on Shakspeare*, p. 82) by the story of Thierry of France, as related in Fauchet's *Lez Antiquitez et Histories Gauloises et Françaises* (1599). This was used (probably earlier than in the present play) by Beaumont and Fletcher in *Thierry and Theodoret*, in which tragedy, as in the history, "in order to prevent incest, the man who is supposed to be no king is shown by the queen to be a king and her son; in *A King and No King*, in order to prevent incest, the man supposed to be a king is shown by the queen to be no king and not her son." (Thorndike.) The character of Bessus has been referred to such different prototypes as Falstaff, Parolles, and Bobadil; but there is no reason for seeking any definite source for it. For its relation to the boastful soldier or *miles gloriosus* of the earlier drama, see H. Graf: *Der Miles Gloriosus im Englischen Drama*, etc., and other references cited by Dr. Flügel in Gayley's *English Comedies*, p. 189 f.

TO
THE RIGHT
WORSHIPFULL,
AND WORTHIE
Knight, Sir HENRIE
NEVILL.

WORTHY SIR,

I *Present, or rather retorne unto your view,
that which formerly hath beene received from
you, hereby effecting what you did desire: To
commend the worke in my vnlearned method,
were rather to detract from it, then to giue it any
luster. It sufficeth it hath your Worships ap-
probation and patronage, to the commendation
of the Authors, and incouragement of their fur-
ther labours: and thus wholly committing my
selfe and it to your Worships dispose I rest, ever
readie to doe you service, not onely in the like,
but in what I may.*

Thomas Walkley.

To The Right Worshipfull . . . Thomas Walkley. Q2, Q3,
¶ omit.

[THE PERSONATED PERSONS.

ARBACES, King of Iberia.

TIGRANES, King of Armenia.

GOBRIAS, Lord Protectour, and father of Arbaces.

BACURIUS, another Lord.

MARDONIUS }
BESSUS } 2 Captaines.

LYGONES, father of Spaconia.

Two Gentlemen.

3 Men and a Woman.

PHILLIP, a servant, and 2 Citizens' Wives.

A Messenger.

A servant to Bacurius.

Two Sword-men.

A Boy.

ARANE, the Queene's Mother.

PANTHEA, her Daughter.

SPACONIA, a Lady, daughter of Lygones.

MANDANE, a waiting woman,
and other Attendants.]

The . . . Persons. Not in Q1 or Q2.
Lygones. F, Ligoces.

A King and No King

[ACTUS PRIMI SCENA PRIMA.

The Camp of Arbaces, on the frontiers of Armenia.]

Enter Mardonius and Bessus.

Mardonius. Bessus, the king has made a fayre hand on't, has ended the warres at a blow. Would my sword had a close basket-hilt to hold wine, and the blade would make knives! for we shall have nothing but eating and drinking.

Bessus. We that are commanders shall doe well enough. 5

Mar. Faith, Bessus, such commanders as thou may: I had as live set thee perdue for a pudding yth' darke, as Alexander the Great. 10

Bes. I love these jests exceedingly.

Mar. I thinke thou lov'st them better then quarrelling, Bessus; Ile say so much y'thy behalfe: and yet thou art valiant enough upon a retreat; I thinke thou wouldst kill any man that 15 stopt thee, and thou couldst.

Mardonius and Bessus. Q2, Q3, F add *two Captaines.*

2 *has ended.* Q2, Q3, F, he haz ended.

9 *had as.* Q2, had's. 12 *them.* Q2, Q3, 'em.

14 *thou art.* Q2, Q3, F, thou'rt.

16 *and thou.* Q2, Q3, F, if thou.

Bes. But was not this a brave combate, Mar-
donius?

Mar. Why, didst thou see't?

Bes. You stood with me.

20

Mar. I did so; but me thought thou winkst
every blowe they strake.

Bes. Well, I beleeeve there are better souldiers
then I, that never saw two princes fight in lists.

Mar. By my troth, I thinke so too, Bessus, — 25
many a thousand: but certainly all that are worse
then thou have seene as much.

Bes. 'Twas bravely done of our king.

Mar. Yes, if he had not ended the warres.
I am glad thou darst talke of such dangerous 30
businesses.

Bes. To take a prince prisoner in the heart
of his owne countrey in single combate!

Mar. See how thy bloud cruddles at this! I
thinke thou wouldst be contented to be beaten 35
in this passion.

Bes. Shall I tell you trulie?

Mar. I.

20 *with me.* Q2, Q3, F, wi'me.

22 *strake.* Q2, Q3, F, strooke.

30 *I am.* Q2, Q3, F, I'me.

33 *of his.* Q2, Q3, F, of 's.

34 *cruddles.* Q2, crudles; Q3, F, curdles.

35 *wouldst.* Q2, Q3, F, couldst.

36 *in this.* Q2, Q3, F, i'this.

Bes. I could willingly venter for it.

Mar. Um; no venter neither, good Bessus. 40

Bes. Let me not live, if I doe not thinke it is
a braver peece of service then that I me so fam'd
for.

Mar. Why, art thou fam'd for any valour?

Bes. I fam'd! I, I warrant you. 45

Mar. I am verie heartily glad on't: I have
beene with thee ever since thou cam'st ath' wars,
and this is the first word that ever I heard on't.
Prethee, who fames thee?

Bes. The Christian world. 50

Mar. 'Tis heathenishly done of them; in my
conscience, thou deserv'st it not.

Bes. Yes, I ha done good service.

Mar. I doe not know how thou maist waite of
a man in's chamber, or thy agilitie in shifting 55
a trencher; but otherwise no service, good Bessus.

Bes. You saw me doe the service your selfe.

Mar. Not so hastie, sweet Bessus: where
was it? is the place vanisht?

Bes. At Bessus' Desperate Redemption. 60

39 *for it.* Q2, Q3, F, for't.

40 *good.* Q2, Q3, F omit.

41 *it is.* Q2, Q3, t'is; F, 'tis.

45 *I fam'd.* Q2, Q3, F omit I.

46 *I am verie.* Q2, Q3, F, I'me e'ene.

47 *ath' wars.* Q2, Q3, F, to'th warres.

48 *this is.* Q2, Q3, this.

51 *them.* Q2, Q3, F, 'em.

55 *in shifting.* Q3, F, of shifting of.

Mar. Bessus' Desperate Redemption ! wher's that ?

Bes. There where I redeemd the day ; the place beares my name.

Mar. Prethee, who christned it ? 65

Bes. The souldier.

Mar. If I were not a very merily dispos'd man, what would become of thee ? One that had but a graine of coller in the whole composition of his body, would send thee of an arrand to the wormes, for putting thy name upon that field : did not I beat thee there yth' head a'th troops with a trunchion, because thou wouldst needs run away with thy company when we should charge the enemie ? 70 75

Bes. True; but I did not runne.

Mar. Right, Bessus : I beat thee out on't.

Bes. But came not I up when the day was gone, and redeem'd all ?

Mar. Thou knowst, and so doe I, thou mean'st to flie, and thy feare making thee mistake, thou ranst upon the enemie ; and a hot charge thou gav'st ; as, Ile doe thee right, thou art furious in running away ; and I thinke we owe thy feare for our victorie. If I were the king, and 80 85

61 *Bessus'*. Q2, Q3, F, At Bessus.

66 *souldier*. Q3, F, souldiers. 67 *merily*. Q1, meerely.

78 *came not I*. Q3, F, came I not.

81 *mean'st*. Q2, Q3, meant'st ; F, meanedst.

were sure thou wouldst mistake alwayes, and runne away uppon the enemie, thou shouldst be generall, by this light.

Bes. Youle never leave this till I fall foule.

Mar. No more such words, deare Bessus; 90
for though I have ever knowne thee a coward,
and therefore durst never strike thee, yet if thou
proceedst, I will allow thee valiant, and beate
thee.

Bes. Come, come, our king's a brave fellow. 95

Mar. He is so, Bessus; I wonder how thou
com'st to know it. But if thou wert a man of
understanding, I would tell thee he is vain-
glorious, and humble, and angrie, and patient,
and merrie, and dull, and joyfull, and sorrowfull, 100
in extremitities, in an houre. Doe not thinke mee
thy friend for this; for if I car'd who knew it,
thou shouldst not heare it, Bessus. Here hee is,
with the prey in his foote.

Enter Arbaces and Tigranes, with Attendants.

Arbaces. Thy sadnesse, brave Tigranes, takes
away 105

87 *the enemie.* Q2, Q3, F, th'enemy.

95 *Come, come.* Q2, Q3, F, come.

97 *com'st.* Q2, Q3, F, cam'st.

101 *extremitities.* Q2, Q3, F, extremity.

104 *the prey.* Q2, Q3, F, his prey.

Enter Arbaces, etc. Q2, Q3, F, Enter &c. Senet Flourish. Enter
Arbaces and Tigranes, two kings, etc.

From my full victory: am I become
 Of so small fame, that any man should grieve
 When I oecome him? They that plac't me here
 Intended it an honour large enough
 For the most valiant living; but to dare 110
 Oppose me single, though he lost the day,
 What should afflict you? you are free as I;
 To be my prisoner is to be more free
 Then you were formerlie: and never thinke
 The man I held worthy to combat me 115
 Shall be us'd servilly. Thy ransome is,
 To take my onely sister to thy wife;
 A heavy one, Tigranes; for shee is
 A ladie that the neighbour princes send
 Blanks to fetch home. I have beene too unkind 120
 To her, Tigranes: shee but nine yeere old,
 I left her, and nere saw her since; your warres
 Have held me long, and taught me, though a
 youth,
 The way to victorie; shee was a pretty childe
 Then, I was little better; but now fame 125
 Cries loudly on her, and my messengers
 Make me beleeeve shee is a miracle.
 Sheele make you shrinke, as I did, with a stroke
 But of her eye, Tigranes.

Tigranes.

Is it the course of

112 *free.* F, as free. 121 *yeere.* F, years.

129 *Is it.* Q2, Q3, F, Is't.

Iberia, to use their prisoners thus ? 130

Had Fortune throwne my name above Arbaces,
I should not thus have talkt ; for in Armenia
We hold it base. You should have kept your
temper,

'Till you saw home agen, where 'tis the fashion
Perhaps to brag.

Arb. Bee you my witness, Earth, 135
Neede I to brag? Doth not this captive prince
Speake me sufficiently, and all the acts
That I have wrought upon his suffering land?
Should I then boast? Where lies that foot of
ground

Within his whole realme, that I have not past 140
Fighting and conquering? Farre then from mee
Be ostentation. I could tell the world
How I have laid his kingdome desolate
By this sole arme, propt by divinity ;
Stript him out of his glories ; and have sent 145
The pride of all his youth to people graves ;
And made his virgins languish for their loves ;
If I would brag. Should I, that have the power
To teach the neighbour world humility,
Mix with vaine glory ?

Mar. In deede this is none ? 150

Arb. Tigranes, no ; did I but take delight

132 *talkt ; for.* Q2, Q3, F, talked sir.

151 *no.* Q2, Q3, F, nay.

To stretch my deedes, as others doe, on words,
I could amaze my hearers.

Mar. So you doe.

Arb. But he shall wrong his, and my modesty,
That thinkes me apt to boast : after an act 155
Fit for a god to doe upon his foe,
A little glory in a souldier's mouth
Is well becomming; bee it farre from vaine.

Mar. It's pitty that valour should be thus
drunke.

Arb. I offer you my sister; and you answer, 160
I doe insult : a lady that no suit,
Nor treasure, nor thy crowne, could purchase
thee,
But that thou faughtst with mee.

Tigr. Though this bee worse
Then that you spoke before, it strikes not mee;
But that you thinke to over-grace mee with 165
The marriage of your sister, troubles mee.
I would give worlds for ransomes, were they mine,
Rather then have her.

Arb. See if I insult,
That am the conqueror, and for a ransome
Offer rich treasure to the conquered, 170
Which he refuses, and I beare his scorne!

156 *god.* Q2, Q3, good; F, good man.

159 *It's.* Q2, Q3, F, 'Tis. 163 *faughtst.* Q1, faughst.

164 *spoke.* Q2, Q3, F, spake. *not mee.* Q2, Q3, F, me not.

It cannot be selfe-flattery to say,
The daughters of your country, set by her,
Would see their shame, runne home, and blush
to death

At their owne foulennesse. Yet shee is not faire, 175
Nor beautifull; those words expresse her not:
They say her lookes have something excellent,
That wants a name. Yet were shee odious,
Her birth deserves the empire of the world;
Sister to such a brother, that hath tane 180
Victorie prisoner, and throughout the earth
Carries her bound, and should hee let her loose,
Shee durst not leave him. Nature did her wrong,
To print continuall conquest on her cheekes,
And make no man worthy for her to take, 185
But mee that am too neare her; and as strangely
Shee did for mee. But you will thinke I brag.

Mar. I doe, Ile be sworne. Thy valour and
thy passions severd, would have made two ex-
cellent fellows in their kindes. I know not 190
whether I should be sorry thou art so valiant, or
so passionate: would one of um were away!

Tigr. Doe I refuse her, that I doubt her
worth?

Were shee as vertuous as shee would be thought,
So perfect that no one of her owne sex 195

178 *name.* *Yet were.* Q1, name yet: were.

185 *for her.* Q2, her for. *take.* Q3, F, taste.

Would finde a want ; had shee so tempting faire,
 That shee could wish it off for damning souls ;
 I would pay any ransome, twenty times,
 Rather then meet her married in my bed.
 Perhaps I have a love, where I have fixt 200
 Mine eies, not to bee moov'd, and shee on mee:
 I am not fickle.

Arb. Is that all the cause ?
 Thinke you, you can so knit your selfe in love
 To any other, that her searching sight
 Cannot dissolve it ? So, before you tride, 205
 You thought your selfe a match for mee in fight.
 Trust mee, Tigranes, shee can doe as much
 In peace as I in warre ; sheele conquer too.
 You shall see, if you have the power to stand
 The force of her swift lookes. If you dislike, 210
 Ile send you home with love, and name your
 ransome

Some other way ; but if shee bee your choise,
 Shee frees you. To Iberia you must.

Tigr. Sir, I have learnt a prisoner's sufferance,
 And will obey. But give mee leave to talke 215
 In private with some friends before I goe.

Arb. Some two await him forth, and see him
 safe ;

196 *Would.* Q2, Q3, F, Could. So D.

197 *for.* Q1, her. 214 *learnt.* Q2, Q3, F, learn'd.

217 *two.* Q2, Q3, F, to.

But let him freely send for whom he please,
And none dare to disturbe his conference.
I will not have him know what bondage is, 220
Till he be free from mee.

Exeunt [two attendants with Tigranes].

This prince, Mardonius,
Is full of wisdome, valour, all the graces
Man can receive.

Mar. And yet you conquered him?

Arb. And yet I conquered him, and could
have don

Hadst thou joynd with him, thogh thy name in
armes 225

Bee great. Must all men that are vertuous
Thinke suddenly to match themselves with mee?
I conquered him, and bravely; did I not?

Bes. And please your majesty, I was afraid
at first. 230

Mar. When wert thou other?

Arb. Of what?

Bes. That you would not have spide your
best advantages; for your majesty in my opinion
lay too high, me thinkes; under favour, you 235
should have laine thus.

Mar. Like a taylor at a wake.

Bes. And then if 't please your majesty to

224 *don.* Q2 omits; Q3, F, done't.

238 *if't.* Q2, Q3, F, if.

remember, at one time, by my troth, I wisht
my selfe with you. 240

Mar. By my troth, thou wouldst have stunke
um both out oth' lists.

Arb. What to doe?

Bes. To put your majesty in mind of an oc-
casion: you lay thus, and Tigranes falsified a 245
blow at your leg, which you, by doing thus,
avoided; but, if you had whipt up your leg thus,
and reacht him on th'eare, you had made the
bloud runne about's head.

Mar. What contry fence-schoole didst thou 250
learn that at?

Arb. Puft! did I not take him nobly?

Mar. Why, you did, and you have talkt
enough on't.

Arb. Talke enough! 255

Will you confine my words? By Heaven and
earth,

I were much better bee a king of beasts
Then such a people! If I had not patience
Above a god, I should be cald a tyrant

240 *with you.* Q2, Q3, F, wi' you.

241 *have.* Q2, Q3, F, ha'. *stunke.* Q1, sunke.

249 *bloud.* Q2, Q3, F, bloud-royall. *about's.* Q2, about
his; Q3, F, downe his.

250-1 *didst . . . at.* Q2, Q3, learn'st that at; F, learn'st thou at.

252 *Puft.* Q2, Q3, F, Pish. 255 *Talke.* F, Talkt.

256 *Will.* Q1, While. *words.* F, word.

Throughout the world: they will offend to death 260
 Each minute. Let me heare thee speake againe
 And thou art earth againe. Why, this is like
 Tigranes speech, that needs would say I brag'd.
 Bessus, hee said I brag'd.

Bes. Ha, ha, ha!

Arb. Why dost thou laugh? 265
 By all the world, Ime growne ridiculous
 To my owne subjects. Tye me to a chaire
 And jest at mee! but I shall make a start,
 And punish some, that other will take heede
 How they are haughty. Who will answere mee? 270
 He said I boasted. Speak, Mardonius,
 Did I? He will not answer. O my temper!
 I give you thanks above, that taught my heart
 Patience; I can indure his silence. What, will
 none

Vouchsafe to give mee answere? am I growne 275
 To such a poore respect? or doe you meane
 To breake my wind? Speake, speak, some one
 of you,
 Or else, by Heaven! —

I Gent. So please your —

Arb. Monstrous!

I cannot bee heard out; they cut me off,

267 to a. Q2, Q3, F, in a.

269 other will. Q2, Q3, other may; F, others may.

275 answere. Q1, audience. 277 some. Q1, soone.

As if I were too sawcy. I will live 280
 In woods, and talke to trees ; they will allow mee
 To end what I begin. The meanest subject
 Can finde a freedome to discharge his soule
 And not I. Now it is a time to speake ;
 I harken.

I Gent. May it please —

Arb. I meane not you ; 285

Did not I stop you once ? but I am growne
 To [talke but idly :] let another speake.

2 Gent. I hope your majesty —

Arb. Thou drawl'st thy words,
 That I must waite an hower, where other men
 Can heare in instants : throw your words away 290
 Quicke, and to purpose ; I have told you this.

Bes. An't please your majesty —

Arb. Wilt thou devoure me ? This is such a
 rudenes

As yet you never shewed mee, and I want
 Power to command too, else Mardonius 295
 Would speake at my request. Were you my
 king,

I would have answered at your word, Mardonius :
 I pray you speake, and truly ; did I boast ?

287 talke but idly. Q1, balke, but I desire ; Q2, Q3, F, balke
 but I defie. The emendation is by S, and D says he finds it as an
 old marginal correction.

288 drawl'st. Q1, F, drawest.

292 An't. Q2, Q3, F, And.

295 too. Q1, mee.

Mar. Truth will offend you.

Arb. You take all great care
What will offend me, when you dare to utter 300
Such things as these.

Mar. You told Tigranes you had won his land
With that sole arme, propt by divinity :
Was not that bragging, and a wrong to us,
That daily venturde lives ?

Arb. O, that thy name 305
Were great as mine ! would I had paid my wealth,
It were as great, that I might combate thee !
I would through all the regions habitable
Search thee, and, having found thee, with my
sword

Drive thee about the world, till I had met 310
Some place that yet man's curiosity
Hath mist of; there, there would I strike thee
dead :

Forgotten of mankind, such funerall rites
As beasts would give thee, thou shouldst have.

Bes. The king
Rages extreamely : shall wee slinke away ? 315
Heele strike us.

2 *Gent.* Content.

Arb. There I would make you know 'twas
this sole arme.

I grant, you were my instruments, and did

309 *with my.* Q2, Q3, F, wi' my.

As I commanded you; but 'twas this arme 320
 Mov'd you like wheelles; it mov'd you as it
 pleas'd.

Whither slip you now? what, are you too good
 To waite on mee? Puffe! I had neede have
 temper,

That rule such people; I have nothing left
 At my owne choice: I would I might be private! 325
 Meane men enjoy themselves; but 'tis our
 curse

To have a tumult, that, out of their loves,
 Will waite on us whether we will or no.
 Will you be gone? Why, heere they stand like
 death;

My word mooves nothing.

2 Gent.

Must we goe?

Bes.

I know not. 330

Arb. I pray you, leave me, sirs. I'me proud
 of this,

That they will be intreated from my sight.

[*Exeunt all but Arbaces and Mardonius.*]

— Why, now they leave mee all! Mardonius!

Mar. Sir?

Arb. Will you leave me quite alone? me
 thinks

323 *Puffe.* Q1 omits; Q3, F, (*puffe*).

329 *Will you be.* Q2, Q3, F, Goe get you.

330 *word mooves.* Q3, words mooves; F, words move.

Exeunt, etc. Q1 omits.

Civility should teach you more then this, 335
If I were but your friend. Stay heere, and waite.

Mar. Sir, shall I speake ?

Arb. Why, you would now thinke much
To bee denide ; but I can scarce intreat
What I would have. Doe, speake.

Mar. But will you heare mee out ?

Arb. With me you article, to talke thus. Well, 340
I will heare you out.

Mar. Sir, that I have ever loved you,
My sword hath spoken for me ; that I doe,
If it bee doubted, I dare call an oath,
A great one, to my witsnesse ; and were
You not my king, from amongst men I should 345
Have chose you out to love above the rest :
Nor can this challenge thanks ; for my own sake
I should have doted, because I would have lov'd
The most deserving man, for so you are.

Arb. Alas, Mardonius, rise ! you shall not
kneele. 350

We all are souldiers, and all venter lives ;
And where there is no difference in men's
worths,

Titles are jests. Who can out-vallew thee ?
Mardonius, thou hast lov'd me, and hast wrong ;
Thy love is not rewarded ; but beleewe 355

341-9 *Sir* . . . *are*. Old eds. print as prose.

348 *doted*. Q2, Q3, done ; F (and D), done it.

It shall be better : more then friend in armes,
My father, and my tutor, good Mardonius !

Mar. Sir, you did promise you would heare
me out.

Arb. And so I will : speake freely, for from thee
Nothing can come but worthy things and true. 360

Mar. Though you have al this worth, you
hold som qualities that doe eclipse your vertues.

Arb. Eclipse my vertues ?

Mar. Yes, your passions, which are so mani-
fold, that they appeare even in this : when I 365
commend you, you hug mee for that truth ;
when I speak of your faults, you make a start,
and flie the hearing. But —

Arb. When you commend me ! O that I
should live

To neede such commendations ! If my deedes 370
Blew not my praise themselves above the earth,
I were most wretched. Spare your idle praise :
If thou didst meane to flatter, and shouldst utter
Words in my praise that thou thoughtst impu-
dence,

My deedes should make um modest. When you
praise, 375

367 *when.* Q2, Q3, F, but *when.* *speake of.* Q2, Q3, F, *speake.*

368 *hearing.* *But.* F, *hearing but.* T proposed, *hearing out ;*
Bond, *hearing o't.*

371 *above.* Q2, Q3, F, *about.*

I hug you ! 'tis so false, that, wert thou worthy,
Thou shouldst receive a death, a glorious death,
From me. But thou shalt understand thy lies ;
For, shouldst thou praise mee into heaven, and
there

Leave me inthron'd, I would despise thee [then] 380
As much as now, which is as much as dust,
Because I see thy envy.

Mar. How ever you will use me after, yet,
for your owne promise sake, heare me the rest.

Arb. I will ; and after call unto the windes, 385
For they shall lend as large an eare as I
To what you utter. Speake.

Mar. Would you but leave these hasty tem-
pers, which I doe not say take from you all your
worth, but darken um, then you would shine in-390
deede.

Arb. Well.

Mar. Yet I would have you keepe some pas-
sions, least men should take you for a god, your
vertues are such. 395

Arb. Why, now you flatter.

Mar. I never understood the word. Were
you no king, and free from these wilde moods,
should I chuse a companion for wit and pleasure,

380 *then.* Old eds., though. The emendation is T's.

390 *you would.* Q3, F, you will.

398 *wilde.* Q2, Q3, F omit.

it should bee you, or for honestie to enterchange⁴⁰⁰
 my bosome with, it would be you ; or wisdome
 to give me counsel, I would pick out you : or
 vallor to defend my reputation, still I would find
 out you, for you are fit to fight for all the
 world, if it could come in question. Now I have⁴⁰⁵
 spoke. Consider to your selfe, finde out a use ;
 if so, then what shall fall to mee is not materiall.

Arb. Is not materiall ! More then ten such
 lives

As mine, Mardonius. It was nobly said ;
 Thou hast spoake truth, and boldly, such a truth⁴¹⁰
 As might offend another. I have bin
 Too passionate, and idle ; thou shalt see
 A swift amendment. But I want those parts
 You praise me for : I fight for all the world !
 Give thee a sword, and thou wilt goe as farre⁴¹⁵
 Beyond mee, as thou art beyond in yeares ;
 I know thou dar'st, and wilt. It troubles mee
 That I should use so rough a phrase to thee :
 Impute it to my folly, what thou wilt,
 So thou wilt pardon me. That thou and I⁴²⁰
 Should differ thus !

Mar. Why, 'tis no matter, sir.

Arb. Faith, but 'tis : but thou dost ever take

⁴⁰⁰ *honestie*. Q1, honest. ⁴⁰¹ *it would*. Q3, F, it should.

⁴⁰³⁻⁰⁴ *would . . . you*. Q2, Q3 F, should find you out.

⁴²² *'tis*. Q2, Q3, F, it is.

All things I do thus patiently; for which
I never can requite thee but with love,
And that thou shalt bee sure of. Thou and I 425
Have not bin merry lately: pray thee tell mee
Where hadst thou that same jewell in thine eare?

Mar. Why, at the taking of a towne.

Arb. A wench,
Upon my life, a wench, Mardonius,
Gave thee that jewell. 430

Mar. Wench! they respect not mee; I me
old and rough, and every limbe about mee, but
that which should, growes stiffer. I'those busi-
nesses I may sweare I am truely honest; for I pay
justly for what I take, and would bee glad to be 435
at a certainty.

Arb. Why, doe the wenches incroch upon
thee?

Mar. I, by this light, doe they.

Arb. Didst thou sit at an old rent with um? 440

Mar. Yes, faith.

Arb. And doe they improove themselves?

Mar. I, ten shillings to mee, every new yong
fellow they come acquainted with.

Arb. How canst live on't? 445

Mar. Why, I thinke I must petition to
you.

Arb. Thou shalt take um up at my price.

[Enter two Gentlemen and Bessus.]

Mar. Your price?

Arb. I, at the king's price.

Mar. That may be more then I am worth. 450

1 Gent. Is he not merry now?

2 Gent. I thinke not.

Bes. He is, he is: wee le shew our selves.

Arb. Bessus, I thought you had beene in Iberia by this; I bad you hast; Gobrias will want enter-455
tainment for me.

Bes. An't please your majestie, I have a
sute.

Arb. Is't not lowsie, Bessus? what is't?

Bes. I am to carrie a lady with me —

Arb. Then thou hast two sutes. 460

Bes. And if I can preferre her to the ladie Panthea, your majesties sister, to learne fashions, as her friends terme it, it will be worth something to me.

Arb. So many nights lodgings as 'tis thither, 465
wil't not?

Bes. I know not that, sir; but gold I shall be
sure of.

Enter . . . Bessus. Q1 omits.

450 *I am.* Q2, Q3, F, I'me.

455 *you hast.* Q1, you; halfe.

457 *An't.* Q2, Q3, F, And.

462 *Panthea.* Q1, Panthan; F, Pentha.

466 *wil't.* Q1, will. 467 *sir.* Q1 omits.

Arb. Why, thou shalt bid her entertaine her
from mee, so thou wilt resolve me one thing. 470

Bes. If I can.

Arb. Faith, 'tis a very disputable question;
yet I thinke thou canst decide it.

Bes. Your majestie has a good opinion of my
understanding. 475

Arb. I have so good an opinion of it: 'tis
whether thou be valiant.

Bes. Some bodie has tradust me to you. Doe
you see this sword, sir?

Arb. Yes. 480

Bes. If I doe not make my back-biters eate it
to a knife within this weeke, say I am not valiant.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Health to your majestie!

[*Delivers a letter.*]

Arb. From Gobrias?

Mes. Yes, sir.

Arb. How does he? is he well?

Mes. In perfect health.

Arb. Thanke thee for thy good newes. — 485
A trustier servant to his prince there lives not
Then is good Gobrias. [*Reads.*]

I Gent. The king starts backe.

Mar. His blood goes backe as fast.

473 yet. Q², Q³, F, and yet.

485 Thanke thee. Q², Q³, F, Take that.

2 *Gent.* And now it comes againe.

Mar. He alters strangely.

Arb. The hand of Heaven is on me : be it farre 490
From me to struggle ! If my secret sinnes
Have pul'd this curse upon me, lend me teares
Enough to wash me white, that I may feele
A childlike innocence within my brest :
Which once perform'd, O give me leave to stand 495
As fixt as Constancie her selfe, my eyes
Set here unmov'd, regardlesse of the world,
Though thousand miseries incompasse me !

Mar. This is strange ! Sir, how doe you ?

Arb. Mardonius, my mother —

Mar. Is shee dead ? 500

Arb. Alas, shee's not so happie ! Thou dost
know

How shee hath labour'd, since my father died,
To take by treason hence this loathed life,
That would but be to serve her. I have pardon'd,
And pardon'd, and by that have made her fit 505
To practise new sinnes, not repent the olde.
Shee now had stir'd a slave to come from thence
And strike me here ; whom Gobrias, sifting out,
Tooke, and condemn'd, and executed there, —
The carefulst servant ! Heaven, let me but live 510
To pay that man ! Nature is poore to me,

493 *Enough.* Q2, Q3, I'now ; F, now.

507 *had stir'd.* Q1, has hir'd.

That will not let me have as many deathes
As are the times that he hath sav'd my life,
That I might die um over all for him.

Mar. Sir, let her beare her sins on her owne
head.

515

Vex not your selfe.

Arb.

What will the world
Conceive of me? with what unnaturall sinnes
Will they suppose me laden, when my life
Is sought by her that gave it to the world?
But yet he writes me comfort here: my sister, 520
He sayes, is growne in beautie and in grace,
In all the innocent vertues that become
A tender spotlesse maide: shee staines her
cheekes

With mourning teares, to purge her mother's ill;
And mongst her sacred dew shee mingles prayers, 525
Her pure oblations for my safe returne.
If I have lost the dutie of a sonne,
If any pompe or vanity of state
Made me forget my naturall offices,
Nay, farther, if I have not every night 530
Expostulated with my wandring thoughts,
If ought unto my parent they have err'd,
And cald um backe; doe you direct her arme
Unto this foule dissembling heart of mine:

518 laden. Q2, Q3, F, loden.

524 mourning. F, morning.

525 mongst her. Q2, Q3, F, mongst that.

But if I have beene just to her, send out 535
 Your power to compasse me, and hold me safe
 From searching treason; I will use no meanes
 But prayer: for, rather suffer me to see
 From mine own veines issue a deadly fload,
 Then wash my danger off with mother's blood. 540

Mar. I nere saw such sudden extremities.

[*Exeunt.*]

[ACTUS PRIMI SCENA SECUNDA.]

Another part of the Camp.

Enter Tigranes and Spaconia.

Tigranes. Why, wilt thou have me [*fly,*]
 Spaconia?

What should I do?

Spaconia.

Nay, let me stay alone;

And when you see Armenia againe,
 You shall behold a toombe more worth then I:
 Some friend, that either loves me, or my cause, 5
 Will build me something to distinguish me
 From other women; many a weeping verse
 He will lay on, and much lament those maides
 That place their loves unfortunately high,
 As I have done, where they can never reach. 10
 But why should you goe to Iberia?

538 *prayer.* Q1, prayers. 540 *danger.* Q1, dangers.

1 *fly.* Old eds., die. The accepted reading is Weber's.

5 *either loves.* Q3, F, ever lov'd.

9 *place.* F, plac'd. *high.* Q1, too light.

Tigr. Alas, that thou wilt aske me ! Aske the
man

That rages in a feaver, why hee lies
Distemper'd there, when all the other youths
Are coursing ore the meadows with their loves : 15
Can I resist it ? am I not a slave
To him that conquer'd me ?

Spa. That conquer'd thee ?
Tigranes, he has won but halfe of thee,
Thy bodie ; but thy minde may be as free
As his ; his will did never combate thine, 20
And take it prisoner.

Tigr. But if hee by force
Convey my bodie hence, what helps it me,
Or thee, to be unwilling ?

Spa. Oh, Tigranes !
I know you are to see a ladie there ;
To see, and like, I feare : perhaps the hope 25
Of her makes you forget me ere we part.
Be happier then you know to wish ! farewell :

Tigr. Spaconia, stay, and heare me what I say.
In short, destruction meete me, that I may
See it, and not avoid it, when I leave 30
To be thy faithfull lover ! Part with me
Thou shalt not ; there are none that know our love ;
And I have given gold unto a captaine

18 of thee. Q1, of.

33 given. Q2, gin.

26 makes. F, make.

unto. Q1, Q2, to.

That goes unto Iberia from the king,
 That he would place a ladie of our land 35
 With the king's sister that is offer'd me ;
 Thither shall you, and, being once got in,
 Perswade her, by what subtile meanes you can,
 To be as backward in her love as I.

Spa. Can you imagine that a longing maide, 40
 When shee beholds you, can be puld away
 With words from loving you ?

Tigr. Dispraise my health,
 My honestie, and tell her I am jealous.

Spa. Why, I had rather loose you. Can my
 heart
 Consent to let my tongue throw out such words? 45
 And I, that ever yet spoke what I thought,
 Shall find it such a thing at first to lie !

Tigr. Yet doe thy best.

Enter Bessus.

Bes. What, is your majestie readie ?

Tigr. There is the ladie, captaine. 50

Bes. Sweet ladie, by your leave, I could wish
 my selfe more full of courtship for your faire
 sake.

Spa. Sir, I shall find no want of that.

Bes. Lady, you must haste ; I have received 55
 new letters from the king, that requires more

35 *would.* Q2, Q3, F, will.

56 *requires.* F, require.

54 *find.* Q2, Q3, F, feele.

speed then I expected : he will follow me suddenly himselfe ; and beginnes to call for your majestie alreadie.

Tigr. He shall not doe so long.

60

Bes. Sweet ladie, shall I call you my charge hereafter ?

Spa. I will not take upon me to governe your tongue, sir : you shall call me what you please.

[*Exeunt.*]

57 *speed.* Q2, Q3, F, hast.

60 *long.* Q2, Lord.

Finis Actus Primi.

ACTUS SECUNDUS SCENA PRIMA.

[*The capital of Iberia. An apartment in the Palace.*]

Enter Gobrias, Bacurius, Arane, Panthæa [and Mandane], Waiting-women, with Attendance.

Gobrias. My Lord Bacurius, you must have
regard

Unto the queene; she is your prisoner;

'Tis at your perill if shee make escape.

Bacurius. My Lord, I know't; shee is my
prisoner,

From you committed: yet shee is a woman; 5

And so I keepe her safe; you will not urge me

To keep her close. I shall not shame to say

I sorrow for her.

Gob. So doe I, my lord:

I sorrow for her, that so little grace

Doth governe her, that shee should stretch her
arme 10

Against her king; so little womanhood

And naturall goodnesse as to thinke the death

Of her owne sonne.

Arane. Thou know'st the reason why,
Dissembling as thou art, and wilt not speake.

Gob. There is a ladie takes not after you; 15

and Mandane. Q1 omits.

Her father is within her ; that good man,
Whose teares paid downe his sinnes. Marke how
shee weeps ;

How well it does become her ! and if you
Can find no disposition in your selfe
To sorrow, yet by gracefulness in her 20
Find out the way, and by your reason weepe.
All this shee does for you, and more shee needes,
When for your selfe you will not lose a teare.
Thinke how this want of grieve discredits you ;
And you will weepe because you cannot weepe. 25

Ara. You talke to me, as having got a time
Fit for your purpose ; but you know I know
You speake not what you thinke.

Panthea. I would my heart
Were stone, before my softnesse should be urg'd
Against my mother ! A more troubled thought 30
No virgin beares about her : should I excuse
My mother's fault, I should set light a life,
In loosing which a brother and a king
Were taken from me ; if I seeke to save
That life so lov'd, I loose another life, 35
That gave me being, — I shall loose a mother,
A word of such a sound in a childe's eare
That it strikes reverence through it. May the will

17 paid. Q2, Q3, waide ; F, weigh'd.

31 about her. Q2, Q3, F, about.

32 set. Q1, let.

37 eare. F, ears.

Of Heaven be done, and if one needes must
fall,

Take a poore virgin's life to answere all ! 40

Ara. But Gobrias, let us talke. You know this
fault

Is not in me as in another woman.

[*They walk apart.*]

Gob. I know it is not.

Ara. Yet you make it so.

Gob. Why, is not all that's past beyond your
helpe ?

Ara. I know it is.

Gob. Nay, should you publish it 45
Before the world, thinke you 'twill be believ'd ?

Ara. I know it would not.

Gob. Nay, should I joine with you,
Should we not both be torne, and yet both die
Uncredited ?

Ara. I thinke we should.

Gob. Why, then,
Take you such violent courses ? As for me, 50
I doe but right in saving of the king
From all your plots.

Ara. The king ?

Gob. I bad you rest
With patience, and a time would come for me

42 *woman.* Q2, Q3, F, mother.

46 *'twill.* Q2, Q3, F, t'wood.

To reconcile all to your owne content ;
 But by this way you take away my power ; 55
 And what was done unknowne was not by me,
 But you ; your urging being done,
 I must preserve mine owne ; but time may bring
 All this to light, and happily for all.

Ara. Accursed be this over-curious braine, 60
 That gave that plot a birth ! accurst this wombe
 That after did conceive to my disgrace !

Bacurius. My Lord Protector, they say there
 are divers letters come from Armenia, that Bes-
 sus has done good service, and brought againe a 65
 day by his particular valour : receiv'd you any
 to that effect ?

Gob. Yes, 'tis most certaine.

Bac. Ime sorrie for't ; not that the day was
 wonne, but that 'twas wonne by him. Wee held 70
 him here a coward : hee did me wrong once, at
 which I laught, and so did all the world ; for not
 I nor any other held him worth my sword.

Enter Bessus and Spaconia.

Bessus. Health to my Lord Protector ! From
 the king these letters, and to your grace, madam, 75
 these. [*Gives letters.*]

57 you . . . being. Old eds., you, your urging being ; D, you,
 your urging : being. Two syllables have apparently been lost from
 the line.

71 hee did. Q2, Q3, a did 73 him. Q1, time.

74 Lord. F omits.

Gob. How does his majestie?

Bes. As well as conquest by his owne means and his valiant commanders can make him : your letters will tel you all.

80

Pan. I will not open mine, till I doe know My brother's health : good captaine, is he well?

Bes. As the rest of us that fought are.

Pan. But howe's that ? is he hurt ?

Bes. Hee's a strange souldier that gets not a knock.

Pan. I doe not aske how strange that souldier is

That gets no hurt, but whether he have one.

Bes. He had divers.

Pan. And is he well againe ?

90

Bes. Well, againe, an't please your grace. Why, I was run twice through the bodie, and shot ith' head with a crosse arrow, and yet am well againe.

Pan. I doe not care how thou dost : is he well?

95

Bes. Not care how I doe ! Let a man, out of the mightinesse of his spirit, fructifie forraigne countries with his bloud for the good of his owne, and thus he shall be answered ! Why, I may live to relieve with speare and shield such a ladie as you distressed.

Pan. Why, I will care: I am glad that thou art well;

I prethee, is he so?

Gob. The king is well, and will be here to-morrow.

Pan. My prayers are heard. Now I will open mine. [*Reads.*] 105

Gob. Bacurius, I must ease you of your charge. Madam, the wonted mercie of the king, That overtakes your faults, has met with this, And strucke it out: he has forgiven you freelie: Your owne will is your law; be where you please. 110

Ara. I thanke him.

Gob. You will be readie
To waite upon his majestie to-morrow?

Ara. I will. [*Exit Arane.*]

Bac. Madam, be wise hereafter. I am glad 115
I have lost this office. *Exit.*

Gob. Good Captaine Bessus, tell us the dis-
course

Betweene Tigranes and our king, and how
We got the victorie.

Pan. I prethee, doe,

102 *I am.* Q2, Q3, F, I'me.

105 *prayers are.* Q3, F, prayer is.

109 *strucke.* Q2, Q3, strooke.

114 *Exit Arane.* Q1 omits.

117-123 *Good . . . beate.* Prose in Q2, Q3.

118 *Betweene.* Q2, Q3, F, betwixt.

And if my brother were in any danger, 120
 Let not thy tale make him abide there long,
 Before thou bring him off, for all that while
 My heart will beate.

Bes. Madam, let what will beate, I must tell
 the truth; and thus it was. They fought single 125
 in lists, but one to one. As for my own part, I
 was dangerouslie hurt but three days before; else
 perhaps wee had beene two to two,—I cannot
 tell, some thought wee had; and the occasion of
 my hurt was this: the enimie had made trenches — 130

Gob. Captaine, without the manner of your
 hurt

Be much materiall to this businesse,
 Weele heare it some other time.

Pan. I, I prethee, leave it,
 And goe on with my brother.

Bes. I will: but 'twould be worth your hear- 135
 ing. To the lists they came, and single sword
 and gauntlet was their fight.

Pan. Alas!

Bes. Without the lists there stood some dozen
 captaines of either side mingled, all which were 140
 sworne, and one of those was I; and 'twas my
 chance to stand neere a captaine of the enemies'

125 *the truth.* Q1, truth.

131-134 *Captaine . . . brother.* Prose in old eds.

142 *neere.* Q2, Q3, F, next. *of the enimie's.* Q2, Q3,
 F, oth' enemies.

side, called Tiribasus ; valiant they said he was. Whilst these two kings were stretching themselves, this Tiribasus cast something a scornfull ¹⁴⁵ looke on me, and askt mee whom I thought would overcome. I smilde, and told him if hee would fight with me, he should perceiue by the event of that, whose king would winne. Something hee answered ; and a scuffle was like to grow, when ¹⁵⁰ one Zipetus offered to helpe him : I —

Pan. All this is of thy selfe : I prethee, Bes-
sus,

Tell something of my brother ; did he nothing ?

Bes. Why, yes ; Ile tell your grace. They were not to fight till the word given ; which for ¹⁵⁵ my owne part, by my troth, I confesse, I was not to give.

Pan. See, for his owne part !

Bac. I feare yet this fellowe's abusd with a good report. 160

Bes. I, but I —

Pan. Still of himselfe !

Bes. Cride, 'Give the word !' when, as some of them saide, Tigranes was stooping ; but the word was not given then ; yet one Cosroes, of ¹⁶⁵ the enemies part, held up his finger to me, which

146 *whom.* F, who ; so D.

156 *I confesse.* Q1 omits.

164 *saide.* Q2, Q3, F, say.

152 *prethee.* F, pray thee.

161 *I, but.* Q2, Q3, F, But.

165 *yet.* Q1, when.

is as much with us marshallists, as, 'I will fight with you : ' I said not a word, nor made signe during the combate, but that once done —

Pan. He slips ore all the fight ! 170

Bes. I cald him to me; 'Cosroes,' said I —

Pan. I will heare no more.

Bes. No, no, I lie.

Bac. I dare be sworne thou dost.

Bes. 'Captaine,' said I; 'twas so. 175

Pan. I tell thee I will heare no further.

Bes. No? your grace will wish you had.

Pan. I will not wish it. What, is this the
ladie

My brother writes to me to take?

Bes. An't please your grace, this is shee. — 180
Charge, will you come neerer the princes?

Pan. Y'are welcome from your countrey; and
this land

Shall shew unto you all the kindnesses

That I can make it. What's your name?

Spaconia. Thalestris.

Pan. Y'are verie welcome: you have got a
letter 185

To put you to me, that has power enough

175 'twas so. Q2, Q3, so 'twas; F, so it was.

180 An't. Q2, Q3, F, And. 181 neerer. Q3, F, neere.

182 Y'are. Q2, Q3, F, You'r.

183 kindnesses. Q2, Q3, F, kindnesse.

184 Thalestris. Q2, Q3, F, Thalectris.

To place mine enemy here ; then much more
you,

That are so far from being so to me,
That you nere saw me.

Bes. Madam, I dare passe my word for her
truth.

190

Spa. My truth !

Pan. Why, captaine, doe you thinke I am
afraid sheele steale ?

Bes. I cannot tell ; servants are slipperie ; but
I dare give my word for her, and for her honestie : 195
shee came along with me, and many favours shee
did me by the way ; but, by this light, none but
what shee might doe with modestie to a man of
my ranke.

Pan. Why, captaine, here's no body thinkes 200
otherwise.

Bes. Nay, if you should, your grace may
thinke your pleasure ; but I am sure I brought
her from Armenia, and in all that way if ever I
toucht any bare on her above her knee, I pray 205
God I may sinke where I stand.

Spa. Above my knee ?

Bes. No, you know I did not ; and if any man
will say I did, this sword shall answer. Nay, Ile
defend the reputation of my charge, whilst I 210

195 *her honestie.* Q2, Q3, F, honestie.

205 *on her.* Q2, Q3, F, of her.

live. Your grace shall understand I am secret in these businesses, and know how to defend a ladies honour.

Spa. I hope your grace knowes him so well already,

I shall not neede to tell you he's vaine and foolish.

215

Bes. I, you may call mee what you please, but Ile defend your good name against the world. And so I take my leave of your grace, — and of you, my Lord Protector. I am likewise glad to see your lordship well.

220

Bac. O, Captaine Bessus, I thanke you. I would speake with you anon.

Bes. When you please, I will attend your lordship.

Exit.

Bac. Madam, Ile take my leave too.

Exit. 225

Pan. Good Bacurius !

Gob. Madam, what writes his majesty to you ?

Pan. O my lord,

The kindest words ! Ile keep um, whilst I live,
Here in my bosome ; there's no art in um ;
They lie disordred in this paper, just
As hearty nature speaks um.

230

Gob.

And to mee

He writes what teares of joy he shed, to heare
How you were growne in every vertuous way ;

And yeilds all thanks to me, for that deare care²³⁵
Which I was bound to have in training you.
There is no princes living that enjoys
A brother of that worth.

Pan. My lord, no maide
Longs more for any thing, or feeles more heate
And cold within her brest, then I doe now,²⁴⁰
In hope to see him.

Gob. Yet I wonder much
At this : hee writes he brings along with him
A husband for you, that same captive prince ;
And, if he love you, as he makes a shew,
He will allow you freedome in your choise.²⁴⁵

Pan. And so he will, my lord, I warrant you ;
He will but offer, and give me the power
To take or leave.

Gob. Trust me, were I a ladie,
I could not like that man were bargain'd with
Before I chuse him.

Pan. But I am not built²⁵⁰
On such wild humors ; if I find him worthy,
He is not lesse because he's offerd.

Spa. 'Tis true, he is not. — Would he would
seem lesse ! —

Gob. I thinke there is no ladie can affect

²³⁸⁻⁴³ *My . . . prince.* Prose in Q1, Q2, Q3.

²³⁹ *or.* Q2, Q3, F, and.

²⁵¹ *him.* Q1, time. ²⁵⁴ *there is.* Q3, F, there's.

Another prince, your brother standing by ; 255
He doth eclipse men's vertues so with his.

Spa. I know a lady may, and more, I feare
Another lady will.

Pan. Would I might see him !

Gob. Why, so you shall. My businesses are
great :

I will attend you when it is his pleasure 260
To see you, madam.

Pan. I thanke you, good my lord.

Gob. You will be ready, madam ?

Pan. Yes. [*Exit Gobrias, with Attendants.*]

Spa. I doe beseech you, madam, send away
Your other women, and receive from me 265
A few sad words, which, set against your joyes,
May make um shine the more.

Pan. Sirs, leave me all.
[*Exeunt women.*]

Spa. I kneele a stranger here, to beg a thing
Unfit for me to aske and you to grant :
'Tis such another strange ill-laid request, 270
As if a beggar should intreat a king
To leave his scepter and his throne to him,
And take his rags to wander ore the world,
Hungry and cold.

Pan. That were a strange request.

256 *his.* Q1, this. 261 *you, madam.* Q2, Q3, F, you.
Exeunt women. Q1 omits.

Spa. As ill is mine.

Pan. Then doe not utter it. 275

Spa. Alas ! 'tis of that nature, that it must
Be utterd, I, and granted, or I die !
I am asham'd to speake it ; but where life
Lies at the stake, I cannot thinke her woman,
That will not [talk] something unreasonably 280
To hazard saving of it. I shall seeme
A strange petitioner, that wish all ill
To them I beg of, ere they give mee ought ;
Yet so I must. I would you were not faire,
Nor wise, for in your ill consists my good : 285
If you were foolish, you would heare my prayer ;
If foule, you had not power to hinder me, —
He would not love you.

Pan. What's the meaning of it ?

Spa. Nay, my request is more without the
bounds
Of reason yet : for 'tis not in the power 290
Of you to doe what I would have you grant.

Pan. Why, then, 'tis idle. Prethee speake it
out.

Spa. Your brother brings a prince into this
land
Of such a noble shape, so sweete a grace,
So full of worth withall, that every maide 295

280 *talk.* Old eds., take. The emendation is T's.

292 *Prethee.* Q2, Q3, F, Pray thee.

That lookes upon him gives away her selfe
 To him for ever; and for you to have,
 He brings him: and so mad is my demand,
 That I desire you not to have this man,
 This excellent man, for whom you needs must
 die, 300

If you should misse him. I doe now expect
 You should laugh at me.

Pan. Trust me, I could weepe
 Rather; for I have found in all thy words
 A strange disjointed sorrow.

Spa. 'Tis by me
 His owne desire too, that you would not love him. 305

Pan. His owne desire! Why, credit me, Tha-
 lestris,
 I am no common wooer: if he shall wooe me,
 His worth may be such that I dare not sweare
 I will not love him: but if he will stay
 To have me wooe him, I will promise thee 310
 He may keepe all his graces to himselfe,
 And feare no ravishing from me.

Spa. 'Tis yet
 His owne desire; but when he sees your face,
 I feare it will not be. Therefore I charge you,
 As you have pity, stop those tender eares 315
 From his enchanting voice; close up those eyes,
 That you may neither catch a dart from him,

Nor he from you : I charge you, as you hope
To live in quiet ; for when I am dead,
For certaine I shall walke to visit him, 320
If he breake promise with me : for as fast
As oathes, without a formall ceremony,
Can make me, I am to him.

Pan. Then be fearelesse ;
For if he were a thing 'twixt God and man,
I could gaze on him, if I knew it sinne 325
To love him, without passion. Dry your eyes :
I sweare you shall enjoy him still for me ;
I will not hinder you. But I perceive
You are not what you seeme : rise, rise, Thalestris,
If your right name be so.

Spa. Indeed, it is not : 330
Spaconia is my name ; but I desire
Not to be knowne to others.

Pan. Why, by me
You shall not ; I will never doe you wrong ;
What good I can, I will : thinke not my birth
Or education such, that I should injure 335
A stranger virgin. You are welcome hither.
In company you wish to be commanded ;
But when we are alone I shall be ready
To be your servant. *Exeunt.*

320 *shall.* Q3, F, will.329 *Thalestris.* Q2, Q3, Thalectris. 332 *others.* F, other.

[ACTUS SECUNDI SCENA SECUNDA.

Fields in the neighborhood of the city.]

Enter three Men and a Woman.

1. Come, come, run, run, runne!

2. We shall outgoe her.

3. One were better be hang'd then carry women out fidling to these shewes.

Woman. Is the king hard by?

5

1. You heard hee with the bottles say hee thought wee should come too late. What abundance of people here is!

Wom. But what had he in those bottles?

3. I know not.

10

2. Why, inke, good man foole.

3. Inke, what to doe?

1. Why the king, looke you, will many times call for those bottles, and breake his minde to his friends.

15

Wom. Let's take our places quickly; we shall have no roome else.

2. The man told us hee would walke afoote through the people.

3. I, marry, did he.

20

1. Our shops are well look't to now.

2. 'Slife, yonder's my master, I thinke.

1. No, 'tis not he.

4 *women out.* Q3, F, out women.
16 *quickly.* Q2, Q3, F omit.

6 *say.* Q2, Q3, F, sayd.
21 *look't.* Q1, looke.

Enter two Citizens' Wives, and Philip.

1 Citizen's Wife. Lord, how fine the fields be! what sweete living 'tis in the countrey! 25

2 Citizen's Wife. I, poor soules, God help um, they live as contentedly as one of us.

1 Cit. My husband's cousen would have had me gone into the countrey last yeere. Wert thou ever there? 30

2 Cit. I, poore soules, I was amongst um once.

1 Cit. And what kinde of creatures are they, for love of God?

2 Cit. Very good people, God helpe um.

1 Cit. Wilt thou goe with me downe this summer, when I am brought abed? 35

2 Cit. Alas, 'tis no place for us!

1 Cit. Why, prethee?

2 Cit. Why, you can have nothing there; there's no body cries broomes. 40

1 Cit. No?

2 Cit. No, truly, nor milke.

1 Cit. Nor milke! how doe they?

2 Cit. They are faine to milke themselves ith' countrey. 45

1 Cit. Good Lord! But the people there, I thinke, will bee very dutifull to one of us?

35 *with me downe.* Q3, F, downe with me.

36 *abed.* Q2, Q3, F, to bed. 37 *'tis.* Q2, Q3, F, it is.

38 *prethee.* Q2, Q3, F, pray thee.

2 *Cit.* I, God knowes, will they ; and yet they doe not greatly care for our husbands.

1 *Cit.* Doe they not, alas ? in good faith, I cannot blame them, for we doe not greatly care for them our selves. Philip, I pray, choose us a place. 50

Philip. There's the best, forsooth.

1 *Cit.* By your leave, good people, a little. 55

1. What's the matter ?

Phil. I pray, my friend, doe not thrust my mistris so ; she's with childe.

2. Let her looke to her selfe, then. Has shee not had thrusting enough yet ? if shee stay shouldring here, shee may hap to goe home with a cake in her bellie. 60

3. How now, goodman squitterbreech ! why doe you leane so on me ?

Phil. Because I will. 65

3. Will you, Sir Sawce-box ?

1 *Cit.* Looke if one have not strucke Philip ! Come hither, Philip ; why did he strike thee ?

Phil. For leaning on him.

1 *Cit.* Why didst thou leane on him ? 70

50 *in good.* Q2, Q3, F, i'good.

57 *pray.* Q2, Q3, F, pray you.

61 *shouldring.* Q2, Q3, showing. *hap to goe.* Q2, Q3, F, haps goe.

64 *leanes so.* Q2, Q3, F, leane.

67 *have not.* Q2, Q3, F, ha'not. *strucke.* Q2, Q3, F, strooke.

Phil. I did not thinke he would have struck me.

I Cit. As God save me, law, thou'rt as wilde as a bucke; there is no quarrel, but thou art at one end or other of it.

75

3. It's at the first end, then, for he will never stay the last.

I Cit. Well, slipstring, I shall meete with you.

3. When you will.

80

I Cit. Ile give a crowne to meete with you.

3. At a bawdy-house.

I Cit. I, you are full of your rogerie; but if I doe meete you it shall cost me a fall.

[*Flourish. Enter one running.*]

4. The king, the king, the king, the king! 85
Now, now, now, now!

Enter Arbaces, Tigranes, Mardonius, and others.

All. God preserve your majestie!

Arbaces. I thanke you all. Now are my joyes
at full,

When I behold you safe, my loving subjects.

74 *there is.* Q2, Q3, F, there's. *thou art.* Q2, Q3, F, thou'rt.

75 *of it.* Q2, Q3, F, on't.

76 *he will never.* Q2, Q3, hee'le nere; F, he'l ne'r.

78 *slipstring.* Q1, stripling.

83 *you are.* Q2, Q3, F, you're.

84 *cost.* Q2, Q3, cast.

Flourish . . . running. Q1 omits.

85 4. Q1, 3.

By you I grow ; 'tis your united love 90
 That lifts me to this height :
 All the account that I can render you
 For all the love you have bestowed on me,
 All your expences to maintaine my warre,
 Is but a little word : you will imagine 95
 'Tis slender payment ; yet 'tis such a word
 As is not to be bought without our blouds :
 'Tis peace !

All. God preserve your majestie !

Arb. Now you may live securely in your
 townes,

Your children round about you ; you may sit 100
 Under your vines, and make the miseries
 Of other kingdomes a discourse for you,
 And lend them sorrowes ; for yourselves, you may
 Safely forget there are such things as teares :
 And may you all, whose good thoughts I have
 gain'd, 105

Hold me unworthy, when I thinke my life
 A sacrifice too great to keepe you thus
 In such a calme estate !

All. God blesse your majestie !

Arb. See, all good people, I have brought the
 man,

97 *without our.* Q2, but with our ; Q3, F, but with your.

99 *in your.* Q2, Q3, F, i'your. 100 *you may.* F, may.

105 *may you.* Q3, F, you may. 106 *when.* Q3, F where.

Whose very name you fear'd, a captive home: 110
 Behold him; 'tis Tigranes. In your hearts
 Sing songs of gladnesse and deliverance.

1 *Cit.* Out upon him!

2 *Cit.* How he looks!

3 *Wom.* Hang him, hang him, hang him! 115

Mardonius. These are sweete people.

Tigranes. Sir, you doe me wrong,
 To render me a scorned spectacle
 To common people.

Arb. It was farre from me
 To meane it so. If I have ought deserv'd,
 My loving subjects, let me beg of you 120
 Not to revile this prince, in whom their dwels
 All worth of which the nature of a man
 Is capable; valour beyond compare;
 The terror of his name has stretcht it selfe
 Where ever there is sunne: and yet for you 125
 I fought with him, single, and won him too;
 I made his valour stoope, and made that name,
 Soar'd to so unbeliev'd a height, to fall
 Beneath mine: this, inspir'd with all your loves,
 I did performe, and will for your content 130
 Be ever ready for a greater worke.

111 *hearts.* Q2, Q3, F, heart.

115 *hang him, etc.* Q2, Q3, F omit the third *hang him*.

118 *farre.* Q2, Q3, F, so farre.

127 *made.* Q2, Q3, F, brought.

130 *will.* Q3, well.

131 *worke.* Q3, word.

All. The Lord blesse your majestie !

Tigr. So, he has made me

Amends now, with a speech in commendation
Of himself; I would not be so vaine-glorious.

Arb. If there be any thing in which I may 135
Doe good to any creature, here speake out ;
For I must leave you : and it troubles me,
That my occasions, for the good of you,
Are such as call me from you ; else, my joy
Would be to spend my dayes amongst you all. 140
You shew your loves in these large multitudes
That come to meete me. I will pray for you :
Heaven prosper you, that you may know old
yeeres,

And live to see your children's children
Eate at your boards with plenty ! When there is 145
A want of any thing, let it be knowne
To me, and I will be a father to you :
God keepe you all !

All. God blesse your majestie !

Flourish. *Exeunt kings and their traine.*

1. Come, shall we goe ? all's done.

Wom. I, for God's sake ; I have not made a 150
fire yet.

2. Away, away ! all's done.

132-4 *The . . . vaine-glorious.* Prose in old eds.

133 *commendation.* Q1, commendations.

139 *call.* Q1, calles. 145 *Eate.* Q2, Q3, F, Sit.

148 *God . . . majestie.* Q2, Q3, F repeat.

3. Content. Farewell, Philip.

1 *Cit.* Away, you haltersack, you!

2. Philip will not fight; hee's afraid on's face. 155

Phil. I, marry, am I afraid of my face.

3. Thou wouldst be, Philip, if thou saw'st it
in a glasse; it lookes like a visor.

Exeunt 1, 2, 3, and Women.

1 *Cit.* You'le be hang'd, sirra. Come, Philip,
walke afore us homeward. Did not his majestie 160
say he had brought us home peaes for our
money?

2 *Cit.* Yes, marry, did he.

1 *Cit.* They are the first I heard on this yeere,
by my troth: I long'd for some of um. Did he 165
not say we should have some?

2 *Cit.* Yes, and so we shall anon, I warrant
you, have every one a pecke brought home to
our houses. [*Exeunt.*]

155 2. Q1, 1. 158 *lookes.* Q2, Q3, F, lookes so.

160 *afore.* F, before. *homeward.* Q2, Q3, F, homewards.

161 *for our.* Q2, Q3, F, for all our.

164 *They are.* Q2, Q3, The're; F, they're. *heard on.* F,
heard of.

Finis Actus Secundi.

ACTUS TERTII SCENA PRIMA.

[*An apartment in the Palace.*]

Enter Arbaces and Gobrius.

Arbaces. My sister take it ill?

Gobrias.

Not very ill;

Something unkindly shee doth take it, sir,
To have her husband chosen to her hands.

Arb. Why, Gobrius, let her: I must have her
know

My will, and not her owne, must governe her. 5
What, will shee marrie with some slave at
home?

Gob. O, she is farre from any stubbornnesse;
You much mistake her; and no doubt will like
Where you wil have her: but, when you behold
her,

You will be loath to part with such a jewell. 10

Arb. To part with her! why, Gobrius, art thou
mad?

Shee is my sister.

Gob.

Sir, I know shee is;

But it were pittie to make poore our land,
With such a beauty to inrich another.

Arb. Pish! will shee have him?

2 *doth.* Q2, Q3, F, does.

9 *wil.* F, would.

Gob. I doe hope she will not. — 15
I thinke shee will, sir.

Arb. Were shee my father, and my mother
too,
And all the names for which we think folkes
friends,
She should be forst to have him, when I know
'Tis fit: I will not heare her say shee's loth. 20

Gob. Heaven bring my purpose luckily to
passe!
You know 'tis just. Sir, sheele not neede con-
straint,
Shee loves you so.

Arb. How does she love me? speake.

Gob. Shee loves you more then people love
their health,
That live by labour; more then I could love 25
A man that died for me, if he could live
Agaïne.

Arb. Shee is not like her mother, then?

Gob. O, no! When you were in Armenia,
I durst not let her know when you were hurt;
For at the first, on every little scratch, 30
She kept her chamber, wept, and would not eate,
Till you were well; and many times the newes

15 *I . . . not.* Q1 omits.

22 *Sir, sheele.* Q2, Q3, F, She will.

31 *would.* Q3, F, could.

Was so long comming, that, before we heard,
She was as neare her death as you your health.

Arb. Alas, poore soule! but yet shee must be
rul'd:

35

I know not how I shall requite her well.
I long to see her: have you sent for her,
To tell her I am ready?

Gob.

Sir, I have.

Enter I Gent[leman] and Tigranes.

I Gentleman. Sir, here's the Armenian
King.

40

Arb. Hee's welcome.

I Gent. And the queene-mother and the prin-
ces waite without.

Arb. Good Gobrius, bring them in.

[*Exit Gobrias.*]

Tigranes, you will thinke you are arriv'd
In a strange land, where mothers cast to poyson
Their onely sonnes: thinke you you shall be safe?

45

Tigranes. Too safe I am, sir.

*Enter Gobrias, Arane, Panthæa, Spaconia, Bacurius,
Mardonius and Bessus, [and two Gentlemen.]*

Arane. As low as this I bow to you; and would
As low as to my grave, to shew a mind
Thankfull for all your mercies.

50

34 *as you your.* Q3, as your.

39 *here's.* Q2, Q3, F, here is.

Exit Gobrias. Q1, Q3, F omit.

50 *as to.* Q2, Q3, F, as is.

Arb. O stand up,
And let me kneele! the light will be asham'd
To see observance done to me by you.

Ara. You are my king.

Arb. You are my mother: rise.
As farre be all your faults from your owne soule 55
As from my memory! then you shall be
As white as Innocence her selfe.

Ara. I came
Onely to shew my dutie, and acknowledge
My sorrow for my sinnes: longer to stay
Were but to draw eyes more attentively 60
Upon my shame. That power, that kept you safe
From me, preserve you still! *Exit.*

Arb. Your owne desires
Shall be your guard.

Pan. Now let me die!
Since I have seene my lord the king returne
In safety, I have seene all good that life 65
Can shew me: I have nere another wish
For Heaven to grant; nor were it fit I should;
For I am bound to spend my age to come
In giving thanks that this was granted me.

Gob. Why does not your majestie speake? 70

Arb. To whom?

Gob. To the princesse.

59 sorrow. Q3, F, sorrowes.

63 guard. Q2, Q3, F, guide.

Panthea. Alas, sir, I am fearefull ; you doe
looke

On me as if I were some loathed thing,
That you were finding out a way to shunne. 75

Gob. Sir, you should speake to her.

Arb. Ha !

Pan. I know I am unworthy, yet not ill
Arm'd, with which innocence here I will kneele,
Till I am one with earth, but I will gaine 80
Some words and kindnesse from you.

Tigr. Will you speake, sir ?

Arb. Speake ! am I what I was ?

What art thou, that dost creepe into my breast,
And dar'st not see my face ? shew forth thy selfe !
I feele a paire of fierie wings displaide 85
Hither, from thence. You shall not tarrie there ;
Up, and be gone ! if thou beest love, be gone !
Or I will teare thee from my wounded flesh,
Pull thy lov'd downe away, and with a quill,
By this right arme drawne from thy wanton wing, 90
Write to thy laughing mother, in thy blood,
That you are powers belied, and all your darts
Are to be blowne away by men resolv'd,
Like dust. I know thou fear'st my words : away !

81 *Tigranes*. D reads *Gobrias*.

86 *thence*. Q2, Q3, F, hence.

88 *flesh* Q2, Q3, F, breast.

89 *a quill*. Q3, F, thy quill.

90 *wanton*. F, wonted. 91 *in thy*. Q2, Q3, i'thy.

Tigr. Oh, miserie! why should he be so
slow? 95

There can no falshood come of loving her:
Though I have given my faith, shee is a thing
Both to be lov'd and serv'd beyond my faith.
I would he would present me to her quicklie.

Pan. Will you not speake at all? are you so
farre 100

From kind words? Yet, to save my modesty,
That must talke till you answer, doe not stand
As you were dumbe; say something, though it be
Poyson'd with anger that may strike me dead.

Mar. Have you no life at all? for manhood
sake, 105

Let her not kneele and talke neglected thus:
A tree would find a tongue to answer her,
Did shee but give it such a lov'd respect.

Arb. You meane this lady? lift her from the
earth;

Why doe you let her kneele so long? — Alas, 110
Madam, your beauty uses to command,
And not to beg; what is your sute to me?
It shall be granted; yet the time is short,
And my affaires are great. — But where's my
sister?

I bad shee should be brought.

96, 97. Q1 has comma after *her* and semi-colon after *faith*.

104 *that may*. Q3, F, that it may.

Mar. What, is he mad? 115

Arb. Gobrias, where is shee?

Gob. Sir?

Arb. Where is shee, man?

Gob. Who, sir?

Arb. Who! hast thou forgot? my sister.

Gob. Your sister, sir?

Arb. Your sister, sir? Some one that has a wit,
Answer; where is shee?

Gob. Doe you not see her there? 120

Arb. Where?

Gob. There.

Arb. There! where?

Mar. 'Slight, there: are you blinde?

Arb. Which doe you meane? that little one?

Gob. No, sir.

Arb. No, sir! Why doe you mocke me? I can
see

No other here, but that petitioning ladie.

Gob. That's shee.

Arb. Away!

Gob. Sir, it is she.

Arb. 'Tis false! 125

Gob. Is it?

Arb. As hell! by Heaven, as false as hell!

119, 120 *Some . . . shee?* Q1 gives this to Gobrias, and the
four following speeches to Arb., Gob., Arb., Gob.

119 *has.* Q2, Q3, F, hath.

My sister — is shee dead ? if it be so,
Speake boldly to me, for I am a man,
And dare not quarrell with divinity ;
But doe not thinke to cosen me with this. 130
I see you all are mute, and stand amas'd,
Fearefull to answere me : it is too true ;
A decreed instant cuts off every life,
For which to mourne is to repine : shee died
A virgin, though, more innocent then sleepe, 135
As cleere as her owne eyes ; and blessednesse
Eternall waites upon her where shee is :
I know shee could not make a wish to change
Her state for new ; and you shall see me beare
My crosses like a man. We all must die ; 140
And shee hath taught us how.

Gob. Doe not mistake,
And vex your selfe for nothing ; for her death
Is a long life off yet, I hope. 'Tis shee ;
And if my speech deserve not faith, lay death
Upon me, and my latest words shall force 145
A credit from you.

Arb. Which, good Gobrius ?
That ladie dost thou meane ?

Gob. That lady, sir :

130 *But.* Q2, Q3, F, And.

135 *virgin, though.* Q1 has comma after *though* only ; Q2, Q3, F after *virgin* only. *sleepe.* Q2, Q3, F, sheepe.

143 *off yet.* Q1, of yet ; Q2, Q3, F, off.

She is your sister ; and she is your sister
That loves you so ; 'tis she for whom I weepe,
To see you use her thus.

Arb. It cannot be. 150

Tigr. Pish ! this is tedious :
I cannot hold ; I must present my selfe,
And yet the sight of my Spaconia
Touches me, as a sudden thunder-clap
Does one that is about to sinne.

Arb. Away ! 155

No more of this. Here I pronounce him traytor,
The direct plotter of my death, that names
Or thinkes her for my sister : 'tis a lie,
The most malicious of the world, invented
To mad your king. He that will say so next, 160
Let him draw out his sword, and sheath it here ;
It is a sinne fully as pardonable.

Shee is no kinne to me, nor shall shee be ;
If shee were any, I create her none :
And which of you can question this ? My power 165
Is like the sea, that is to be obey'd,
And not disputed with : I have decreed her
As farre from having part of bloud with me
As the nak'd Indians. Come, and answer me,
He that is boldest now : is that my sister ? 170

Mar. O this is fine !

148-50 *She . . . thus.* Q1 omits.

164 *any.* Q2, Q3, F, ever.

Bessus. No, marry, is shee not, an't please your majestie ; I never thought shee was ; shee's nothing like you.

Arb. No ; 'tis true, shee is not.

Mar. Thou shouldst be hang'd ! 175

Pan. Sir, I will speake but once. By the same power

You make my bloud a stranger unto yours,
You may command me dead ; and so much love
A stranger may importune ; pray you, doe.
If this request appeare too much to grant, 180
Adopt me of some other family
By your unquestion'd word ; else I shall live
Like sinfull issues that are left in streetes
By their regardlesse mothers, and no name
Will be found for me.

Arb. I will heare no more. — 185
Why should there be such musicke in a voice,
And sinne for me to heare it ? All the world
May take delight in this, and 'tis damnation
For me to doe so. — You are faire, and wise,
And vertuous, I thinke ; and he is blest 190
That is so neere you as your brother is ;
But you are naught to me but a disease,
Continuall torment without hope of ease.
Such an ungodly sicknesse I have got,
That he that undertakes my cure must first 195

172 *is shee.* Q3, F, she is.

191 *your.* Q3, F, my.

Orethrow divinity, all morall lawes,
 And leave mankinde as unconfinde as beasts,
 Allowing them to doe all actions
 As freely as they drinke when they desire.
 Let me not heare you speake againe ; yet so 200
 I shall but languish for the want of that,
 The having which would kill me. — No man here
 Offer to speake for her ; for I consider
 As much as you can say. I will not toyle
 My body and my mind too ; rest thou there ; 205
 Here's one within will labour for you both.

Pan. I would I were past speaking !

Gob. Feare not, madam ;
 The king will alter : 'tis some sudden change,
 And you shall see it end some other way.

Pan. Pray God it doe ! 210

Tigr. Though shee to whom I swore be here,
 I cannot

Stifle my passion longer ; if my father
 Should rise againe, disquieted with this,
 And charge me to forbear, yet it would out. —
 Madame, a stranger and a prisoner begs 215
 To be bid welcome.

Pan. You are welcome, sir,
 I thinke ; but if you be not, 'tis past me
 To make you so ; for I am here a stranger

198 *them* Q2, Q3, F, 'em.

208 *change*. Q2, Q3, F, rage.

200 *so*. Q2, Q3, F, see.

210 *God*. Q3, F, heaven.

Greater then you ; we know from whence you
come ;

But I appeare a lost thing, and by whom 220
Is yet uncertaine ; found here in the court,
And onely sufferd to walke up and downe,
As one not worth the owning.

Spa. O, I feare
Tigranes will be caught ! he lookes, me thinkes,
As he would change his eyes with her. Some
helpe 225

There is above for me, I hope !

Tigr. Why doe you turne away, and weepe
so fast,

And utter things that misbecome your lookes ?
Can you want owning ?

Spa. O, 'tis certaine so !

Tigr. Acknowledge your selfe mine.

Arb. How now ?

Tigr. And then 230

See if you want an owner.

Arb. They are talking !

Tigr. Nations shall owne you for their queene.

Arb. Tigranes, art not thou my prisoner ?

Tigr. I am.

Arb. And who is this ?

Tigr. Shee is your sister.

Arb. Shee is so.

Mar. Is shee so againe ? that's well. 235

Arb. And how dare you, then, offer to change words with her ?

Tigr. Dare doe it ! why, you brought me hither, sir,

To that intent.

Arb. Perhaps I told you so :

If I had sworne it, had you so much follie
To credit it ? The least word that shee speakes 240
Is worth a life. Rule your disorderd tongue,
Or I will temper it.

Spa. Blest be that breath !

Tigr. Temper my tongue ! Such incivilities
As these no barbarous people ever knew :
You breake the law of nature, and of nations ; 245
You talke to me as if I were a prisoner
For theft. My tongue be temperd ? I must
speake,
If thunder checke me, and I will.

Arb. You will !

Spa. Alas, my fortune !

Tigr. Doe not feare his frowne.
Deare madam, heare me. 250

Arb. Feare not my frowne ? But that 'twere
base in me

236 *how . . . then.* Q3, how then dare you ; F, then how dare you.

242 *that breath.* Q3, F, the breath.

245 *law.* Q2, Q3, F, laws.

To fight with one I know I can orecome,
 Againe thou shouldst be conquerd by me.

Mar. He has one ransome with him already ;
 me thinkes 'twere good to fight double, or quit. 255

Arb. Away with him to prison ! — Now, sir,
 see

If my frowne be regardlesse. — Why delay you ?
 Seize him, Bacurius. — You shall know my word
 Sweepes like a winde, and all it grapples with
 Are as the chaffe before it.

Tigr. Touch me not ! 260

Arb. Helpe there !

Tigr. Away !

I Gent. It is in vaine to struggle.

2 Gent. You must be forc't.

Bac. Sir, you must pardon us ;
 We must obey.

Arb. Why doe you dally there ?
 Drag him away by any thing.

Bac. Come, sir.

Tigr. Justice, thou oughtst to give me strength
 enough 265

To shake all these off. — This is tyrannie,
 Arbaces, subtiller then the burning bul's,
 Or that fam'd tyrant's bed. Thou mightst as well
 Search in the depth of winter through the snow

268 *tyrant's.* Q3, F, Titan's.

269 *in the.* Q2, Q3, i'the ; F, i'th'. *depth.* Q3, F, deepe.

For halfe-starv'd people, to bring home with thee 270
To shew um fire, and send um backe againe,
As use me thus.

Arb. Let him be close, Bacurius.

[*Exit Tigranes and Bacurius.*]

Spa. I nere rejoyc'd at any ill to him
But this imprisonment. What shall become
Of me forsaken ?

Gob. You will not let your sister 275
Depart thus discontented from you, sir ?

Arb. By no meanes, Gobrius : I have done her
wrong,

And made my selfe beleewe much of my selfe
That is not in me. — You did kneele to me,
Whilst I stood stubborne and regardlesse by, 280
And, like a god incensed, gave no eare
To all your prayers. Behold, I kneele to you :
Shew a contempt as large as was my owne,
And I will suffer it ; yet at the last
Forgive me.

Pan. O, you wrong me more in this 285
Then in your rage you did : you mocke me
now.

Arb. Never forgive me, then ; which is the
worst
Can happen to mee.

Pan. If you be in earnest,

Exit . . . Bacurius. Q1 omits.

Stand up, and give me but a gentle looke
And two kind words, and I shall be in heaven. 290

Arb. Rise you, then, to. Here I acknowledge
thee

My hope, the onely jewell of my life,
The best of sisters, dearer then my breath,
A happinesse as high as I could thinke;
And when my actions call thee otherwise, 295
Perdition light upon me!

Pan. This is better
Then if you had not frown'd; it comes to me
Like mercy at the block: and when I leave
To serve you with my life, your curse be with
mee!

Arb. Then, thus I doe salute thee; and againe, 300
To make this knot the stronger. — Paradise
Is there! — It may be you are still in doubt;
This third kisse blots it out. — I wade in sinne,
And foolishly intice my selfe along! —
Take her away; see her a prisoner 305
In her owne chamber, closely, Gobrius.

Pan. Alas, sir, why?

Arb. I must not stay the answer.
Doe it.

Gob. Good sir!

Arb. No more: doe it, I say.

291 *to.* Here *I.* Q3, F, to heare. *I.*

302 *still.* Q2, Q3, F, yet.

Mar. This is better and better.

Pan. Yet heare me speake.

Arb. I will not heare you speake. 310

Away with her! Let no man thinke to speake
For such a creature; for shee is a witch,
A poysoner, and a traytor!

Gob. Madam, this office grieues me.

Pan. Nay, 'tis well;

The king is pleas'd with it. 315

Arb. Bessus, goe you along too with her. I will
prove

All this that I have said, if I may live
So long: but I am desperately sicke;
For shee has given me poyson in a kisse—
Shee had it twixt her lips—and with her eyes 320
Shee witches people. Go without a word.

Exeunt Gobrias, Panthea, Bessus, and Spaconia.

Why should you, that have made me stand in war
Like Fate it selfe, cutting what threds I pleas'd,
Decree such an unworthy end of me
And all my glories? What am I, alas, 325
That you oppose me? If my secret thoughts
Have ever harbour'd swellings against you,
They could not hurt you; and it is in you
To give me sorrow, that will render me
Apt to receive your mercy; rather so, 330

313 *poysoner.* F, prisoner.

320 *it twixt.* Q2, Q3, F, 't betwixt.

Let it be rather so, then punish me
With such unmanly sinnes. Incest is in me
Dwelling alreadie; and it must be holie
That pulles it thence. — Where art, Mardo-
nius?

Mar. Here, sir.

Arb. I prethee beare me, if thou canst. 335
Am I not growne a strange weight?

Mar. As you were.

Arb. No heavier?

Mar. No, sir.

Arb. Why, my legs
Refuse to beare my bodie. O Mardonius,
Thou hast in field beheld me, when thou know'st
I could have gone, though I could never runne. 340

Mar. And so I shall againe.

Arb. O no, 'tis past!

Mar. Pray ye, goe rest your selfe.

Arb. Wilt thou hereafter, when they talke of
me,

As thou shalt heare nothing but infamie,
Remember some of those things?

Mar. Yes, I will. 345

Arb. I prethee doe;

For thou shalt never see me so again.

Mar. I warrant ye. *Exeunt.*

342 *ye.* Q2, Q3, F, you.

348 *Mar.* I . . . *ye.* Q2, Q3, F omit.

[ACTUS TERTII SCENA SECUNDA.]

*A room in the house of Bessus.]**Enter Bessus.*

Bessus. They talke of fame; I have gotten it
 in the warres, and will affoord any man a reason-
 able pennyworth. Some will say that they could
 be content to have it, but that it is to be atchieved
 with danger: but my opinion is otherwise: for if 5
 I might stand still in canon prooffe, and have
 fame fall upon me, I would refuse it. My repu-
 tation came principally by thinking to runne
 away; which no bodie knowes but Mardonius,
 and I think he conceales it to anger me. Before 10
 I went to the warres, I came to the towne a young
 fellow without meanes or parts to deserve friends;
 and my emptie guts perswaded me to lie, and
 abuse people for my meate, which I did, and they
 beate me: then would I fast two dayes, till my 15
 hunger cride out on me, 'Raile still!' Then me
 thought I had a monstrous stomacke to abuse
 them againe, and did it. In this state I continued
 till they hung me up by th'heeles, and beate me
 with hasle sticks, as if they would have baked 20

4 *it.* Q2 omits.18 *them.* Q2, Q3, F, 'em.*In.* Q2, Q3, F, I'.19 *by th'.* Q2, Q3, b'the.20 *with.* Q2, Q3, F, wi'.

mee, and have cosen'd some bodie with mee for venison. After this I rail'd, and eate quietlie; for the whole kingdome tooke notice of me for a baf-fel'd whipt fellow, and what I said was remem-bred in mirth, but never in anger; of which I was 25
glad,—I would it were at that passe againe!
After this, God cald an ant of mine, that left two hundred pounds in a cosen's hand for me; who, taking me to be a gallant young spirit, rais'd a company for mee with the money, and 30
sent me into Armenia with um. Away I would have runne from them, but that I could get no company, and alone I durst not run. I was never at battle but once, and there I was run-ning, but Mardonius cudgel'd me: yet I got 35
loose at last, but was so afraid that I saw no more than my shoulders doe, but fled with my whole company amongst my enemies, and over-threw um. Now the report of my valor is come over before mee, and they say I was a raw young 40
fellow, but now I am improv'd. A plague of their eloquence, 'twill cost me many a beating: and Mardonius might helpe this to, if he would; for now they thinke to get honour of me, and all the men I have abus'd call me freshly 45

27 *God.* Q3, F, heaven. *cald.* F, calls.

28 *pounds.* Q2, Q3, F, pound.

41-42 *of their.* F, on their. 44 *of me.* Q2, Q3, F, on me.

to account (worthily, as they call it), by the way of challenge.

Enter Gent[leman].

Gent[leman]. Good morrow, Captaine Bessus.

Bes. Good morrow, sir.

Gent. I come to speake with you —

50

Bes. You are very welcome.

Gent. For one that holds himselfe wronged by you some three yeers since. Your worth he sayes is fam'd, and he nothing doubts but you will doe him right, as beseemes a souldier.

55

Bes. A pox on um, so they crie all.

Gent. And a slight note I have about me for you, for the deliverie of which you must excuse me: it is an office that friendship calles upon mee to doe, and no way offensive to you, since I desire but right on both sides. [*Gives a letter.*]

60

Bes. 'Tis a challenge, sir, is it not?

Gent. 'Tis an inviting to the field.

Bes. An inviting! O crie you mercie! What a complement he delivers it with! he might as agreeable to my nature present mee poyson with such a speech. Um — reputation — um — call

65

46 *to account.* Q2, Q3, F omit.

by the way. Q2, by way.

51 *You are.* Q2, Q3, F, You'r.

54 *nothing doubts.* Q2, Q3, F, doth nothing doubt.

64 *crie you.* F, Sir your. 66 *agreeable.* F, agreeable.

67-70 *um.* Q2, Q3, F, um, um, um.

you to an account — um — forst to this — um —
 with my sword — um — like a gentleman — um
 — deare to me — um — satisfaction. 'Tis verie 70
 well, sir; I doe accept it; but he must awaite an
 answere this thirteene weekes.

Gent. Why, sir, he would be glad to wipe off
 his staine as soone as hee can.

Bes. Sir, upon my credit, I am already ingag'd 75
 to two hundred and twelve; all which must have
 their staines wipt off, if that be the word, before
 him.

Gent. Sir, if you be truly ingaged but to one,
 he shall stay a competent time. 80

Bes. Upon my faith, sir, to two hundred and
 twelve: and I have a spent bodie, too much
 bruis'd in battle, so that I cannot fight, I must be
 plaine with you, above three combates a day. All
 the kindnesse I can doe him, is to set him reso- 85
 lutely in my rowle the two hundred and thir-
 teenth man, which is something; for, I tell you,
 I thinke there will be more after him then before
 him; I thinke so. Pray ye commend me to him,
 and tell him this. 90

68 *an account.* Q2, Q3, F, account.

74 *can.* Q2, Q3, F, could.

75 *Bes.* Q1 omits, giving the speech to *Gentleman.*

84 *with you.* Q2, Q3, F omit. 85 *doe.* Q2, Q3, F, shew.

85-86 *resolutely.* Q2, Q3, F, resolvedly.

86 *hundred.* Q2, Q3, hundreth.

89 *so.* Pray. D conjectures *so pray*, omitting *I thinke.*

89 *ye.* Q2, Q3, F, you.

Gent. I will, sir. Good morrow to you. *Exit.*

Bes. Good morrow, good sir. Certenly my safest way were to print my selfe a coward, with a discoverie how I came by my credit, and clap it upon every post. I have received above 95 thirty challenges within this two houres. Marry, all but the first I put off with ingagement; and, by good fortune, the first is no madder of fighting then I; so that that's refer'd. The place where it must be ended is foure dayes journey of, and our arbytra- 100 tors are these: he has chosen a gentleman in travell, and I have a speciall friend with a quarterne ague likely to hold him these five yeare, for mine; and when his man comes home, wee are to expect my friend's health. If they would send 105 mee challenges thus thicke, as long as I liv'd, I would have no other living: I can make seaven shillings a day o'th paper to the grocers. Yet I learne nothing by all these but a little skill in comparing of stiles. I doe finde evidently that 110 there is some one scrivener in this towne, that has a great hand in writing of challenges, for they are all of a cut, and sixe of um in a hand; and they all end, 'My reputation is deare to me, and I must require satisfaction.' Who'se there? more 115

99 *refer'd.* Q1, reserv'd. 101 *these.* Q1, there.

102-03 *quarterne.* Q2, Q3, F, quartaine.

103 *likely.* Q2, Q3, F, like. *five yeare.* Q1, time here.

105 *send.* Q2, Q3, F, find.

paper, I hope. No ; 'tis my lord Bacurius : I feare all is not well betwixt us.

Enter Bacurius.

Bacurius. Now, Captaine Bessus, I come about a frivolous matter, caus'd by as idle a report. You know you were a coward. 120

Bes. Very right.

Bac. And wrong'd me.

Bes. True, my lord.

Bac. But now people will call you valiant, — desertlesly, I thinke ; yet for their satisfaction, I 125 wil have you fight with me.

Bes. O my good lord, my deepe ingagements —

Bac. Tell not me of your ingagements, Captaine Bessus : it is not to be put off with an excuse. For my owne part, I am none of the multitude 130 that beleeeve your conversion from coward.

Bes. My lord, I seeke not quarrels, and this belongs not to me ; I am not to maintaine it.

Bac. Who, then, pray ?

Bes. Bessus the coward wrong'd you. 135

Bac. Right.

Bes. And shall Bessus the valiant maintaine what Bessus the coward did ?

Bac. I prethee leave these cheating trickes. I sweare thou shalt fight with mee, or thou shalte 140 be beate extreemely, and kickt.

Bes. Since you provoke me thus farre, my lord,

I will fight with you ; and, by my sword, it shall cost me twenty pounds but I will have my legge well a weeke sooner purposely. 145

Bac. Your legge ! why, what ailes your legge ? Ile doe a cure on you. Stand up ! [*Kicks him.*]

Bes. My lord, this is not noble in you.

Bac. What dost thou with such a phrase in thy mouth ? I will kicke thee out of all good words, before I leave thee. 150

Bes. My lord, I take this as a punishment for the offence I did when I was a coward.

Bac. When thou wert ? confesse thy selfe a coward still, or, by this light, Ile beate thee into spunge. 155

Bes. Why, I am one.

Bac. Are you so, sir ? and why doe you weare a sword, then ? Come, unbuckle ; quicke !

Bes. My lord ! 160

Bac. Unbuckle, I say, and give it mee ; or, as I live, thy head will ake extreemely.

Bes. It is a pretty hilt ; and if your lordship take an affection to it, with all my heart I present it to you, for a new-yeer's gift. 165

Bac. I thanke you very heartily. Sweete captaine, farewell.

Bes. One word more : I beseech your lordship to render me my knife againe.

144 pounds. Q2, Q3, F, pound.

159 quicke. F omits. 161 I say. Q3, say.

Bac. Marry, by all meanes, captaine. Cherish 170
your selfe with it, and eate hard, good captaine;
we cannot tell whether we shall have any more
such. Adue, deare captaine. *Exit.*

Bes. I will make better use of this then of
my sword. A base spirit has this vantage of a 175
brave one; it keepes alwayes at a stay,—no-
thing brings it downe, not beating. I remember
I promist the king, in a great audience, that I
would make my backbyters eate my sword to a
knife. How to get another sword I know not; 180
nor know any meanes left for me to maintaine
my credit but impudence. Therefore will I out-
swear him and all his followers, that this is all
is left uneaten of my sword. *Exit.*

[ACTUS TERTII SCENA TERTIA.

An apartment in the Palace.]

Enter Mardonius.

Mardonius. Ile move the king; hee is most
strangely alter'd: I guesse the cause, I feare,
too right; Heaven has some secret end in't, and
'tis a scourge, no question, justly laid upon him.
Hee has followed mee through twenty roomes; 5

182 *will I.* Q2, Q3, F, I will.

184 *is left.* Q2, Q3, F, that's left.

and ever, when I stay to await his command, he blushes like a girle, and lookes upon me, as if modestie kept in his businesse; so turnes away from me; but, if I goe on, hee followes me againe.

10

[*Enter Arbaces.*]

See, here he is. I doe not use this, yet, I know not how, I cannot chuse but weepe to see him: his very enemies, I thinke, whose wounds have bred his fame, if they should see him now, would find teares in their eyes.

15

Arbaces. I cannot utter it. Why should I keepe A breast to harbour thoughts I dare not speake? Darknesse is in my bosome, and there lies A thousand thoughts that cannot brooke the light.

How wilt thou vex me, when this deede is done? 20
Conscience, that art afraid to let me name it!

Mar. How doe you, sir?

Arb. Why, very well, Mardonius:
How dost thou doe?

Mar. Better then you, I feare.

Arb. I hope thou art; for, to be plaine with thee,

6 *await.* Q3, F, wait.

Enter Arbaces. Q1 omits.

15 *in their.* Q2, Q3, F, i'their.

17 *thoughts.* Old eds., thoughts? 18 *lies.* F, lie.

21 *me.* F, 'em. 23 *doe.* Q1 omits.

Thou art in hell else. Secret scorching flames, 25
That farre transcend earthly materiall fiers,
Are crept into me, and there is no cure:

Is not that strange, Mardonius, there's no cure?

Mar. Sir, either I mistake, or there is something hid

That you would utter to me.

30

Arb. So there is: but yet I cannot doe it.

Mar. Out with it, sir. If it be dangerous, I
shall not shrinke to doe you service. I shal not
esteeme my life a waightier matter then indeed
it is: I know 'tis subject to more chances then 35
it hath houres; and I were better loose it in my
king's cause then with an ague, or fall, or, sleep-
ing, to a thiefe; as all these are probable enough.
Let me but know what I shal doe for you.

Arb. It will not out. Were you with Gobrius, 40
And bad him give my sister all content
The place affoords, and give her leave to send
And speake to whom shee please?

Mar. Yes, sir, I was.

Arb. And did you to Bacurius say as much
About Tigranes?

Mar. Yes.

Arb. That's all my businesse. 45

28 *not that.* Q3, F, it not.

33 *shall.* Q3, F, will. 35 *'tis.* F, it is.

36 *hath.* Q2, Q3, F, has. 37 *fall.* Q2, Q3, F, a fall.

Mar. O, say not so !
 You had an answer of all this before :
 Besides, I thinke this businesse might be utterd
 More careleslie.

Arb. Come, thou shalt have it out. I doe be-
 seech thee, 50
 By all the love thou hast profest to me,
 To see my sister from me.

Mar. Well ; and what ?

Arb. That's all.

Mar. That's strange : shall I say
 nothing to her ?

Arb. Not a word :
 But, if thou lovest me, find some subtill way 55
 To make her understand by signes.

Mar. But what ? what should I make her
 understand ?

Arb. O, Mardonius, for that I must be pardon'd.

Mar. You may ; but I can onelie see her then.

Arb. 'Tis true. 60
 Beare her this ring, then ; and, on more advice,
 Thou shalt speake to her : tell her I doe love
 My kindred all ; wilt thou ?

Mar. Is there no more ?

Arb. O yes ! And her the best ;

47 *all this.* Q2, Q3, F, this.

57 *what ? what.* Q2, Q3, F, what. *should I.* Q3, F, shall I.

61 *on.* Q3, F, one.

Better then any brother loves his sister : 65
That's all.

Mar. Me thinkes this
Neede not have beene delivered with such caution.
He doe it.

Arb. There is more yet : wilt thou be faithfull
to me ?

Mar. Sir, if I take upon me to deliver it, 70
After I hear it, He passe through fire to doe it.

Arb. I love her better then a brother ought.
Dost thou conceive me ?

Mar. I hope I doe not, sir.

Arb. No ! thou art dull. Kneele downe before
her, 75

And nere rise againe, till shee will love me.

Mar. Why, I thinke shee does.

Arb. But better then she does ; another way ;
As wives love husbands.

Mar. Why, I thinke there are few wives that 80
love their husbands better then shee does you.

Arb. Thou wilt not understand me. Is it fit
This should bee utterd plainlie ? Take it, then,
Naked as it is : I would desire her love,
Lasciviouslie, leudlie, incestuouslie, 85
To doe a sinne that needs must damne us both,
And thee to. Dost thou understand me now ?

67 *caution.* Q2, Q3, F, a caution.

74 *I doe.* Q3, F, you do.

Mar. Yes ; there's your ring againe. What
have I done

Dishonestlie in my whole life, name it,
That you should put so base a businesse to me ? 90

Arb. Didst thou not tell mee thou wouldst
doe it ?

Mar. Yes, if I undertooke it : but if all
My heires were lives, I would not be ingag'd
In such a cause to save my last life.

Arb. O guilt, how poore and weake a thing
art thou ! 95

This man that is my servant, whom my breath
Might blow about the world, might beate me
here,

Having his cause ; whilst I, prest downe with
sinne,

Could not resist him. — Deare Mardonius,
It was a motion misbeseeming man, 100
And I am sorrie for it.

Mar. Pray God you may be so ! You must
understand, nothing that you can utter can re-
moove my love and service from my prince. But
otherwise, I thinke I shall not love you more ; for 105
you are sinnefull, and if you doe this crime, you
ought to have no lawes. For, after this, it will bee

95 *how.* F, ha how. 97 *about.* F, upon.

98 *bis cause.* Q3, F, this cause.

99 *Deare.* Q2, Q3, F, Heare.

102 *Pray God.* Q3, F, Heaven grant.

great injustice in you to punish any offender for any crime. For my selfe, I find my heart too bigge; I feele I have not patience to looke on 110 whilst you runne these forbidden courses. Meanes I have none but your favour; and I am rather glad that I shall loose um both together then keepe um with such conditions. I shall find a dwelling amongst some people, where, though 115 our garments perhaps be courser, we shall be richer farre within, and harbor no such vices in um. God preserve you, and mend you!

Arb. Mardonius! stay, Mardonius! For, though

My present state require nothing but knaves 120
To be about me, such as are prepar'd
For every wicked act, yet who does know
But that my loathed fate may turne about,
And I have use of honest men againe?
I hope I may: I prethy leave me not. 125

Enter Bessus to them.

Bessus. Where is the king?

Mar. There.

Bes. An't please your majestie, ther's the knife.

Arb. What knife?

130

118 *God.* Q3, F, the gods.

mend you. Q3, F, mend.

120 *require.* Q3, F, requires.

124 *use of.* Q3, F, use for.

126 *Where is.* Q2, Where's.

Bes. The sword is eaten.

Mar. Away, you foole! the king is serious,
And cannot now admit your vanities.

Bes. Vanities! I am no honest man if my enemies have not brought it to this. What, doe you ¹³⁵ thinke I lie?

Arb. No, no; 'tis well, Bessus; 'tis very well: I am glad on't.

Mar. If your enemies brought it to that, your enemies are cutlers. Come, leave the king. ¹⁴⁰

Bes. Why, may not valour approach him?

Mar. Yes; but he haz affaires. Depart, or I shall be something unmannerly with you.

Arb. No; let him stay, Mardonius, let him stay;

I have occasions with him very weightie, ¹⁴⁵
And I can spare you now.

Mar. Sir?

Arb. Why, I can spare you now.

Bes. Mardonius, give way to the state affayres. ¹⁵⁰

Mar. Indeed, you are fitter for his present purpose. *Exit.*

¹³⁴ *I am.* Q2, Q3, F, I'me.

¹³⁸ *I am.* Q3, F, I'me. Q1 gives the line to Mardonius.

¹³⁹ *to that.* Q3, F, to this.

¹⁴¹⁻⁴³ *Why . . . you.* Q1 omits.

¹⁴⁵ *occasions.* Q3, F, occasion.

¹⁴⁹ *the.* F, these. ¹⁵¹ *his.* F, this.

Arb. Bessus, I should imploy thee : wilt thou do't ?

Bes. Doe for you ? By this ayre, I will doe any thing, without exception, be it a good, bad, 155 or indifferent thing.

Arb. Do not sweare.

Bes. By this light, but I will ; any thing whatsoever.

Arb. But I shall name a thing 160
Thy conscience will not suffer thee to doe.

Bes. I would faine heare that thing.

Arb. Why, I would have thee get my sister for me. —

Thou understand'st me, — in a wicked manner.

Bes. O, you would have a bout with her ? Ile 165 do't, Ile do't, i'faith.

Arb. Wilt thou ? dost make no more an't ?

Bes. More ? no. Why, is there any thing else ? if there be, tell me ; it shall be done.

Arb. Hast thou no greater sence of such a sinne ? 170

Thou art too wicked for my company,

154 *Doe for.* Q2, Q3, F, Do't for.

160 *a thing.* Q3, F, the thing.

164 *understand'st.* Q1, understands.

165 *a bout.* Q1, Q2, about.

167 *dost.* Q2, Q3, F, dost thou.

169 *tell me.* Q3, me ; F omits. *done.* Q2, Q3, F, done too.

Though I have hell within me, and mayst yet
Corrupt me further. Pray thee, answere me,
How doe I shew to thee after this motion?

Bes. Why, your majestie lookes as well, in my 175
opinion, as ever you did since you were borne.

Arb. But thou appearest to me, after thy grant,
The ugliest, loathed, detestable thing,
That I have ever met with. Thou hast eyes
Like flames of sulphur, which me thinkes doe
dart

180

Infection on me; and thou hast a mouth
Enough to take me in, where there doe stand
Fower rowes of iron teeth.

Bes. I feele no such thing. But 'tis no matter
how I looke; Ile doe your businesse as well as 185
they that looke better: and when this is dispatcht,
if you have a minde to your mother, tell me, and
you shall see Ile set it hard.

Arb. My mother! Heaven forgive me, to heare
this!

I am inspir'd with horror. Now I hate thee 190
Worse then my sinne, which, if I could come by,
Should suffer death eternall, nere to rise
In any breast againe. Know, I will die
Languishing mad, as I resolve I shall,
Ere I will deale by such an instrument.

195

172 *and.* F, thou.185 *your.* F, my.180 *flames.* Q3, F, the flames.190 *Now.* Q1, Q2 omit.

Thou art too sinfull to imploy in this:

Out of the world, away! [Beats him.]

Bes. What doe you meane, sir?

Arb. Hung round with curses, take thy feare-
full flight

Into the desarts; where, 'mongst all the mon-
sters, 200

If thou findst one so beastly as thy selfe,
Thou shalt be held as innocent.

Bes. Good sir —

Arb. If there were no such instruments as
thou,

We kings could never act such wicked deeds.

Seeke out a man that mockes divinitie, 205

That breakes each precept both of God's and
man's,

And nature's too, and does it without lust,

Meerely because it is a law, and good,

And live with him; for him thou canst not spoile.

Away, I say! *Exit Bessus.*

— I will not doe this sinne. 210

Ile presse it here, till it doe breake my breast.

It heaves to get out; but thou art a sinne,

And, spight of torture, I wil keep thee in.

[Exit.]

Finis Actus Tertii.

197 *Beats him.* Added by Weber.

206 *God's and man's.* F, God and man.

ACTUS QUARTI SCÆNA PRIMA.

[*A room in the house of Gobrias.*]

Enter Gobrius, Panthæa, Spaconia.

Gobrias. Have you written, madam?

Panthæa. Yes, good Gobrias.

Gob. And with a kindnesse, and such winning words

As may provoke him at one instant feele
His double fault, your wrong, and his own rash-
nesse?

5

Pan. I have sent words enough, if words may
winne him

From his displeasure; and such words, I hope,
As shall gaine much upon his goodnesse, Go-
brius.

Yet fearing, since th'are many, and a woman's,
A poore beliefe may follow, I have woven 10
As many truthes within um to speake for me,
That, if he be but gracious and receive um —

Gob. Good ladie, be not fearfull; if he should
not

Give you your present end in this, beleeeve it,
You shall feele (if your vertue can induce you 15

9 *since.* F omits. *th'are.* Q2, Q3, F, they are.

13 *if.* Q2, Q3, F, though.

To labour out this tempest, which I know
Is but a poore prooffe against your patience)
All those contents your spirit will arrive at,
Newer and sweeter to you. Your royall brother,
When he shall once collect himselfe, and see 20
How farre he has beene asunder from him-
selfe,

What a meere stranger to his golden temper,
Must, from those rootes of vertue, never dying,
Though somewhat stopt with humour, shoote
again

Into a thousand glories, bearing his faire branches 25
Hie as our hopes can look at, straight as justice,
Loden with ripe contents. He loves you dearely;
I know it, and I hope I neede not further
Winne you to understand it.

Pan.

I believe it :

Howsoever, I am sure I love him dearely ; 30
So dearely, that if any thing I write
For my inlarging, should beget his anger,
Heaven be a witnesse with mee, and my faith,
I had rather live intomb'd here.

Gob. You shall not feele a worse stroke then
your grieve ;

I am sorrie 'tis so sharpe. I kisse your hand, 35

16 *out.* Q2, Q3, F, on't (with comma).

30 *Howsoever.* Q2, Q3, F, But howsoever.

35-38 *You . . . brother.* Prose in Q1.

And this night will deliver this true storie
 With this hand to your brother. *Exit.*

Pan. Peace goe with you !
 You are a good man. — My Spaconia,
 Why are you ever sad thus ?

Spaconia. O deere ladie ! 40

Pan. Prethee, discover not a way to sadnesse
 Neerer then I have in me. Our two sorrowes
 Worke like two eager hawkes, who shall get
 highest.

How shall I lessen thine ? for mine, I feare,
 Is easier knowne than cur'd.

Spa. Heaven comfort both, 45
 And give yours happy ends, how ever I
 Fall in my stubborne fortunes.

Pan. This but teaches
 How to be more familiar with our sorrowes,
 That are too much our masters. Good Spaconia,
 How shall I doe you service ?

Spa. Noblest ladie, 50
 You make me more a slave still to your good-
 nesse,

And onely live to purchase thanks to pay you ;
 For that is all the businesse of my life now.
 I will be bold, since you will have it so,
 To aske a noble favour of you. 55

Pan. Speake it ; 'tis yours ; for from so sweet
 a virtue

No ill demand has issue.

Spa. Then, ever vertuous, let me beg your will

In helping me to see the Prince Tigranes,
With whom I am equall prisoner, if no more. 60

Pan. Reserve me to a greater end, Spaconia;
Bacurius cannot want so much good manners
As to denie your gentle visitation,
Though you came only with your owne command.

Spa. I know they will denie me, gracious
madam, 65

Being a stranger, and so little fam'd,
So utter emptie of those excellencies
That tame authority. But in you, sweete ladie,
All these are naturall, beside a power
Deriv'd immediat from your royal brother, 70
Whose least word in you may command the
kingdome.

Pan. More then my word, Spaconia, you shall
carrie,
For feare it faile you.

Spa. Dare you trust a token?
Madam, I feare Ime growne too bold a beggar.

60 *no.* Q2, Q3, F, not.

68 *tame.* Q1, have.

72 *word.* Q1, words.

74 *Ime.* Q2, Q3, F, I am.

Pan. You are a pretty one; and, trust me,
ladie,

75

It joyes me I shall doe a good to you,
Though to my selfe I never shall be happie.
Here, take this ring, and from me as a token
Deliver it; I thinke they will not stay you.

So, all your owne desires goe with you, ladie. 80

Spa. And sweete peace to your grace!

Pan. Pray God I finde it!

Exeunt.

[ACTUS QUARTI SCENA SECUNDA.]

Enter Tigranes [in prison].

Tigranes. Foole that I am! I have undone
my selfe,

And with mine owne hand turn'd my fortune
round,

That was a faire one: I have childishly
Plaied with my hope so long, till I have broke it,
And now too late I mourne for't. O Spaconia, 5
Thou hast found an even way to thy revenge
now!

Why didst thou follow me, like a faint shadow,
To wither my desires? But, wretched foole,
Why did I plant thee twixt the sunne and me,

81 *God.* Q3, F, Heaven.

in prison. Q1 omits.

2 *mine.* Q2, Q3, F, my.

turn'd. Q1, turne.

To make me freeze thus? why did I preferre
her

10

To the faire princes? O thou foole, thou foole,
Thou family of fooles, live like a slave still,
And in thee beare thine owne hell and thy tor-
ment!

Thou hast deserv'd it. Couldst thou find no
ladie,

But shee that has thy hopes, to put her to,
And hazard all thy peace? none to abuse
But shee that lov'd thee ever, poore Spaconia?
And so much lov'd thee, that in honestie
And honour thou art bound to meete her ver-
tues!

15

Shee that forgot the greatnesse of her griefes
And miseries, that must follow such mad pas-
sions,

20

Endlesse and wilde as woman's: shee that for
thee

And with thee lost her libertie, her name,
And countrey! You have paid me, equall Hea-
vens,

And sent my owne rod to correct me with,
A woman! For inconstancie Ile suffer;

25

14 *it.* Q3, F omit. 20 *griefes.* Q2, Q3, F, *griefe.*

22 *woman's.* Q2, Q3, F, *women.*

23 *lost.* Q2, Q3, F, *left.*

24 *me, equall.* Q2, Q3, *me equall.*

Lay it on, Justice, till my soule melt in me,
 For my unmanly, beastly, sudden doting
 Upon a new face, after all my oathes,
 Many and strange ones.

30

I feele my olde fire flame againe, and burne
 So strong and violent, that, should I see her
 Againe, the grieve and that would kill me.

Enter Bacurius and Spaconia.

Bacurius.

Ladie,

Your token I acknowledge; you may passe;
 There is the king.

Spaconia.

I thanke your lordship for it. 35

Exit Bacurius.

Tigr. Shee comes, shee comes! Shame hide
 me ever from her!

Would I were buried, or so farre remov'd,
 Light might not find me out! I dare not see her.

Spa. Nay, never hide your selfe; for, were you
 hid

Where earth hides all her riches, nere her center, 40
 My wrongs, without more day, would light me
 to you.

I must speake ere I die. Were all your great-
 nesse

Doubled upon you, y'are a perjur'd man,
 And onely mighty in the wickednesse

33 *Ladie.* Q1 includes in Tigranes's speech.

39 *for.* Q2, Q3, F, or.

44 *the.* Q2, Q3, F, your.

Of wronging women. Thou art false, false
prince ! 45

I live to see it ; poore Spaconia lives
To tell thee thou art false, and then no more :
Shee lives to tell thee thou art more unconstant
Then all ill women ever were together ;
Thy faith as firme as raging overflowses, 50
That no banke can command ; and as lasting
As boyes' gay bubbles, blowne in the aire and
broken :

The wind is fixt, to thee ; and sooner shall
The beaten marriner with his shrill whistle
Calme the loude murmurs of the troubled maine, 55
And strike it smooth againe, then thy soule fall
To have peace in love with any. Thou art all
That all good men must hate ; and if thy storie
Shall tell succeeding ages what thou wert,
O let it spare me in it, lest true lovers, 60
In pittie of my wrongs, burne they blacke legend,
And with their curses shake thy sleeping ashes !

Tigr. Oh ! oh !

Spa. The Destinies, I hope, have pointed out
Our ends alike, that thou maist die for love, 65
Though not for me ; for, this assure thy selfe,
The princesse hates thee deadly, and will sooner

50 *as firme.* Q3, F, is firm. 51 *and.* Q2, Q3, F omit.

52 *in the aire.* Q3, in th'ayre ; F, i'th' Air.

55 *murmurs.* Q2, Q3, F, murmure.

61 *wrongs.* F, wrong. 64 *Spa.* Q1 omits.

Be wonne to marrie with a bull, and safer,
 Then such a beast as thou art. — I have strucke,
 I feare, too deepe ; beshrow me for't ! — Sir, 70
 This sorrow workes me, like a cunning friend-
 ship,

Into the same piece with it. — Hee's asham'd :
 Alas, I have beene too rugged ! — Deare my lord,
 I am sorrie I have spoken any thing,
 Indeed I am, that may adde more restraint 75
 To that too much you have. Good sir, be pleas'd
 To thinke it was a fault of love, not malice,
 And doe as I will doe, — forgive it, prince :
 I doe, and can forgive the greatest sinnes
 To me you can repent of. Pray, believe me. 80

Tigr. O my Spaconia ! O thou vertuous
 woman !

Spa. No more ; the king, sir.

Enter Arbaces, Bacurius, and Mardonius.

Arbaces. Have you beene carefull of our noble
 prisoner,

That he want nothing fitting for his greatnesse ?

Bac. I hope his grace will quit me for my care,
 sir. 85

Arb. 'Tis well.—Royall Tigranes, health !

69 *strucke.* Q2, Q3, strooke.

70 *beshrow.* Q3, beshrew. 72 *Hee's.* Q2, Q3, F, 'Tis.

80 *believe me.* Q2, Q3, F, beleeve.

82 *No more.* Q3, Nay more ; F, Nay, more.

Tigr. More then the stricktnesse of this place
 can give, sir,
 I offer backe againe to great Arbaces.

Arb. We thanke you, worthy prince; and pray
 excuse us;

We have not seene you since your being here. 90
 I hope your noble usage has beene equall
 With your owne person : your imprisonment,
 If it be any, I dare say, is easie,
 And shall not outlast two dayes.

Tigr. I thanke you :
 My usage here has beene the same it was, 95
 Worthy a royall conquerour. For my restraint,
 It came unkindly, because much unlookt for ;
 But I must beare it.

Arb. What lady is that, Bacurius ?

Bac. One of the princesse' women, sir.

Arb. I feard it.

Why comes shee hether ?

Bac. To speake with the Prince Tigranes. 100

Arb. From whom, Bacurius ?

Bac. From the princesse, sir.

Arb. I knew I had seene her.

Mardonius. His fit beginnes to take him now
 againe. 'Tis a strange feaver, and 'twill shake

98 *lady is.* Q2, Q3, F, *ladie's.* 102 *knew.* Q1, *know.*

103-106. Q1 prints a verse ending with *all* ; Q2, Q3, F, verses
 ending *feare* and *folly.*

us all anone, I feare. Would he were well cur'd 105
 of this raging folly ! Give me the warres, where
 men are mad, and may talke what they list, and
 held the bravest fellowes ; this pelting, prating
 peace is good for nothing ; drinking's a vertue
 to it. 110

Arb. I see there's truth in no man, nor obe-
 dience,

But for his owne ends. Why did you let her in ?

Bac. It was your owne command to barre none
 from him :

Beside, the princesse sent her ring, sir, for my
 warrant.

Arb. A token to Tigranes, did she not ? 115
 Sirra, tell truth.

Bac. I do not use to lye, sir ;
 'Tis no way I eate or live by ; and I thinke
 This is no token, sir.

Mar. This combat has undone him : if he
 had beene well beaten, he had beene temperate. 120
 I shal never see him handsome againe, till he have
 a horseman's staffe poakt through his shoulders,
 or an arme broke with a bullet.

Arb. I am trifled with.

Bac. Sir ? 125

108 *prating*. Q2, Q3, F, prating.

114 *Beside*. F, Besides. 116 *Sirra*. Q2, Q3, F, Sir.

122 *poakt*. Q2, Q3, yoakt ; F, yok'd.

123 *broke*. F, broken.

Arb. I know it, as I know thee to be false.

Mar. Now the clap comes.

Bac. You never knew me so, sir, I dare
speake it;

And durst a worse man tell me, though my
better —

Mar. 'Tis well said, by my soule. 130

Arb. Sirra, you answer as you had no life.

Bac. That I feare, sir, to loose nobly.

Arb. I say, sir, once againe —

Bac. You may say, sir, what you please.

Mar. Would I might doe so! 135

Arb. I will, sir; and say openly,

This woman carries letters: by my life,
I know she carries letters; this woman does it.

Mar. Would Bessus were here, to take her
aside and search her! he would quickly tell you 140
what she carried, sir.

Arb. I have found it out; this woman carries
letters.

Mar. If this hold, 'twill be an ill world for
bauds, chambermaids, and post-boyes. I thanke
God I have none but his letters pattents, things 145
of his owne inditing.

Arb. Prince, this cunning cannot doe it.

134 say . . . please. Q2, Q3, F, say what you please, sir.

135 Would . . . so! Q2, Q3, F include in Bacurius's speech.

145 God. Q3, F, heaven. 147 doe it. Q2, Q3, F, do't.

Tigr. Doe what, sir? I reach you not.

Arb. It shall not serve your turne, prince.

Tigr. Serve my turne, sir?

150

Arb. I, sir, it shall not serve your turne.

Tigr. Be plainer, good sir.

Arb. This woman shall carry no more letters
backe to your love, Panthæa; by Heaven, she
shall not; I say she shall not!

155

Mar. This would make a saint sweare like a
souldier, and a souldier like Termogant.

Tigr. This beates me more, King, then the
blowes you gave me.

Arb. Take um away both, and together let um
be prisoners, stricktly and closely kept; or, sirra,
your life shall answere it; and let no bodie speake
with um hereafter.

160

Tigr. Well, I am subject to you, and must
endure these passions.

165

Spa. This is the imprisonment I have lookt
for alwayes,
And the deare place I would chuse.

Exit Bacurius with Tigranes and Spaconia.

Mar. Sir, have you done well now?

148 *Doe.* Q1 omits.

157 *and . . . Termogant.* Q2, Q3, F omit.

160 *let um.* Q2, Q3, F, let them.

161 *be prisoners.* Q2, Q3, F, prisoners bee.

166 *Spa.* Q2, Q3, F omit. 167 *deare.* F, dearer.

168 *have . . . now?* F, you have done well now.

Arb. Dare you reprove it?

Mar. No.

170

Arb. You must be crossing me.

Mar. I have no letters, sir, to anger you,
But a dry sonnet of my corporal's

To an old sadler's wife; and that Ile burne, sir.

'Tis like to prove a fine age for the ignorant. 175

Arb. How darest thou so often forfeit thy life?
Thou knowest 'tis in my power to take it.

Mar. Yes, and I know you wonnot; or if
you doe, youle misse it quicklie.

Arb. Why?

Mar. Who shall tell you of these
childish follies,

180

When I am dead? who shall put to his power
To draw those vertues out of a flood of humours,
Where they are drownd, and make um shine
again?

No, cut my head off;

Then you may talke, and be beleevd, and grow
worse,

185

And have your too selfe-glorious temper rott
Into a dead sleepe, and the kingdome with
you,

174 *sadler's.* Q2, Q3, F, sutler's.

180 *these.* Q2, this. 183 *Where.* Q2, Q3, F, When.

184 *off.* Q1 adds, *doe, kill me.* 185 *worse.* Q1 omits.

186 *rott.* S, D, and modern eds. generally, read *rock'd.*

187 *dead.* F, deep.

Till forraigne swords be in your throates, and
slaughter

Be every where about you, like your flatterers.
Doe, kill me. 190

Arb. Prethee be tamer, good Mardonius.
Thou knowst I love thee; nay, I honour thee;
Beleeve it, good old souldier, I am all thine;
But I am rackt cleane from my selfe, — beare
with me;

Woot thou beare with me, good Mardonius? 195

Enter Gobrius.

Mar. There comes a good man; love him
too; hee's temperate;
You may live to have need of such a vertue;
Rage is not still in fashion.

Arb. Welcome, good Gobrius.

Gobrias. My service, and this letter to your
grace. [Gives letter.] 200

Arb. From whom?

Gob. From the rich mine of vertue and all
beautie,

Your mournefull sister.

Arb. She is in prison, Gobrius, is shee not?

Gob. She is, sir, till your pleasure doe enlarge
her, 205

Which on my knees I beg. O, 'tis not fit

193 *all.* Q2, Q3, F omit. 195 *good.* Q2, Q3, F, my.

202 *all beautie.* Q3, F, beautie. 205 *doe.* Q2, Q3, F, to.

That all the sweetnesse of the world in one,
The youth and vertue that would tame wilde
tygers,

And wilder people, that have knowne no man-
ners,

Should live thus cloysterd up. For your love's
sake

210

(If there be any in that noble heart)

To her a wretched ladie, and forlorne,

Or for her love to you, which is as much

As nature and obedience ever gave,

Have pittie on her beauties !

215

Arb. Prethee stand up. 'Tis true, she is too
faire,

And all these commendations but her owne,

Would thou hadst never so commended her,

Or I nere liv'd to have heard it, Gobrius !

If thou but knew'st the wrong her beautie does
her,

220

Thou wouldst, in pittie of her, be a lyar.

Thy ignorance has drawne me, wretched man,

Whether my selfe nor thou canst well tell. O
my fate !

I thinke shee loves me, but I feare another

Is deeper in her heart : how think'st thou, Go-
brius ?

225

208 *tame.* Q1, have. 216 *Prethee.* Q2, Q3, F, Praye thee.

220 *knew'st.* Q1, knew of ; F, know'st.

Gob. I doe beseech your grace, beleeve it not ;
For let me perish if it be not false.

Good sir, reade her letter. [*Arbaces reads.*]

Mar. This love, or what a divell it is I know
not, begets more mischief then a wake. I had ²³⁰
rather be well beaten, starv'd, or lowsie, then live
within the aire on't. He that had seene this brave
fellow charge through a grove of pykes but t'other
day, and looke upon him now, will nere beleeve
his eyes againe. If he continue thus but two daies ²³⁵
more, a taylor may beat him with one hand tyed
behind him.

Arb. Alas, she would be at libertie.
And there be thousand reasons, Gobrius,
That will denie it : 240
Which if she knew, she would contentedly
Be where she is, and blesse her vertue for it,
And me, though she were closer : she would,
Gobrius ;
Good man, indeed she would.

Gob. Then, good sir, for her satisfaction, 245
Send for her, and with reason make her know
Why she must live thus from you.

Arb. I will. Goe, bring her to me. *Exeunt.*

229 *it is.* Q1, is it.

239 *thousand.* F, a thousand.

240 *That . . . it.* Q2, Q3, F, Thousands that will deny't.

242 *vertue.* Q3, F, vertues.

[ACTUS QUARTI SCENA TERTIA.

A room in the house of Bessus.]

Enter Bessus and two Sword-Men, and a Boy.

Bessus. Y'are verie welcome, both! — Some
stooles there, boy;

And reach a table. — Gentlemen oth'sword,
Pray sit, without more complement. — Be gone,
childe.

I have beene curious in the searching of you,
Because I understood you wise and valiant per-
sons.

1st Sword-man. We understand our selves, sir. 5

Bes. Nay, gentlemen, and my deare friends
oth'sword,

No complement, I pray; but to the cause
I hang upon, which, in few, is my honour.

2nd Sword-man. You cannot hang too much,
sir, for your honour. 10

But to your cause: be wise, and speake truth.

Bes. My first doubt is, my beating by my
prince.

1st Sw. Stay there a little, sir: doe you doubt
a beating?

Or have you had a beating by your prince?

1 *there.* F omits.

5 *understood.* Q2, Q3, F, understand.

7 *my.* Q3, F omit.

8 and 11 *cause.* D reads case.

11 *be wise.* Q2, Q3, F begin Bessus's speech here.

Bes. Gentlemen ath'sword, my prince has
beaten me.

15

2nd Sw. Brother, what thinke you of this case?

1st Sw. If he have beaten him, the case is cleare.

2nd Sw. If he have beaten him, I grant the case.

But how? we cannot be too subtill in this businesse.

I say, but how?

Bes. Even with his royall hand.

20

1st Sw. Was it a blow of love or indignation?

Bes. 'Twas twentie blowes of indignation,
gentlemen,

Besides two blowes ath'face.

2nd Sw. Those blowes oth'face have made a
new cause on't;

The rest were but an honourable rudenesse.

25

1st Sw. Two blowes ath'face, and given by a
worse man,

I must confesse, as we sword-men say, had turn'd
The businesse: marke me, brother, by a worse
man;

But being by his prince, had they beene ten,
And those ten drawne ten teeth, beside the hazard
Of his nose for ever, all these had beene but
favours.

30

This is my flat opinion, which I'le die in.

17 *have.* Q2, Q3, F, has. 18 *he.* Q2, Q3, a.

24 *blowes.* Q2, two blowes. 25 *honourable.* Q3, F, horrible.

26-37 *Two . . . capitaine.* Prose in old eds.

27 *as we.* Q3, F, as the. 30 *ten teeth.* Q3, F, teeth.

31 *these.* Q2, Q3, F, this.

2nd Sw. The king may doe much, captaine,
beleewe it;

For had hee crackt your scull through, like a bottle,
Or broke a rib or two with tossing of you, 35
Yet you had lost no honour. This is strange,
You may imagin, but this is truth now, captaine.

Bes. I will be glad to imbrace it, gentlemen.
But how farre may he strike me?

1st Sw. There's another,
A new cause rising from the time, and distance, 40
In which I will deliver my opinion.

He may strike, beate, or cause to be beaten;
For these are naturall to man:
Your prince, I say, may beate you, so farre forth
As his dominion reacheth; that's for the distance; 45
The time, ten mile a day, I take it.

2nd Sw. Brother, you erre; 'tis fifteene mile a
day;
His stage is ten, his beatings are fifteene.

Bes. 'Tis a the longest, but we subjects must—

1st Sw. Be subject to it: you are wise and
vertuous. 50

34 *hee crackt.* Q2, Q3, a crackt.

35 *tossing.* Q1, crossing.

38 *gentlemen.* Q1, gentleman.

39 *There's.* F, There is.

40 *cause.* D, case. 42-46 *He . . . it.* Prose in old eds.

46-47 *mile.* F, miles. 49 *a the.* F, the.

50-53 *Be . . . sword.* Q1 gives line 50 to Bessus, 51-53 to
1st Sword-man.

Bes. Obedience ever makes that noble use on't,
To which I dedicate my beaten bodie.
I must trouble you a little further, gentlemen oth'
sword.

2nd Sw. No trouble at all to us, sir, if we may
Profit your understanding: we are bound 55
By vertue of our calling, to utter our opinions
Shortly and discreetly.

Bes. My sorest businesse is, I have beene kickt.

2nd Sw. How farre, sir?

Bes. Not to flatter my selfe in it, all over: my 60
sword forst, but not lost; for discreetely I renderd it, to save that imputation.

1st Sw. It shewed discretion, the best part of
valour.

2nd Sw. Brother, this is a pretty case; pray
ponder on't:

Our friend here has beene kickt.

1st Sw. He has so, brother. 65

2nd Sw. Sorely, he sayes. Now, had he set
downe here

Upon the meere kicke, it had beene cowardly.

1st Sw. I thinke it had beene cowardly indeed.

2nd Sw. But our friend has redeem'd it, in
delivering

61 *forst* . . . *lost*. D, followed by other modern eds., reads *lost*,
but not *forc'd*.

64 *case*. F, cause. 66 *set*. Q1, sit.

67 *it had*. Q2, Q3, F, 't had.

His sword without compulsion ; and that man 70
That tooke it of him, I pronounce a weake one,
And his kicks nullities :

He should have kickt him after the deliverie,
Which is the confirmation of a coward.

1st Sw. Brother, I take it you mistake the
question ; 75
For say that I were kickt.

2nd Sw. I must not say so ;
Nor I must not heare it spoke by th'tongue of
man :

You kickt, deare brother ? you are merrie.

1st Sw. But put the case I were kickt.

2nd Sw. Let them put it,
That are things wearie of their lives, and know not 80
Honour ! put the case you were kickt !

1st Sw. I doe not say I was kickt.

2nd Sw. Nor no silly creature that weares his
head

Without a case, his soule in a skinne coat :

You kickt, deare brother ! 85

Bes. Nay, gentlemen, let us doe that we shall
doe,

Truly and honestly ! good sirs, to th'question.

73 *He.* Q2, Q3, A. *deliverie.* F, delivering.

77 *th'tongue.* Q2, Q3, F, the tongue.

78 *you are.* Q2, Q3, F, you'r.

79-85 *Let . . . brother.* Prose in old eds.

81 *the.* Q1 omits. 86 *that.* Q3, F, what.

87 *sirs.* Q1, sir. *th'question.* Q2, Q3, F, the question.

1st Sw. Why, then, I say, suppose your boy
kickt, captaine.

2nd Sw. The boy may be suppos'd, hee's lyable;
But kicke my brother? 9

1st Sw. A foolish, forward zeale, sir, in my
friend.

But to the boy: suppose the boy were kickt.

Bes. I doe suppose it.

1st Sw. Has your boy a sword?

Bes. Surely, no; I pray, suppose a sword too.

1st Sw. I doe suppose it. You grant your boy
was kickt, then. 95

2nd Sw. By no meanes, captaine; let it be
suppos'd still;

This word 'grant' makes not for us.

1st Sw. I say this must be granted.

2nd Sw. This must be granted, brother?

1st Sw. I, this must be granted. 100

2nd Sw. Still the must?

1st Sw. I say this must be granted.

2nd Sw. Give me the must again! Brother,
you palter.

1st Sw. I will not heare you, waspe!

2nd Sw. Brother, 105

I say, you palter: the must three times together!

I weare as sharpe steele as another man,

89 *hee's.* Q2, Q3, F, is.

90 *But . . . brother.* Q2, Q3, Fomit. 97 *This.* Q2, Q3, F, the.

101 *the.* Q2, Q3, F, this. 103 *Give me.* F, I, give me.

And my foxe bites as deepe : musted, my deare brother ?

But to the cause againe.

Bes. Nay, looke you, gentlemen — 110

2nd Sw. In a word, I ha done.

1st Sw. A tall man, but untemperate ; 'tis great pittie.

Once more, suppose the boy kickt.

2nd Sw. Forward.

1st Sw. And, being throughly kickt, laughs at the kicke. 115

2nd Sw. So much for us ; proceede.

1st Sw. And in this beaten scorne, as I may call it,

Delivers up his weapon ; where lies the error ?

Bes. It lies ith'beating, sir ; I found it foure dayes since.

2nd Sw. The error, and a sore one, as I take it, 120
Lies in the thing kicking.

Bes. I understand that well ; 'tis sore indeed, sir.

1st Sw. That is according to the man that did it.

2nd Sw. There springs a new branch : whose was the foote ?

Bes. A lord's. 125

108 *musted.* Q1, musled. 109 *cause.* D, case.

112 *untemperate.* F, intemperate.

115 *kick.* Q2, Q3, F, kicker. 122 *sore.* F, so.

124 *foote.* Q1, foole. 125 *A.* Q1, Ah.

1st Sw. The cause is mightie; but, had it
beene two lords,

And both had kickt you, if you laught, 'tis cleere.

Bes. I did laugh; but how will that helpe me,
gentlemen?

2nd Sw. Yes, it shall helpe you, if you laught
alowd.

Bes. As lowd as a kickt man could laugh, I
laught, sir.

130

1st Sw. My reason now: the valiant man is
knowne

By suffering and contemning; you have
Enough of both, and you are valiant.

2nd Sw. If he be sure he has beene kickt enough;
For that brave sufferance you speake of, brother, 135
Consists not in a beating, and away,
But in a cudgeld bodie, from eightene
To eight and thirtie; in a head rebuk't
With pots of all size, daggers, stooles, and bed-
staves:

This shewes a valiant man.

140

Bes. Then I am valiant, as valiant as the
proudest;

For these are all familiar things to me;
Familiar as my sleepe, or want of money;
All my whole bodi's but one bruize with beating:
I thinke I have beene cudgeld with all nations, 145
And almost all religions.

2nd Sw. Imbrace him, brother: this man is
valiant;

I know it by my selfe, hee's valiant.

1st Sw. Captaine, thou art a valiant gentleman;

To abide upon't, a very valiant man. 150

Bes. My equall friends ath' sword, I must
request

Your hands to this.

2nd Sw. 'Tis fit it should be.

Bes. Boy,

Get me some wine, and pen and inke within.

Am I cleare, gentlemen?

1st Sw. Sir, when the world has taken notice
what we have done, 155

Make much of your bodie; for Ile pawne my steele,
Men will be coyer of their legs hereafter.

Bes. I must request you goe along, and testifie
To the lord Bacurius, whose foot has strucke me,
How you finde my cause. 160

2nd Sw. We will; and tell that lord he must
be rul'd,

Or there be those abroad will rule his lordship.

Exeunt.

150 *abide upon't.* Q2, Q3, F, bide upon.

153 *me.* Q1, Q2, Q3 omit.

155 *when.* Q2, Q3, F omit.

158-160 *I . . . cause.* Prose in Q1.

160 *cause.* D, case.

162 *be.* F, are.

[ACTUS QUARTI SCENA QUARTA.]

*An apartment in the Palace.]**Enter Arbaces at one doore, Gobrias and Panthæa at another.**Gobrias.* Sir, her's the princesse.*Arbaces.* Leave us then, alone;

For the maine cause of her imprisonment

Must not be heard by any but her selfe.

[*Exit Gobrias.*]

You are welcome, sister; and I would to God

I could so bid you by another name!

If you above love not such sinnes as these,

Circle my heart with thoughts as cold as snow,

To quench these rising flames that harbour here.

Panthæa. Sir, does it please you I should speake?*Arb.* Please me?

I, more then all the art of musicke can;

Thy speech doth please me, for it ever sounds

As thou brought'st joyfull, unexpected newes:

And yet it is not fit thou shouldst be heard;

I prethee thinke so.

Pan.

Be it so; I will.

4 *You are.* Q2, Q3, F, You'r. I . . . *God.* Q3, I would
to heaven; F, would to heaven.

9 *should.* Q2, Q3, shall. 11 *doth.* Q1, does.

12 *brought'st.* Q1, broughts.

14 *prethee.* Q2, Q3, F, pray thee.

I am the first that ever had a wrong 15
So farre from being fit to have redresse
That 'twas unfit to heare it : I will backe
To prison, rather then disquiet you,
And waite till it be fit.

Arb. No, doe not goe !
For I will heare thee with a serious thought ; 20
I have collected all that's man about me
Together strongly, and I am resolv'd
To heare thee largely : but I doe beseech thee,
Doe not come neerer to me, for there is
Something in that that will undoe us both. 25

Pan. Alas, sir, am I venom ?

Arb. Yes, to me ;
Though of thy selfe I thinke thee to be in
As equall a degree of heate or cold
As Nature can make ; yet, as unsound men
Convert the sweetest and the nourishingst meates 30
Into diseases, so shall I, distemperd,
Doe thee : I prethee draw no neerer to me.

Pan. Sir, this is that I would : I am of late
Shut from the world ; and why it should be thus
Is all I wish to know.

Arb. Why, credit me, 35
Panthæa, credit me that am thy brother,

15 *I am.* Q3, F, Am I.

28 *As . . . degree.* Q3, equall a degree ; F, equal degree.

32 *prethee.* Q2, Q3, F, pray thee.

Thy loving brother, that there is a cause
 Sufficient, yet unfit for thee to knowe,
 That might undoe thee everlastingly,
 Onely to heare. Wilt thou but credit this ? 40
 By Heaven, 'tis true ; beleeeve it if thou canst.

Pan. Children and fooles are ever credulous,
 And I am both, I thinke, for I beleeeve.
 If you dissemble, be it on your head !
 Ile backe unto my prison. Yet me thinkes 45
 I might be kept in some place where you are ;
 For in my selfe I finde — I know not what
 To call it, but it is a great desire
 To see you often.

Arb. Fie, you come in a step ; what doe you
 meane ? 50

Deare sister, doe not so ! Alas, Panthæa,
 Where I am would you be ? why, that's the cause
 You are imprisond, that you may not be
 Where I am.

Pan. Then I must endure it, sir.
 God keepe you ! 55

Arb. Nay, you shall heare the cause in short,
 Panthæa ;

And, when thou hearst it, thou wilt blush for me,
 And hang thy head downe like a violet
 Full of the morning's dew. There is a way
 To gaine thy freedome ; but 'tis such a one 60

As puts thee in worse bondage, and I know
 Thou wouldst encounter fire, and make a prooffe
 Whether the gods have care of innocence,
 Rather then follow it. Know I have lost
 The onely difference betwixt man and beast, 65
 My reason.

Pan. Heaven forbid!

Arb. Nay, it is gone;
 And I am left as farre without a bound
 As the wild ocean, that obeyes the windes;
 Each suddaine passion throwes me as it lists,
 And overwhelmes all that oppose my will. 70
 I have beheld thee with a lustfull eye;
 My heart is set on wickednesse, to act
 Such sinnes with thee as I have beene afraid
 To thinke of. If thou dar'st consent to this,
 (Which, I beseech thee, doe not) thou maist gaine 75
 Thy libertie, and yeeld me a content:
 If not, thy dwelling must be darke and close,
 Where I may never see thee: for God knowes,
 That layd this punishment upon my pride,
 Thy sight at some time will enforce my mad-
 nesse 80

To make a start eene to thy ravishing.
 Now spit upon me, and call all reproaches

63 *innocence.* Q1, innocents.

64 *Know I.* Q3, F, Know that I.

66 *it is.* Q3, F, 'tis.

69 *as.* Q3, F, where.

78 *God.* Q3, F, heaven.

81 *eene.* Q1, eye.

Thou canst devise together, and at once
 Hurle um against me; for I am a sicknesse
 As killing as the plague, ready to seize thee. 85

Pan. Farre be it from me to revile the king!
 But it is true that I should rather chuse
 To search out death, that else would search out
 me,

And in a grave sleepe with my innocence,
 Then welcome such a sinne. It is my fate; 90
 To these crosse accidents I was ordaind,
 And must have patience; and but that my eyes
 Have more of woman in um then my heart,
 I would not weepe. Peace enter you againe!

Arb. Farewell; and, good Panthæa, pray for
 me, 95

(Thy prayers are pure,) that I may finde a death,
 How ever soone, before my passions grow
 That they forget what I desire is sinne;
 For thether they are tending. If that happen,
 Then I shall force thee, though thou wert a
 virgin 100

By vow to Heaven, and shall pull a heape
 Of strange, yet uninvented sins upon me.

Pan. Sir, I will pray for you; yet vou shall
 know

It is a sullen fate that governes us:
 For I could wish as heartilie as you 105

I were no sister to you ; I should then
Imbrace your lawfull love sooner then health.

Arb. Couldst thou affect me, then ?

Pan. So perfectly

That, as it is, I nere shall sway my heart
To like another.

Arb. Then I curse my birth. 110

Must this be added to my miseries,
That thou art willing too ? is there no stop
To our full happinesse but these meere sounds,
Brother and Sister ?

Pan. There is nothing else :
But these, alas ! will seporate us more 115
Then twentie worlds betwixt us.

Arb. I have liv'd
To conquer men, and now am overthrowne
Onely by words, Brother and Sister. Where
Have those words dwelling ? I will finde um
out,

And utterly destroy them ; but they are 120
Not to be grasp't : let um be men or beasts,
And I will cut um from the earth ; or townes,
And I will rase um, and then blow um up :
Let um be seas, and I will drinke them off,
And yet have unquencht fire left in my breast ; 125
Let um be any thing but meere voice.

112 *stop.* Q1, *steppe.* 120 *them.* Q2, Q3, F, 'em.

124 *them off.* Q2, Q3, F, 'em off.

Pan. But 'tis not in the power of any force
Or pollicie to conquer them.

Arb. Panthæa,
What shall wee doe ? shall we stand firmly here,
And gaze our eyes out ?

Pan. Would I could doe so ! 130
But I shall weepe out mine.

Arb. Accursed man !
Thou boughtst thy reason at too deare a rate ;
For thou hast all thy actions bounded in
With curious rules, when everie beast is free.
What is there that acknowledges a kindred, 135
But wretched man ? Who ever saw the bull
Fearefully leave the heifer that he likt,
Because they had one dam ?

Pan. Sir, I disturbe you,
And my selfe too ; 'twere better I were gone.

Arb. I will not be so foolish as I was ; 140
Stay, we will love just as becomes our birthes,
No otherwise : brothers and sisters may
Walke hand in hand together ; so will we.
Come nearer : is there any hurt in this ?

Pan. I hope not.

Arb. Faith, there's none at all : 145
And tell me truly now, is there not one
You love above me ?

Pan. No, by Heaven.

140 *I . . . was.* Q1 includes in Panthea's speech.

144 *in this.* Q2, i'this.

145 *there's.* Q2, Q3, F, there is.

Arb. Why, yet
You sent unto Tigranes, sister.

Pan. True,
But for another: for the truth —

Arb. No more:
Ile credit thee; I know thou canst not lie; 150
Thou art all truth.

Pan. But is there nothing else
That we may doe, but onely walke? Me thinkes
Brothers and sisters lawfully may kisse.

Arb. And so they may, Panthæa; so will we;
And kisse againe too: we were scrupulous 155
And foolish, but we will be so no more.

Pan. If you have any mercy, let me goe
To prison, to my death, to any thing:
I feele a sinne growing upon my bloud,
Worse then all these, — hotter, I feare, then
yours. 160

Arb. That is impossible: what should we doe?

Pan. Flie, sir, for God's sake.

Arb. So we must; away!
Sin growes upon us more by this delay.

[*Exeunt several ways.*]

Finis Actus Quarti.

147 *Why, yet.* Q1, Yet.

155 *scrupulous.* Q3, F, too scrupulous.

160 *I feare.* Q3, F omit. 162 *God's.* Q3, F, heavens.

ACTUS QUINTI SCÆNA PRIMA.

[*Before the Palace.*]

Enter Mardonius and Ligones.

Mardonius. Sir, the king has seene your commission, and beleeves it; and freely, by this warrant, gives you leave to visit Prince Tigranes, your noble master.

Lygones. I thanke his grace, and kisse his hands. 5

Mar. But is the maine of all your businesse ended in this?

Lyg. I have another, but a worse: I am asham'd: it is a businesse — 10

Mar. You [seem] a worthie person, and a stranger I am sure you are: you may imploy mee, if you please, without your purse; such offices should ever be their owne rewards.

Lyg. I am bound to your noblenesse. 15

Mar. I may have neede of you, and then this curtesie,

If it be any, is not ill bestowed.

But may I civilly desire the rest?

I shall not be a hurter, if no helper.

3 *leave.* Q2, Q3, F, power. 6 *hands.* Q2, Q3, F, hand.

11 *seem.* Old eds., serve. D's emendation.

13 *offices.* Q1, officers.

Lyg. Sir, you shall know I have lost a foolish
daughter,

20

And with her all my patience ; pilferd away
By a meane captaine of your king's.

Mar.

Stay there, sir :

If he have reacht the noble worth of captaine,
He may well claime a worthy gentlewoman,
Though shee were yours and noble.

25

Lyg. I grant all that too. But this wretched
fellow

Reaches no further then the emptie name
That serves to feede him: were he valiant,
Or had but in him any noble nature,
That might hereafter promise him a good man, 30
My cares were something lighter, and my grave
A span yet from me.

Mar.

I confesse such fellows
Be in all royall campos, and have, and must be,
To make the sinne of coward more detested
In the meane souldier, that with such a foyle 35
Sets off much valour. By description,
I should now guesse him to you; it was Bessus,
I dare almost with confidence pronounce it.

35

Lyg. 'Tis such a scurvy name as Bessus ; and
now

I thinke 'tis hee.

28 *he.* Q2, Q3, a. 31 *something.* Q2, Q3, F, so much.

34 *coward.* Q1, a coward. 36 *off.* Q1, of.

Mar. Captaine, doe you call him ? 40
 Beleeve me, sir, you have a miserie
 Too mighty for your age : a pox upon him !
 For that must be the end of all his service.

Your daughter was not mad, sir ?

Lyg. No ; would shee had beene !
 The fault had had more credit. I would doe
 something. 45

Mar. I would faine counsell you, but to what
 I know not.

Hee's so below a beating, that the women
 Find him not worthy of their distaves ; and
 To hang him were to cast away a rope.
 Hee's such an ayrie, thin, unbodied coward, 50
 That no revenge can catch him.

Ile tell you, sir, and tell you truth ; this rascall
 Feares neither God nor man ; has beene so beaten,
 Sufferance has made him wanscote ; he has had,
 Since hee was first a slave, 55

At least three hundred daggers set in his head,
 As little boyes doe new knives in hot meat ;
 Ther's not a rib in's bodie, a my conscience,
 That has not beene thrice broken with drie
 beating ;

And now his sides looke like to wicker targets, 60
 Everie way bended :

53 *has.* F, he has.

56 *in his.* Q2, Q3, F, in's.

55 *hee.* Q2, Q3, a.

60 *like to.* Q3, F, like two.

Children will shortly take him for a wall,
And set their stone-bowes in his forehead. Hee
Is of so low a sence, I cannot in
A weeke imagine what should be done to him. 65

Lyg. Sure, I have committed some great sinne,
That this strange fellow should be made my rod:
I would see him; but I shall have no patience.

Mar. 'Tis no great matter, if you have not.
If a laming of him, or such a toy, may doe you 70
pleasure, sir, he has it for you; and Ile helpe you
to him: 'tis no newes to him to have a leg broke,
or a shoulder out, with being turnd ath'stones
like a tanzie. Draw not your sword, if you love
it; for of my conscience his head will breake it: 75
we use him ith'warres like a ramme, to shake a
wall withall. Here comes the verie person of
him; doe as you shall find your temper; I must
leave you; but if you doe not breake him like a
bisket, you are much too blame, sir. *Exit.* 80

Enter Bessus and [the] Sword-men.

Lyg. Is your name Bessus?

Bessus. Men call me Captaine Bessus.

Lyg. Then, Captaine Bessus, you are a ranke
rascall, without more exordiums, a durty, frozen

63 *Hee.* Q1 omits.

64 *low.* Q2, Q3, F, bace.

65 *should.* Q2, Q3, F, shall.

67 *strange.* Q3, F omit.

70 *laming.* D conjectures *lamming*.

72 *broke.* F, broken.

75 *of.* Q2, Q3, F, on.

slave ! and, with the favour of your friends here, 85
I will beate you.

2nd Sword-man. Pray, use your pleasure, sir ;
you seem to be a gentleman.

Lyg. Thus, Captaine Bessus, thus !
Thus twinge your nose, thus kicke you, and thus
tread you. 90

Bes. I doe beseech you, yeeld your cause, sir,
quickly.

Lyg. Indeed, I should have told you that first.

Bes. I take it so.

1st Sword-man. Captaine, a should, indeed ; he
is mistaken.

Lyg. Sir, you shall have it quickly, and more
beating : 95

You have stolne away a lady, Captaine Coward,
And such a one — [*Beats him.*]

Bes. Hold, I beseech you, hold, sir !
I never yet stole any living thing
That had a tooth about it.

Lyg. Sir, I know you dare lie.

Bes. With none but summer-whores, upon my
life, sir : 100

My meanes and manners never could attempt
Above a hedge or hey-cocke.

90 *kick* you. Q2, Q3, F, *kick*. *and thus.* Q3, F, *thus*.

92 *you*. F omits. 94 *a should*. F, he should.

97 *Beates him*. Q1 omits. 99 *Sir*. Q3, F omit.

100 *With . . . sir*. Q1 includes in Lygones's speech.

Lyg. Sirra, that quits not me. Where is this
ladie ?

Doe that you doe not use to doe, tell truth,
Or, by my hand, Ile beate your captaine's braines
out,

105

Wash um, and put um in againe, that will I.

Bes. There was a ladie, sir, I must confesse,
Once in my charge; the Prince Tigranes gave her
To my guard, for her safetie. How I usd her,
She may her selfe report; shee's with the prince
now :

110

I did but waite upon her like a groome,
Which she will testifie, I am sure; if not,
My braines are at your service when you please,
sir,

And glad I have um for you.

Lyg. This is most likely. Sir, I aske your par-
don,

115

And am sorrie I was so intemperate.

Bes. Well, I can aske no more. You would
thinke it strange now to have me beat you at
first sight.

Lyg. Indeed I would; but I know your good-
nes can forget twentie beatings: you must for-
give me.

104 *to doe.* Q3, not to doe.

106 *again* . . . I. D, againe that will.

117 *would.* Q3, F, will. 118 *now.* F, not.

Bes. Yes; ther's my hand. Goe where you will, I shall thinke you a valiant fellow, for all this.

125

Lyg. My daughter is a whore;
I feele it now too sencible; yet I will see her;
Discharge my selfe of being father to her,
And then backe to my countrie, and there die.
Farewell, captaine.

Exit.

Bes. Farewell, sir, farewell;
Commend me to the gentlewoman, I pray.

130

1st Sw. How now, captaine? beare up, man.

Bes. Gentleman ath'sword, your hands once more: I have beene kickt againe; but the foolish fellow is penitent, has ask't me mercy, and my honor's safe.

2nd Sw. We knew that, or the foolish fellow had better a kick't his grandsire.

Bes. Confirme, confirme, I pray.

1st Sw. There be our hands againe.

140

2nd Sw. Now let him come,
And say he was not sorry, and he sleepes for it.

Bes. Alas, good, ignorant old man! let him goe, let him goe; these courses will undue him.

Exeunt.

128 *of being.* Q3, F, from being.

133-36 *Gentlemen . . . safe.* Verse in Q1, Q2, Q3, the lines ending with *have*, *penitent*, and *safe*.

136 *honor's.* Q2, honour. 138 *a.* Q2, Q3, F, have.

141-42 *Now . . . it.* Q2, Q3, F give to 1st Sword-man.

142 *he . . . he.* Q2, Q3, a . . . a.

[ACTUS QUINTI SCENA SECUNDA.

*A Prison.]**Enter Ligones and Bacurius.*

Bacurius. My lord, your authoritie is good,
and I am glad it is so ; for my consent would
never hinder you from seeing your owne king :
I am a minister, but not a governour of this
state. Yonder is your king ; Ile leave you. 5

*Exit.**Enter Tigranes and Spaconia.*

Lygones. There he is
Indeed, and with him my disloyall childe.

Tigranes. I doe perceive my fault so much,
that yet
Me thinkes thou shouldst not have forgiven me.

Lyg. Health to your majestie !

Tigr. What, good Ligones ! 10
Welcome ; what businesse brought thee hether ?

Lyg. Severall businesses.

My public businesse will appeare by this ;

[Gives a paper.]

I have a message to deliver, which,

If it please you so to authorise, is 15

An embassage from the Armenian state

Unto Arbaces for your libertie.

The offer's there set downe ; please you to read it.

Tigr. There is no alteration happened since I came thence ?

Lyg. None, sir ; all is as it was. 20

Tigr. And all our friends are well ?

Lyg. All verie well. [*Tigranes reads.*]

Spaconia. Though I have done nothing but what was good,

I dare not see my father : it was fault

Enough not to acquaint him with that good.

Lyg. Madam, I should have seene you. 25

Spa. O good sir, forgive me !

Lyg. Forgive you, why ? I am no kin to you, am I ?

Spa. Should it be measur'd by my meane deserts,

Indeed you are not.

Lyg. Thou couldst prate unhappily Ere thou couldst goe ; would thou couldst doe as well ! 30

And how does your custome hold out here ?

Spa. Sir ?

Lyg. Are you in private still, or how ?

Spa. What doe you meane ?

Lyg. Doe you take money ? are you come to 35 sell sinne yet ? perhaps I can helpe you to liberall clients : or has not the king cast you off yet ? Oh, thou vild creature, whose best commendation

is, that thou art a young whore! I would thy
 mother had liv'd to see this; or, rather, would 40
 I had dyed ere I had seene it! Why didst not
 make me acquainted when thou wert first re-
 solv'd to be a whore? I would have seene thy
 hot lust satisfied more privately: I would have
 kept a dancer, and a whole consort of musitions 45
 in my owne house, onely to fiddle thee.

Spa. Sir, I was never whore.

Lyg. If thou couldst not say so much for thy
 selfe, thou shouldst be carted.

Tigr. Ligones, I have read it, and I like it; 50
 You shall deliver it.

Lyg. Well, sir, I will:
 But I have private busines with you.

Tigr. Speake, what is't?

Lyg. How has my age deserv'd so ill of you,
 That you can picke no strumpets in the land,
 But out of my breed?

Tigr. Strumpets, good Ligones? 55

Lyg. Yes; and I wish to have you know, I
 scorne

To get a whore for any prince alive;

40 *would.* Q3, F, that.

43-46 *I . . . thee.* Q2, Q3 print as verse, the lines ending
 with *satisfied, dancer, musitions, thee.*

50 *I like.* Q1, like.

54 *in the.* Q2, Q3, i'the; F, i'th'.

57 *any.* Q2, my.

And yet scorne will not helpe, me thinkes : my
daughter
Might have beene spar'd ; there were enough be-
side.

Tigr. May I not prosper, but shee's innocent 60
As morning light, for me ! and, I dare sweare,
For all the world.

Lyg. Why is she with you, then ?
Can she waite on you better then your men ?
Has she a gift in plucking off your stockings ?
Can she make cawdles well, or cut your cornes ? 65
Why doe you keepe her with you ? For your
queene

I knowe you doe contemne her ; so should I ;
And every subject else thinke much at it.

Tigr. Let um thinke much ; but 'tis more firme
then earth
Thou seest thy queene there. 70

Lyg. Then have I made a faire hand : I cald
her whore ! If I shall speake now as her father,
I cannot chuse but greatly rejoyce that she shall
be a queene ; but if I should speake to you as a
statesman, she were more fit to be your whore. 75

59 *enough.* Q3, F, enow. *beside.* Q2, Q3, F, besides.

63 *men.* Q2, Q3, F, man.

66 *your.* Q2, Q3, F, a.

71-75 *Then . . . whore.* Verse in Q1, Q2, Q3, the lines
ending with *whore, chuse, if, fit, whore.*

74 *should.* Q2, Q3, F, shall.

Tigr. Get you about your businesse to Arabaces;

Now you talke idlie.

Lyg. Yes, sir, I will goe.

And she shall be a queene? she had more wit
Then her old father, when she ranne away;
Shall shee be queene? now, by my troth, 'tis fine. 80
Ile dance out of all measure at her wedding;
Shall I not, sir?

Tigr. Yes, marrie, shalt thou.

Lyg. Ile make these withered kexes beare my bodie

Two houres together above ground.

Tigr. Nay, goe,

My businesse requires haste.

Lyg. Good God preserve you! 85

You are an excellent king.

Spa. Farewell, good father.

Lyg. Farewell, sweete, vertuous daughter.

I never was so joyfull in my life,

That I remember: shall shee be a queene?

Now I perceive a man may weepe for joy; 90

I had thought they had lied that said so. *Exit.*

Tigr. Come, my deare love.

Spa. But you may see another,

May alter that againe.

80 *queene.* Q1, a queene. 85 *God.* Q3, F, heaven.

88 *in my life.* Q3, F, in all my life.

Tigr.

Urge it no more :

I have made up a new strong constancie,
 Not to be shooke with eyes. I know I have
 The passions of a man ; but if I meete
 With any subject that should hold my eyes
 More firmly then is fit, Ile thinke of thee,
 And runne away from it : let that suffice.

95

Exeunt.

[ACTUS QUINTI SCENA TERTIA.]

*A room in the house of Bacurius.]**Enter Bacurius and a Servant.*

Bacurius. Three gentlemen without, to speake
 with me ?

Servant. Yes, sir.*Bac.* Let them come in.*Enter Bessus and [the] Sword-men.**Serv.* They are enterd, sir, already.

5

Bac. Now, fellowes, your busines ? Are these
 the gentlemen ?

Bessus. My lord, I have made bold to bring
 these gentlemen,
 My friends ath'sword, along with me.

Bac. I am
 Afraid youle fight, then.

8-16 *My . . . laming.* Prose in old eds.

Bes. My good lord, I will not ; 10
Your lordship is mistaken ; feare not, lord.

Bac. Sir, I am sorrie for't.

Bes. I can aske no more in honor. Gentlemen,
You heare my lord is sorrie.

Bac. Not that I have
Beaten you, but beaten one that will be
beaten ; 15
One whose dull bodie will require a laming,
As surfeits doe the diet, spring and fall.

Now, to your sword-men :

What come they for, good Captaine Stockfish ?

Bes. It seemes your lordship has forgot my
name. 20

Bac. No, nor your nature neither ; though
they are things fitter, I confesse, for any thing
then my remembrance, or anie honest man's.
What shall these billets doe ? be pilde up in my
woodyard ? 25

Bes. Your lordship holds your mirth still ; God
continue it !

But, for these gentlemen, they come —

11 *mistaken.* F, much mistaken.

13 *can aske.* Q2, Q3, F, aske.

16 *a laming.* Q1, launcing. D, followed by later eds. generally,
reads *a lamming*.

22 *confesse.* Q2, Q3, F, must confesse.

26-30 *Your . . . coward.* Prose in old eds.

26 *God.* Q3, F, heaven.

Bac. To sweare
You are a coward: spare your booke; I doe be-
leeve it.

Bes. Your lordship still drawes wide; they
come to vouch,
Under their valiant hands, I am no coward. 30

Bac. That would be a shew, indeed, worth
seeing. Sirra, be wise, and take money for this
motion; travell with it; and where the name of
Bessus has beene knowne, or a good coward stir-
ring, 'twill yeeld more then a tilting. This will 35
prove more beneficiall to you, if you be thriftie,
then your captaineship, and more naturall. Men
of most valiant hands, is this true?

2nd Sw. It is so, most renowned.

Bac. 'Tis somewhat strange.

1st Sw. Lord, it is strange, yet true. 40
Wee have examined, from your lordship's foote
there

To this man's head, the nature of the beatings;
And we doe find his honour is come off
Cleane and sufficient: this, as our swords shall
helpe us!

Bac. You are much bound to your bilbow- 45
men; I am glad you are straight againe, captaine.
'Twere good you would thinke some way to grati-

40 *1st Sw.* Q1, 2nd Sw.

40-44 *Lord . . . us.* Prose in old eds.

47 *thinke.* F, think on.

hie them : they have undergone a labour for you,
Bessus, would have puzzeld Hercules with all his
valour.

50

2nd Sw. Your lordship must understand we
are no men ath'law, that take pay for our opin-
ions ; it is sufficient wee have cleer'd our friend.

Bac. Yet here is something due, which I, as
toucht

In conscience, will discharge. Captaine, Ile pay 55
This rent for you.

Bes. Spare your selfe, my good lord ;
My brave friends aime at nothing but the vertue.

Bac. That's but a cold discharge, sir, for their
paines.

2nd Sw. O lord ! my good lord !

Bac. Be not so modest ; I will give you some-
thing.

60

Bes. They shall dine with your lordship ; that's
sufficient.

Bac. Something in hand the while. Ye rogues,
ye apple-squiers,

Doe you come hether, with your botled valour,
Your windie frothe, to limit out my beatings ?

[*Kicks them.*]

54 *here.* Q2, Q3, F, there.

54-57 *Yet . . . vertue.* Prose in old eds.

58 *their.* Q2, Q3, F, the.

62-64 *Something . . . beatings.* Prose in old eds.

62 *Ye . . . ye.* Q2, Q3, F, You . . . you.

64 *windie.* Q1, windle.

1st Sw. I doe beseech your lordship ! 65

2nd Sw. O, good lord !

Bac. 'Sfoote, what a beavie of beaten slaves are here ?

Get me a cudgell, sirra, and a tough one.

[*Exit Servant.*]

2nd Sw. More of your foot, I doe beseech your lordship !

Bac. You shall, you shall, dog, and your fellow beagle. 70

1st Sw. A this side, good my lord.

Bac. Off with your swords ; for if you hurt my foote,

Ile have you fleade, you rascals !

1st Sw. Mine's off, my lord.

2nd Sw. I beseech your lordship, stay a little ; my strap's 75

Tied to my codpiece point: now, when you please.

[*They take off their swords.*]

Bac. Captaine, these are your valiant friends ! you long for a little too ?

Bes. I am verie well, I humbly thanke your lordship.

Bac. What's that in your pocket hurts my toe, you mungrell ? 80

67-68 'Sfoote . . . one. Prose in old eds.

67 beavie. Q1, many. Bond reads meiny.

72-89 Off . . . foote-bals. Prose in old eds.

80 hurts my toe. Q1, slave, my key ; Q2, slave, my toe.

Thy buttocks cannot be so hard; out with't
quicklie.

2nd Sw. Here 'tis, sir; [*Takes out a pistol.*]
A small piece of artillerie, that a gentleman,
A deare friend of your lordship's, sent me with
To get it mended, sir; for, if you marke, 85
The nose is somewhat loose.

Bac. A friend of mine, you rascal!
I was never wearier of doing nothing
Then kicking these two foote-bals.

[*Enter Servant.*]

Servant. Here's a good cudgell, sir. 90

Bac. It comes too late; I am wearie. Prethee
doe thou beate um.

2nd Sw. My lord, this is foule play, i'faith, to
put

A fresh man upon us; men are but men, sir.

Bac. That jest shall save your bones. Up 95
with your rotten regiment, and be gone! I had
rather thresh, then be bound to kicke these
raskals till they cride 'Hold'! Bessus, you may

81 *with't.* Q2, Q3, with it. 88 *nothing.* F, anything.

Enter Servant. Q1 omits; Q2 adds, *Will Adkinson.*

90 *Here's.* F, Here is.

91 *I am.* Q2, Q3, F, I'me.

92 *um.* Q2, Q3, F, them.

93-94 *My . . . sir.* Prose in old eds.

94 *sir.* Q1 omits.

95-96 *Up with.* Q2, Q3, F, Captaine, rally up.

98 *Hold.* Q2, Q3, F, Ho.

put your hand to them now, and then you are quit. Farewell. As you like this, pray visit mee ¹⁰⁰ againe; 'twill keep me in good breath. *Exit.*

2nd Sw. 'Has a divellish hard foote; I never felt the like.

1st Sw. Nor I, and yet Ime sure I ha felt a hundred. 105

2nd Sw. If he kicke thus ith' dog-daies, he will be drie-founderd. What cure now, capitaine, besides oyle of bayes?

Bes. Why, well enough, I warrant you. You can goe?

2nd Sw. Yes, God be thanked; but I feel a shrewd ach; 110

Sure he has sprang my huckle-bone.

1st Sw. I ha lost a haunch.

Bes. A little butter, friend, a little butter; Butter and parselie is a soveraigne matter:

Probatum est.

2nd Sw. Capitaine, we must request 115
Your hand now to our honours.

Bes. Yes, marrie, shall ye;

101 *breath.* Q3, F, health.

104 *Ime.* Q2, Q3, F, I am. *ha.* Q2, Q3, F, have.

106 *he . . . he.* Q2, Q3, a . . . a.

109 *goe?* Old eds., goe. 110 *God* Q3, F, heaven.

110-120 *Yes . . . murderers.* Prose in old eds.

111 *he has.* Q2, Q3, F, has.

114 *is a.* F, and a.

116 *hand.* Q1, hands.

And then let all the world come ; we are valiant
To our selves, and there's an end.

1st Sw.

Nay, then we must

Be valiant. O my ribbes !

2nd Sw.

O my small guts !

A plague upon these sharpe-toe'd shooes ! they are
murderers.

Exeunt. 120

[ACTUS QUINTI SCENA QUARTA.]

Enter Arbaces, with his sword drawne.

Arbaces. It is resolv'd. I bore it whilst I could ;
I can no more. Hell, open all thy gates,
And I will thorough them ! If they be shut,
Ile batter um, but I will find the place
Where the most damn'd have dwelling ; ere I
end,

5

Amongst them all they shall not have a sinne
But I may call it mine : I must beginne
With murder of my friend, and so goe on
To an incestuous ravishing, and end
My life and sinnes with a forbidden blow
Upon my selfe.

10

Enter Mardonius.

Mardonius. What tragedie is nere ?
That hand was never wont to draw a sword,
But it cride " dead " to something.

1 bore. F, bare. 2-7 Hell . . . mine Q2, Q3, F omit.

9 an. Q3, F, that.

Arb. Mardonius,
Have you bid Gobrius come?

Mar. How doe you, sir?

Arb. Well, is he comming?

Mar. Why, sir, are you thus? 15
Why does your hand proclaime a lawlesse warre
Against your selfe?

Arb. Thou answerest me one question with
another.

Is Gobrius comming?

Mar. Sir, he is.

Arb. 'Tis well.

I can forbear your questions, then; be gone. 20

Mar. Sir, I have markt —

Arb. Marke lesse; it troubles you and me.

Mar. You are more variable then you were.

Arb. It may be so.

Mar. To-day no hermit could be humbler
Then you were to us all.

Arb. And what of this? 25

Mar. And now you take new rage into your
eies,

As you would looke us all out of the land.

Arb. I doe confesse it; will that satisfie?

I prethee get thee gone.

Mar. Sir, I will speake.

15 *he* Q2, Q3, a.

16 *does* . . . *hand*. F, do your hands.

Arb. Will ye?

Mar. It is my dutie. 30

I feare you will kill your selfe. I am a subject,
And you shall doe me wrong in't : 'tis my cause,
And I may speake.

Arb. Thou art not train'd in sinne,
It seemes, Mardonius. Kill my selfe? By Heaven,
I will not doe it yet ; and when I will, 35
Ile tell thee : then I shall be such a creature
That thou wilt give me leave without a word.
There is a method in man's wickednesse ;
It growes up by degrees ; I am not come
So high as killing of my selfe ; there are 40
A hundred thousand sinnes 'twixt me and it,
Which I must doe. I shall come toot at last ;
But, take my oath, not now. Be satisfied,
And get thee hence.

Mar. I am sorrie 'tis so ill.

Arb. Be sorrie, then. 45
True sorrow is alone ; grieve by thy selfe.

Mar. I pray you let mee see your sword put
up,
Before I goe ; Ile leave you then.

Arb. [*sheathing his sword*]. Why, so.
What folly is this in thee ? Is it now
As apt to mischief as it was before ? 50

36 *tell thee : then.* Old eds., tell thee then :

42 *I shall.* Q3, F, and I shall. 48 *so.* Q1, Q3, F, *so ?*

Can I not reach it, thinkest thou? These are
toyes

For children to be pleas'd with, and not men.

Now I am safe, you thinke: I would the booke

Of Fate were here; my sword is not so sure

But I should get it out, and mangle that, 55

That all the Destinies should quite forget

Their fixt decrees, and hast to make us new

Farre other fortunes; mine could not be worse.

Wilt thou now leave me?

Mar. God put into your bosome temperate
thoughts! 60

Ile leave you, though I feare. *Exit.*

Arb. Goe; thou art honest.

Why should the hastie errors of my youth

Be so unpardonable, to draw a sinne

Helplesse upon me?

Enter Gobrius.

Gobrias. There is the king;

Now it is ripe.

Arb. Draw neere, thou guiltie man, 65

That art the author of the loathedst crime

Five ages have brought forth, and heare me
speake:

Curses incurable, and all the evils

51 *thinkest.* Q2, Q3, F, think'st.

58 *Farre.* Q2, Q3, F, For.

60 *God.* Q3, F, Heaven. *temperate.* Q2, temporall.

62 *errors.* F, error. 68 *incurable.* Q3, F, more incurable.

Man's bodie or his spirit can receive
Be with thee!

Gob. Why, sir, doe you curse me thus? 70

Arb. Why doe I curse thee? If there be a
man

Subtill in curses, that exceeves the rest,
His worst wish on thee! Thou hast broke my
hart.

Gob. How, sir? Have I preserv'd you, from
a childe,

From all the arrowes malice or ambition 75
Could shoot at you, and have I this for pay?

Arb. 'Tis true thou didst preserve me, and in
that

Were crueller then hardned murderers
Of infants and their mothers. Thou didst save
me

Onely till thou hadst studded out a way 80
How to destroy me cunningly thy selfe:
This was a curious way of torturing.

Gob. What doe you meane?

Arb. Thou know'st the evils thou hast done
to me.

Dost thou remember all those witching letters 85
Thou sent'st unto me to Armenia,
Fild with the praise of my beloved sister,
Where thou extol'st her beautie? What had I

76 pay. F, my pay.

To doe with that? What could her beautie be
To me? And thou didst write how well shee
lov'd me;

Doest thou remember this? so that I doated
Something before I saw her.

Gob. This is true.

Arb. Is it? And when I was returnd, thou knowst

Thou didst pursue it, till thou wound'st me in
To such a strange and unbeleev'd affection 95
As good men cannot thinke on.

Gob. This I grant:
I thinke I was the cause.

Arb. Wert thou? Nay, more,
I thinke thou meantst it.

Gob. Sir, I hate a lie :
As I love God and honestie, I did ;
It was my meaning.

Arb. Be thine owne sad judge ; 100
A further condemnation will not need :
Prepare thy selfe to die.

Gob. Why, sir, to die?

Arb. Why wouldst thou live? Was ever yet offender

So impudent, that had a thought of mercy

93 *And* Q1, *And* I.

94-95 in *To.* Q1, F, into.

98 *a lie.* F, to lie.

99 *God. Q3, F, heaven.*

103 *wouldst*. Q3, F, *shouldst*.

After confession of a crime like this? 105
 Get out I cannot, where thou hurl'st me in ;
 But I can take revenge ; that's all the sweetnesse
 Left for me.

Gob. Now is the time. — Heare me but
 speake.

Arb. No; yet I will be farre more mercifull
 Then thou wert to me ; thou didst steale into me, 110
 And never gavest me warning. So much time
 As I give thee now had prevented [me]
 For ever. Notwithstanding all thy sinnes,
 If thou hast hope that there is yet a prayer
 To save thee, turne, and speake it to thy selfe. 115

Gob. Sir, you shall know your sinnes before
 you doe um :

If you kill me —

Arb. I will not stay, then.

Gob. Know

You kill your father.

Arb. How ?

Gob. You kill your father.

Arb. My father ? Though I know it for a lie
 Made out of feare to save thy stained life, 120
 The verie reverence of the word comes crosse
 me,

And ties mine arme downe.

111 *gavest.* Q2, Q3, F, gav'st.

112 *me.* Old eds., thee. The emendation is T's.

115 *it to.* Q2, it. *thy.* Q1, your.

119 *know it.* Q2, Q3, F, know't.

Gob. I will tell you that
Shall heighten you againe. I am thy father ;
I charge thee heare me.

Arb. If it should be so,
As 'tis most false, and that I should be found 125
A bastard issue, the dispised fruite
Of lawlesse lust, I should no more admire
All my wilde passions. But another truth
Shall be wrung from thee. If I could come by
The spirit of paine, it should be powr'd on thee, 130
Till thou allowest thy selfe more full of lies
Then he that teaches thee.

Enter Arane.

Arane. Turne thee about !
I come to speake to thee, thou wicked man :
Heare me, thou tyrant !

Arb. I will turne to thee :
Heare me, thou strumpet ! I have blotted out 135
The name of mother, as thou hast thy shame.

Ara. My shame ? Thou hast lesse shame then
any thing.

Why dost thou keepe my daughter in a prison ?
Why dost thou call her sister, and doe this ?

Arb. Cease, thou strange impudence, and
answere quickly ! 140

If thou contemn'st me, this will aske an answer,
And have it.

140 *Cease, thou.* F, Cease thy.

141 *contemn'st.* Q2, Q3, F, contemnest.

Ara. Helpe me, gentle Gobrius!

Arb. Guilt dare not helpe guilt; though they
grow together

In doing ill, yet at the punishment
They sever, and each flies the noyse of other. 145
Thinke not of helpe; answer!

Ara. I will; to what?

Arb. To such a thing as, if it be a truth,
Thinke what a creature thou hast made thy selfe,
That didst not shame to doe what I must blush
Onely to aske thee. Tell me who I am, 150
Whose sonne I am, without all circumstance.
Be thou as hastie as my sword will be
If thou refusest.

Ara. Why, you are his sonne.

Arb. His sonne? Sweare, sweare, thou worse
then woman damn'd!

Ara. By all that's good, you are.

Arb. Then art thou all 155
That ever was knowne bad. Now is the cause
Of all my strange misfortunes come to light.
What reverence expects thou from a childe
To bring forth which thou hast offended Heaven,
Thy husband, and the land? Adulterous witch, 160
I know now why thou wouldst have poyson'd
me:

I was thy lust which thou wouldst have forgot.

Thou wicked mother of my sinnes and me,
 Shew me the way to the inheritance
 I have by thee, which is a spacious world 165
 Of impious acts, that I may soone possesse it!
 Plagues rott thee, as thou liv'st! and such diseases
 As use to pay lust, recompence thy deed!

Gob. You doe not know why you curse thus.

Arb. Too well.

You are a paire of vipers, and behold 170
 The serpent you have got! There is no beast
 But, if he knew it, has a pedigree
 As brave as mine, for they have more discents,
 And I am every way as beastly got,
 As farre without the compasse of a law, 175
 As they.

Ara. You spend your rage and words in vaine,
 And raile upon a guesse. Heare us a little.

Arb. No, I will never heare, but talke away
 My breath, and die.

Gob. Why, but you are no bastard.

Arb. How's that?

Ara. Nor childe of mine.

Arb. Still you goe on 180

In wonders to me.

Gob. Pray you, be more patient;
 I may bring comfort to you.

163 *Thou.* Q2, Q3, F, Then.

175 *a law.* F, law. 181 *Pray you.* Q1, Pray.

Arb. I will kneele,
And heare with the obedience of a childe.
Good father, speake : I doe acknowledge you,
So you bring comfort. 185

Gob. First, know our last king, your supposed
father,
Was olde and feeble when he marryed her,
And almost all the land, as shee, past hope
Of issue from him.

Arb. Therefore shee tooke leave
To play the whoore, because the king was old : 190
Is this the comfort ?

Ara. What will you find out
To give me satisfaction, when you find
How you have injur'd me ? Let fire consume
mee
If ever I were whore !

Gob. Forbeare these starts,
Or I will leave you wedded to despaire, 195
As you are now. If you can find a temper,
My breath shall be a pleasant westerne wind,
That cooles and blastes not.

Arb. Bring it out, good father.
Ile lie and listen here as reverentlie
As to an angell ; if I breathe too loude, 200
Tell me ; for I would be as still as night.

188 *as shee.* F, thought she was.

194 *whore.* F, a whore.

Gob. Our king, I say, was old, and this our
queene

Desired to bring an heire; but yet her husband
Shee thought was past it; and to be dishonest
I thinke shee would not: if shee would have
beene,

205

The truth is, shee was watcht so narrowlie,
And had so slender opportunitie,
Shee hardly could have beene. But yet her cun-
ning

Found out this way; shee fain'd her selfe with
child

And postes were sent in haste throughout the
land,

210

And God was humbly thank't in every church,
That so had blest the queen; and prayers were
made

For her safe going and deliverie.

Shee fain'd now to grow bigger, and perceiv'd
This hope of issue made her feard, and brought
A farre more large respect from everie man,
And saw her power increase, and was resolv'd,
Since shee believ'd shee could not have't in-
deede,

At least shee would be thought to have a child.

207 *opportunitie.* Q2, Q3, F, opportunities.

211 *God . . . thank't.* Q3, F, humble thanks was given.

212 *That . . . queen.* Q3, F omit.

Arb. Doe I not heare it well? Nay, I will
make

220

No noise at all; but pray you to the point,
Quicke as you can.

Gob. Now when the time was full
Shee should be brought abed, I had a sonne
Borne, which was you. This the queene hearing
of,

Mov'd me to let her have you, and such reasons 225

Shee shewed me, as shee knew would tie

My secresie: shee sware you should be king;

And, to be short, I did deliver you

Unto her, and pretended you were dead,

And in mine owne house kept a funerall, 230

And had an emptie coffin put in earth.

That night the queene fain'd hastilie to labour,

And, by a paire of women of her owne,

Which shee had charm'd, shee made the world
believe

Shee was deliver'd of you. You grew up 235

As the king's sonne, till you were sixe yeere
olde;

Then did the king die, and did leave to me

Protection of the realme; and, contrarie

To his owne expectation, left this queene

222 *Quicke.* F, Quickly. 223 *abed.* Q2, Q3, F, to bed.

227 *sware.* Q2, Q3, F, swore.

232 *the.* Q2, Q3, F, this. 236 *yeere.* F, yeares.

Truly with childe indeed of the fair princesse 240
 Panthæa. Then shee could have torne her heire,
 And did, alone to me, yet durst not speake
 In publike ; for shee knew shee should be found
 A traytor, and her talke would have beene
 thought

Madnesse, or any thing rather then truth. 245

This was the onely cause why shee did seeke
 To poyson you, and I to keepe you safe ;
 And this the reason why I sought to kindle
 Some sparke of love in you to faire Panthæa,
 That shee might get part of her right agen. 250

Arb. And have you made an end now ? is this
 all ?

If not, I will be still till I am aged,—
 Till all my heires are silver.

Gob. This is all.

Arb. And is it true, say you too, Maddam ?

Ara. Yes,

God knowes it is most true. 255

Arb. Panthæa, then, is not my sister ?

Gob. No.

Arb. But can you prove this ?

Gob. If you will give consent ;

Else who dare go about it ?

244 *talke.* Q2, Q3, F, tale.

249 *sparke.* Q2, Q3, F, sparkes.

254 *too.* Q1 omits.

255 *God.* Q3, F, Heaven.

258 *dare.* Q2, Q3, F, dares.

Arb.

Give consent?

Why, I will have them all that know it rackt,
To get this from um! All that waites without 260
Come in! what ere you be, come in, and be
Partakers of my joy!

Ent[er] Mar[donius], Bessus, and others.

O, you are welcome!

Mardonius, the best newes! Nay, draw no
neerer:

They all shall heare it: I am found no king!

Mar. Is that so good newes?*Arb.* Yes, the happiest newes 265

That ere was heard.

Mar. Indeed 'twere well for you

If you might be a little lesse obey'd.

Arb. One call the queene.*Mar.* Why, she is there.*Arb.* The queene,

Mardonius! Panthæa is the queene,

And I am plaine Arbaces. Goe, some one! 270

She is in Gobrius' house. [*Exit 1st Gentleman.*]

Since I saw you

There are a thousand things deliverd to me

You little dreame of.

Mar. So it should seeme. My lord,

What furi's this?

260 *waites.* F, wait.268 *One.* Q1, On (with comma).

Gob. Beleeve me, 'tis no fury ;
All that he sayes is truth.

Mar. 'Tis verie strange. 275

Arb. Why doe you keepe your hats off, gentlemen ?

Is it to me ? I sweare, it must not be ;
Nay, trust me, in good faith, it must not be.
I cannot now command you, but I pray you,
For the respect you bare me when you tooke 280
Me for your king, each man clap on his hat
At my desire.

Mar. We will ; but you are not found
So meane a man but that you may be cover'd
As well as we, may you not ?

Arb. O, not here :
You may, but not I, for here is my father 285
In presence.

Mar. Where ?

Arb. Why, there ! O, the whole storie
Would be a wilderness to loose thy selfe
For ever ! — O, pardon me, deare father,
For all the idle and unreverent words
That I have spoke in idle moodes to you. 290
I am Arbaces ; we all fellow-subjects ;
Nor is the queene Panthæa now my sister.

277 *I sweare.* Q1, In good faith.

278 *Nay . . . be.* Q1 omits.

282 *but.* Q2, Q3, F omit.

Bessus. Why, if you remember, fellow-subject Arbaces, I tolde you once she was not your sister; I, and she look't nothing like you. 295

Arb. I thinke you did, good Captaine Bessus.

Bes. Here will arise another question now amongst the swordmen, whether I be to call him to account for beating me, now he's proved no king! 300

Enter Ligones.

Mar. Sir, here's Ligones, the agent for the Armenian state.

Arb. Where is he? I know your businesse, good Ligones.

Lygones. We must have our king againe, and will.

Arb. I knew that was your businesse. You shall have 305

Your king againe, and have him so againe
As never king was had. Goe, one of you,
And bid Bacurius bring Tigranes hither,
And bring the ladie with him that Panthæa,
The queen Panthæa, sent me word this morning 310
Was brave Tigranes' mistresse.

[*Exit 2nd Gentleman.*]

Lyg.

'Tis Spaconia.

295 *I, and.* Q1, I say.

299 *he's.* Q2, Q3, F, he is.

302 *state.* Q1, King.

311 *Exit . . . Gentleman.* So D; Q2, Q3, F, Exit two Gent.

Arb. I, I, Spaconia.

Lyg. She is my daughter.

Arb. Shee is so ; I could now tell any thing
I never heard. Your king shall goe so home
As never man went.

Mar. Shall he goe on's head? 315

Arb. He shall have chariots easier then ayre,
That I will have invented ; and nere thinke
He shall pay any ransome. And thy selfe,
That art the messenger, shall ride before him
On a horse cut out of an entire diamond, 320
That shall be made to goe with golden wheeles,—
I know not how yet.

Lyg. Why, I shall be made
For ever ! They belied this king with us,
And sayd he was unkind.

Arb. And then thy daughter,—
She shall have some strange thing ; wele have the
kingdome 325
Sold utterly, and put into a toy
Which she shall weare about her carelesly,
Somewhere or other.

Enter Pan[thea].

See the vertuous queene !
Behold the humblest subject that you have
Kneelee here before you.

318 *He.* Q2, A ; Q3, An ; F, One.

319 *shall.* F, shalt. 325 *thing.* Q1, thinke.

Panthea.

Why kneele you to me 330

That am your vassall ?

Arb.

Grant me one request.

Pan. Alas, what can I grant you ? What I can
I will.*Arb.*That you will please to marry me,
If I can prove it lawfull.*Pan.*

Is that all ?

More willingly then I would draw this ayre. 335

Arb. Ile kisse this hand in earnest.

[Enter 2nd Gentleman.]

2nd Gentleman.

Sir, Tigranes

Is comming, though he made it strange at first
To see the princesse any more —*Arb.*

The queene,

Thou meanest.

Enter Tig[ranes] and Spa[conia].

O my Tigranes, pardon me !

Tread on my necke, — I freely offer it ; 340
And, if thou beest so given, take revenge,
For I have injur'd thee.*Tigranes.*

No, I forgive,

And rejoyce more that you have found repent-
ance,

Then I my libertie.

336 *2nd Gentleman.* Q1 gives the speech to Mardonius ; D
proposed Bacurius (see line 308).337 *at first.* Q1 omits.

Arb. Maist thou be happie
 In thy faire choice! for thou art temperate. 345
 You owe no ransome to the state. Know that
 I have a thousand joyes to tell you of,
 Which yet I dare not utter, till I pay
 My thanks to Heaven for um. Will you goe
 With me and helpe me? Pray you doe.

Tig. I will. 350

Arb. Take, then, your faire one with you; and
 you, queene
 Of goodnesse and of us, O give me leave
 To take your arme in mine. Come, every one
 That takes delight in goodnesse, helpe to sing
 Loude thanks for me, that I am prov'd no
 king! [Exeunt.] 355

346 *state. Know that.* Q1, *state, know that* (with semicolon);
 Q2, F, same except for semicolon.

351 *you, queene.* Q1, Q2, Q3, *your queene.*

FINIS.

Notes to *A King and No King*

For the meaning of single words see the Glossary.

STAGE HISTORY. The earliest known performance of *A King and No King* is that recorded in the accounts of the Court Revels for December 26, 1611: "On St. Stivenes night A play called A King and no King," by "the Kings players" (Cunningham's *Accounts of the Revels*, Shakespeare Society Publications, p. 211). To the same effect is a note found in a legal paper concerning an action of Sir William Davenant against Thomas Betterton, 1662, that *A King and No King* was "allowed to be acted in 1611, and the same to be printed" (see Malone's *Variorum Shakespeare*, ed. by Boswell, III, 263). The title-page of the first quarto (1619) refers to its presentation at the Globe, and that of the second quarto (1625) to its presentation at Blackfriars. On January 10, 1636, it was played before the king and queen at Hampton Court. Pepys, in his diary, mentions having seen it on March 14 and September 26, 1661. The title-page of the seventh quarto (1676) refers to its presentation at the Theatre Royal, and Genest (*Some Account of the English Stage*, I, 403) records a performance at the same theatre in 1683, when Betterton took the part of Arbaces and Mrs. Barry that of Panthea. Genest also includes Panthea in the list of characters played by Nell Gwynn. Langbaine, in his *Account of the English Dramatic Poets* (1691), lists *A King and No King* as "a Tragi-Comedy, which, notwithstanding its Errors discover'd by Mr. Rymer in his Criticisms, has always been acted with applause, and has lately been reviv'd on our present Theatre with so great success, that we may justly say with Horace,

Haec placuit semel, haec decies repetita placebit" (p. 210).

Genest notes performances at Drury Lane on April 14, 1705, at Lincoln's Inn Fields on March 26, 1724 ("not acted twenty years" previously), and at Covent Garden on January 14, 1788.

Under the last mentioned date he remarks : " The play was not acted a second time — it was once very popular," and adds a note drawn from Davies's *Dramatic Miscellany*, to the effect that " Garrick intended to have revived this play ; he designed to have acted Arbaces himself and gave Bessus to Woodward. They both appeared to be much pleased with their characters, the other parts were distributed to advantage, and the play was in some respects altered and improved — but it was observed, that at every reading of it in the green-room, Garrick's pleasure suffered a visible diminution — at length he fairly gave up his design, and the parts were withdrawn from the actors." (Genest, vi, 490.)

174, 19. Mandane. This character appears only in the stage-directions at the opening of Act II, where her name is omitted by Dyce and Bond. The latter suggests, noting that the name occurs also in the *Cyropaedia*, that " it survives here as the remnant of some insignificant part struck out before publication."

177, 54. waite of. Wait on.

179, 89. fall foule. Grow angry with you.

180, 120. Blanks . . . home. Apparently meaning, as Weber suggested, that the princes desire to see her so much that they " send blank bonds to Arbaces to be filled up with whatever conditions he shall please to insert."

184, 197. Wish it off, etc. Wish her beauty absent, lest it be the cause of damning souls.

187, 277. breake my wind. Exhaust my breath.

191, 337. thinke much. Take it ill.

193, 376. wert . . . worthy. The dramatic convention of the king's hesitation (shown again in III, i, 250) to raise his hand against an inferior, is the converse of the formal scruples of Amintor, in *The Maid's Tragedy*, to take revenge upon the king. Compare also the rule forbidding a gentleman to fight with a coward, which brings about the turn in the fortunes of Bessus (III, ii). The character of Mardonius, as depicted in this scene and later, was very likely the prototype for that of Ventidius, in Dryden's *All for Love*, where Antony is the passion-swept ruler.

194, 406. finde . . . use. Profit by it.

194, 413. want those parts. Lack those qualities.

195, 443. ten . . . mee. Apparently: they charge me ten shillings more.

196, 455. **want entertainment.** Fail to be in readiness to receive me (see *Glossary*).

197, 482. **to a knife.** Until it is as short as a knife.

199, 533. **doe you direct.** For Arbaces's habit of thus addressing the gods, compare III, i, 322, and IV, iv, 6.

205, 17. **paid . . . sinnes.** Paid the forfeit of his sins ; were sufficient to balance them. (Weber.)

215, 249. **that . . . with.** One who had been bargained with.

215, 250. **chuse** is subjunctive : should choose.

216, 267. **Sirs.** An address used for women in attendance, as well as for men.

219, 327. **for me.** So far as I am concerned.

220. **Scene ii.** This wholly English scene suggests that the Oriental setting of the serious part of the play is merely conventional.

232, 91. **laughing mother.** Venus ; called *ridens* by the Latin poets.

236, 161. **sheath it here.** That is, in my heart.

238, 205. **My body . . . there.** Bond for the first time explained this by adding the stage-direction : " Sinking into his chair of state." His note reads : " Addressed to his body. . . . The 'one within' is his mind, which is so betossed as to be doing double 'labouring.' " Rather, perhaps, his passion, which is so stirring him as to "labor" for both body and mind.

238, 217. **past me.** Out of my power.

239, 225. **change . . . her.** Give his eyes for her.

241, 268. **fam'd tyrant.** Procrustes. The bull is of course that of Phalaris.

244, 322. **Why, etc.** Compare I, i, 533, above.

245, 333. **it . . . be.** That power must be.

245, 340. **I . . . gone.** At least I was able to walk.

246, 19. **hung . . . heeles.** The old punishment for recreant knights. Dyce cites *The Faerie Queene*, VI, vii, 27, where the word "baffled" occurs in the same connection.

250, 108. **to the grocers.** Throughout the literature of this period grocers and pastry-cooks are represented as buying old manuscripts and books, in order to use the paper — still an expensive material — in their shops.

252, 169. my knife. It was probably attached to the belt of the sword given to Bacurius.

253, 1-254, 15. Ile . . . eyes. This and many later speeches of Mardonius are often printed as verse, and they frequently suggest a rhythmical intention ; but it is impossible to make regular verse out of them (note especially lines 102-118). Yet to use prose for such serious passages would be contrary to the general practice of Beaumont (*a fortiori* of Fletcher). Such lines as 97-110 might be thought to have been put in prose form in order to emphasize the characteristic bluntness of Mardonius ; but the whole situation makes it probable that the original text has been corrupted. Bond's note here is interesting : " In spite of the vigorous protest of the Editors of 1778, we follow Theobald in printing this and nearly all the following speeches of Mardonius as verse. . . . In defence of the weakness that the lines, as thus arranged, too often present, both in this and the first scene, we may urge the probable aim of the playwrights at increased fluidity and, perhaps, their disregard, in writing dramatic poetry, of the effect of the lines to the eye. Light endings, awkward enjambements, and superfluous syllables may be glided over in delivery so as to leave but slight impression of irregularity, and to relieve by a nearer approach to a prose cadence the harmony and sonority of more regular passages." In theory this is reasonable enough, but if Beaumont and Fletcher liked such bad blank verse as the passages in question make, why did they not write it oftener ?

254, 11. doe . . . this. Am not accustomed to do this.

262, 191. come by. Get hold of.

264. Scene i. In this scene, apparently, we find first in the play the verse of Fletcher. To him are generally attributed also the two following scenes, though there is room for some uncertainty in both cases. The question depends in part upon the intention as to prose or verse in the doubtful passages just considered ; thus, if the speeches of Mardonius in scene ii were originally prose, Fletcher's authorship of them would be suspected.

265, 17. poore . . . patience. A slight test compared with the capacity of your patience. **Poore** is dissyllabic.

269, 15. put her to. Place her with.

272, 71. like . . . friendship. Even as close friends become alike. (Bond.)

274, 107. **and held.** And still be held to be.

278, 194. **rackt . . . selfe.** Made wholly beside myself.

279, 217. **but her owne.** [Are] only what she deserves.

281. **Scene iii.** In this scene the early editions printed a considerable amount of prose, but although the verse is often broken and irregular, it seems to extend practically throughout the scene, and has generally been thought to show the hand of Fletcher. Certainly it is more like his verse than Beaumont's, yet the remarkably free use of enjambement is not Fletcherian. Aside from form, the character of the burlesque humor in the scene is decidedly in the manner of Beaumont, who has been traditionally regarded as the creator of Bessus. We are again perplexed, therefore, by the state of the text; and there are suggestions of a different sort of collaboration from that commonly found in the Beaumont-Fletcher plays. The swordmen were "professors of the science of arms; needy bullies, who undertook to assist the timorous, — to ascertain for them the authentic grounds of a quarrel, to settle it according to the laws of the duello, etc., — and whose language was a jargon derived from Caranza and other writers of that description." (Dyce.)

281, 4. **curious . . . you.** Solicitous in seeking you out.

283, 48. **stage is ten.** Apparently: his regular stage for a journey is ten miles, but he can go further in giving a beating.

285, 84. **Without . . . coat.** Both head and body unprotected; exposed to attack.

288, 137. **eighteene . . . thirtie.** Bond suggests: "During those twenty years when offences are most commonly resented."

289, 150. **To abide upon't.** Depend upon it; or, as Dyce suggested, "my abiding opinion is." Cf. *Winter's Tale*, I, ii, 242.

289, 152. **Your hands.** Your signatures.

290. **Scene iv.** With this fourth scene we return to the assured verse of Beaumont.

293, 62. **make a prooffe.** That is, by ordeal.

298. **Scene i.** This scene is generally thought to be Fletcher's; but on the prose speeches of Mardonius see the note on iv, i (p. 253).

300, 59. **drie beating.** Properly used of a blow that does not draw blood, — given with stick or fist; but the prefix seems sometimes to be used in a vaguely intensive sense.

300, 61. **Everie way bended.** With small facets at different angles. (Bond.)

302, 91. **yeeld your cause.** Explain your quarrel.

303, 106. **that will I.** If Dyce's emendation, "that will," be accepted, the meaning is: Put other brains in that will tell truth.

305. **Scene ii.** The authorship of this short scene is difficult to fix with assurance, and there is again some confusion between verse and prose. Most critics assign the scene as a whole to Beaumont, but Fleay takes it to be Fletcher's, and the number of feminine endings suggests at least some coöperation on his part.

308, 68. **thinke much.** See note on 191, 337.

310. **Scene iii.** On the authorship of this scene compare the note on iv, iii (page 281). The verse here is certainly not Beaumont's.

311, 17 **surfeits . . . diet.** As the ills due to over-eating require a period of dieting.

312, 29. **drawes wide.** Misunderstands.

316, 107. **drie-founderd.** See note on 300, 59.

316, 114. **soveraigne matter.** Excellent thing (for it).

317. **Scene iv.** This scene is generally attributed to Beaumont alone. Some of the verse, particularly in the long speeches of Gobrias, is too clumsy for his proper style, and again suggests corruption of the text.

319, 39. **growes . . . degrees.** Theobald referred this passage to Juvenal: "Nemo repente fuit turpissimus."

324, 128. **another truth.** A different truth.

332, 287. **wildernesse to.** Understand *in which*.

335, 337. **made it strange.** Scrupled.

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1836. NOTES ON BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, by S. T. Coleridge. In *Literary Remains of S. T. Coleridge*, ed. H. N. Coleridge, ii, 289-322. Also in the *Complete Works of S. T. Coleridge*, ed. W. G. T. Shedd, New York, 1853, iv, 199-220; and in *Lectures and Notes on Shakspeare and Other English Poets*, by S. T. Coleridge, ed. T. Ashe, 1883, pp. 395-407, 425-451.

1837. LIVES OF THE MOST EMINENT LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEN OF GREAT BRITAIN; *Dramatists*, by Robert Bell and S. A. Dunham.

1839. INTRODUCTION TO THE LITERATURE OF EUROPE IN THE 15TH, 16TH, AND 17TH CENTURIES, by Henry Hallam. iii, 337-351.

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1846. WIT AND HUMOUR, by Leigh Hunt. pp. 158-179. [These pages consist largely of the reproduction of the "swordsmen" scenes from *A King and No King*.]

1847. REVIEW OF DYCE'S EDITION, *Edinburgh Review*, lxxxvi, 42. [Also reviewed in *Littell's Living Age*, xiv, 385.]

1847. SALMACIS AND HERMAPHRODITUS NOT BY FRANCIS BEAUMONT; THE EDITION OF 1602, by Dramaticus (*pseud.*). *Shakespeare Society's Papers*, iii, 94.

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1864. CONTEMPORAINS ET SUCCESEURS DE SHAKESPEARE, by Alfred Mézières. Paris. pp. 21-211.

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1874. FLETCHER AND BEAUMONT (anon.), *Temple Bar*, xlii, 460.

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1884. CHAPTERS IN THE HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

FROM 1509 TO THE CLOSE OF THE ELIZABETHAN PERIOD, by Ellen Crofts. pp. 258-283.

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1885. UEBER BEAUMONT UND FLETCHER'S KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE, by B. Leonhardt. Programm von Annaberg, no. 499. Reviewed (Max Koch) in *Englische Studien*, ix, 361, and further discussed by Leonhardt, *ibid.*, xii, 307.

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1894. THE JACOBEOAN POETS, by Edmund Gosse. pp. 68-88.

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1908. ELIZABETHAN DRAMA, 1558-1642, by Felix E. Schelling. Boston. i, 206-8, 523-6, 595-7, 600-2; ii, 183, 197, 213, 220-3, 417, 422.

1908. THE CHILDREN OF THE CHAPEL AT BLACKFRIARS, 1597-1603, by Charles W. Wallace. Lincoln, Nebraska. [Contains an account of the practice of seating spectators on the stage.]

1908. DIE MORAL DES BEAUMONT-FLETCHERSCHEN DRAMAS, by Phil. Aronstein, *Anglia*, xxxi, 141.

Glossary

- able**, strong. *K. B. P.* III, i, 20.
- abused**, maligned. *K. N. K.* II, i, 159.
- aby**, atone for. *K. B. P.* III, iv, 26.
- admirable**, wonderful. *K. B. P. Ind.*, 39.
- admire**, wonder at. *K. N. K.* v, iv, 127.
- advice**, consideration. *K. N. K.* III, iii, 61.
- amendment**, improvement. *K. N. K.* I, i, 413.
- ancient**, standard-bearer, ensign. *K. B. P.* v, ii, 2, 5.
- apple-squiers**, pimps. *K. N. K.* v, iii, 62.
- Arches**, a consistory court of the Archbishop of Canterbury, held at the church of St. Mary-le-Bow. *K. B. P.* IV, i, 38.
- article**, make a contract, bargain. *K. N. K.* I, i, 340.
- await**, attend. *K. N. K.* I, i, 217.
- baffled**, disgraced. *K. N. K.* III, ii, 23.
- baste**, thrash. *K. B. P.* II, vii, 16.
- bate**, deduct. *K. B. P.* III, ii, 26.
- battle-ray**, battle array. *K. B. P.* v, i, 61.
- beagle**, hound. *K. N. K.* v, iii, 70.
- bed-staff**, a stick used about a bed, perhaps like a slat. (See *N. E. D.*) *K. N. K.* IV, iii, 139.
- beholding**, under obligation. *K. B. P.* III, ii, 43; IV, ii, 53; iii, 61.
- beray**, befoul. *K. B. P.* II, iv, 20; v, iii, 152.
- beshrew**, curse (a mild oath). *K. B. P. Ind.*, 70; *K. N. K.* IV, ii, 70.
- besides**, off of, by the side of. *K. B. P.* I, iii, 12.
- bezell**, squander. *K. B. P.* I, iv, 14.
- bilbow-men**, sword-men. *K. N. K.* v, iii, 45.
- birding-peece**, fowling-piece, gun used with bird-shot. *K. B. P.* II, ii, 15.
- bord**, circumference. *K. B. P.* III, ii, 123.
- bounce**, bang. *K. B. P.* IV, v, 112; v, i, 93.

- brave**, fine. *K. B. P.* v, i, 54; *K. N. K.* v, iv, 173.
- busse**, kiss. *K. B. P.* II, i, 19.
- cap**, arrest. *K. B. P.* III, ii, 40, 45.
- cardus benedictus**, extract of Blessed Thistle. (Cf. *Much Ado*, III, iv, 73.) *K. B. P.* III, iii, 29.
- carke**, be anxious. *K. B. P.* I, iv, 51.
- carted**, carried through the streets for public exposure (the common punishment of bawds). *K. N. K.* v, ii, 49.
- cast**, form. *K. B. P.* I, i, 4. scheme. *K. N. K.* III, i, 46.
- catch**, a round: "a short composition for three or more voices, which sing the same melody, the second singer beginning the first line as the first goes on to the second line," etc. (N. E. D.) *K. B. P.* II, viii, 14; IV, v, 40.
- cawdle**, a warm gruel, sweetened and spiced. *K. N. K.* v, ii, 65.
- circumstance**, details. *K. N. K.* v, iv, 151.
- clap in**, strike in, move decisively. *K. B. P.* I, ii, 34.
- codpiece**, a bagged appendage to the front of hose or breeches. *K. N. K.* v, iii, 76.
- coller**, choler, wrath. *K. N. K.* I, i, 69.
- comfortable**, comforting. *K. B. P.* II, vi, 21.
- comfrie**, *symphytum officinale*, a plant used in healing wounds. *K. B. P.* II, iv, 32.
- conditions**, manners, character. *K. B. P.* III, v, 77.
- conductor**, carrier; "an assistant to a commissary of military stores, to conduct depots or magazines from one place to another." (Quoted from Crabb, in N. E. D.) *K. B. P.* III, v, 24.
- consort**, company, band. *K. N. K.* v, ii, 45.
- cordial**, reviving. *K. B. P.* II, i, 59.
- corps**, body. *K. B. P.* v, iii, 126.
- cosen**, cheat. *K. N. K.* III, i, 130; ii, 21.
- couraging**, stirring, heroic. *K. B. P. Ind.*, 81.
- courtship**, courtly manners. *K. N. K.* I, ii, 52.
- crosse**, thwart, oppose. *K. N. K.* IV, ii, 171. As adj., opposing, IV, iv, 91.
- crosse-arrow**, arrow from a cross-bow. *K. N. K.* II, i, 93.
- cruddle**, curdle. *K. N. K.* I, i, 34.
- cunnie**, cony (a term of endearment). *K. B. P.*, *passim*.
- curious**, ingenious. *K. N. K.* II, i, 60. painstaking, IV, iii,

4. elaborate, *iv, iv, 134; v, iv, 82.*
- deliver**, relate. *K. N. K. v, iv, 272.*
- denier**, farthing (a French coin, one twelfth of a sou). *K. B. P. iv, v, 5.*
- devoire**, endeavor. *K. B. P. II, iii, 4.*
- distemperd**, disordered, wild. *K. B. P. III, i, 75; K. N. K. iv, iv, 31.*
- dragon's water**, probably the juice of the dragon-tree (*dracæna draco*) or a plant of similar name. *K. B. P. I, iii, 50.*
- drum**, drummer. *K. B. P. v, i, 90.*
- embecill**, embezzle. *K. B. P. II, ii, 109.*
- emperal**, emperor. *K. B. P. II, ii, 120.*
- enlarge**, free (from prison). *K. N. K. iv, i, 32; ii, 205.*
- entertain** (*n.*), same as **entertainment** (*q. v.*). *K. B. P. II, vi, 41, 66.*
- entertainment**, reception, provision made. *K. B. P. v, iii, 82; K. N. K. I, i, 455.*
- equall**, just. *K. N. K. iv, ii, 24; iii, 151.* **equable**, *iv, iv, 28.*
- ettins**, etens, giants. *K. B. P. I, iii, 28.*
- expect**, await. *K. N. K. III, ii, 105.*
- extremities**, extremes (of passion). *K. N. K. I, i, 101, 541.*
- factor**, agent. *K. B. P. I, i, 15.*
- fading**, a dance named from the refrain of a popular song. *K. B. P. iv, i, 5.*
- faire**, beauty. *K. N. K. I, i, 196.*
- fall**, (*v.*) happen. *K. N. K. iv, ii, 56; (n.)* a bout (in wrestling). *II, ii, 84.*
- falsify**, make a feint. *K. N. K. I, i, 245.*
- feare**, frighten. *K. B. P. Ind., 83.*
- fearefully**, in fear. *K. N. K. iv, iv, 137.*
- feateously**, elegantly, nimbly. *K. B. P. iv, v, 92.*
- fegaries**, pranks (vagaries). *K. B. P. II, iv, 47.*
- fidling**, acting idly. *K. N. K. II, ii, 4.*
- fire-drake**, fiery dragon; used of a kind of firework; figuratively, one fond of fighting. *K. B. P. II, v, 47.*
- flappet**, little shelf or hanging board. *K. B. P. I, iii, 49.*
- fleade**, flayed. *K. N. K. v, iii, 73.*
- flirt-Gill**, a woman of loose behavior. *K. B. P. iv, i, 35.*

fond, foolish. *K. B. P.* III, iv, 16, 27; v, i, 6, 40.

foule, ugly. *K. N. K.* II, i, 287.

foulenesse, ugliness. *K. N. K.* I, i, 175.

fox, sword. *K. N. K.* IV, iii, 108.

gally-foist, state-barge; especially that of the Lord Mayor of London. *K. B. P.* v, ii, 96.

gallows, rascal. *K. B. P.* I, iv, 92.

gaskins, breeches or hose. *K. B. P.* II, ii, 40.

gent, noble. *K. B. P.* III, ii, 114.

girds, jests. *K. B. P. Ind.*, 8.

goods, virtues, graces. *K. B. P.* III, i, 69.

gossip, a general term of female relationship or acquaintance. *K. B. P.* IV, iii, 2.

gracefulnesse, excellence. *K. N. K.* II, i, 20.

grout-nole, blockhead. *K. B. P.* II, vi, 55.

haltersacke, rascal, gallows-bird. *K. B. P.* I, iv, 36; *K. N. K.* II, ii, 154.

hamper, beat. *K. B. P.* I, iv, 45; III, i, 99.

harnesse, armor. *K. B. P.* IV, i, 4.

hearty, strengthening. *K. B. P.* III, iv, 152.

heighten, exalt, elate. *K. N. K.* v, iv, 123.

hight, is called. *K. B. P.* II, vi, 45.

hobby-horse, a performer in the morris-dance, about whose waist was fastened "a figure of a horse, made of wicker-work, or other light material, who executed various antics in imitation of the movements of a spirited horse." (*N. E. D.*) *K. B. P.* IV, v, 92.

hoiting, rioting. *K. B. P.* I, iv, 51.

huffing, bold, swaggering. *K. B. P. Ind.*, 88.

I, ay, yes. *passim*.

idle, vain. *K. B. P.* I, ii, 2; *K. N. K.* I, i, 412; II, i, 292.

indent, indentured. *K. B. P.* IV, ii, 18.

ingrant, ignorant, rascally. *K. B. P.* III, v, 59.

inlarge, see *enlarge*.

inveigle, seduce. *K. B. P.* II, iii, 42.

issues, offspring. *K. N. K.* III, i, 183.

I-wis, surely (for *ywis*). *K. B. P.* IV, ii, 74, etc.

joy, enjoy. *K. B. P.* I, ii, 116.

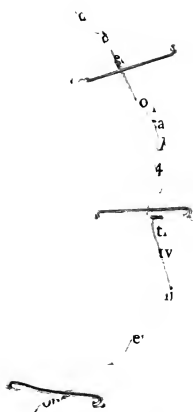
kexes, dry stalks (figuratively, legs). *K. N. K.* v, ii, 83.

- kickshoes**, kickshaws, fantastical trifles, especially of cookery. *K. B. P. To the Readers*, 4.
- knacks**, trinkets. *K. B. P.* iv, v, 61.
- lavalto**, a lively dance. *K. B. P.* iii, v, 97.
- laye**, wager. *K. B. P.* ii, vii, 22.
- leading-staffe**, truncheon. *K. B. P.* v, iii, 150.
- let**, hindrance. *K. B. P.* i, ii, 2.
- lingell**, shoemaker's waxed thread. *K. B. P.* v, iii, 129.
- list**, desire. *K. B. P.* v, iii, 15.
- long of**, on account of. *K. B. P.* iv, ii, 33.
- lungies**, louts. *K. B. P.* ii, vi, 4.
- maine**, essence. *K. N. K.* v, i, 7.
- maw**, appetite, inclination. *K. B. P.* i, ii, 65.
- meane**, low-born, interior. *K. N. K.* i, i, 326; v, i, 35; v, iv, 283.
- misbeseeming**, unbecoming. *K. N. K.* iii, iii, 100.
- misprision**, misunderstanding. *K. B. P. Dedication*, 24.
- mithridatum**, a compounded antidote against poison. *K. B. P.* i, iii, 50.
- mittimus**, a warrant issued by a justice. *K. B. P.* iii, i, 93.
- morrice**, morris, a favorite dance in costume. *K. B. P.* iv, v, 74.
- motion**, proposition. *K. N. K.* iii, iii, 174; puppet-show, v, iii, 33.
- nice**, fastidious. *K. B. P. To the Readers*, 1; scrupulous, iii, i, 22.
- nipitato**, a strong liquor. *K. B. P.* iv, ii, 26.
- noddie**, simpleton. *K. B. P.* ii, iv, 23.
- nump**, blockhead. *K. B. P.* ii, iv, 36.
- observance**, respect. *K. N. K.* iii, i, 53.
- occasions**, circumstances (requiring action). *K. N. K.* ii, ii, 138.
- over-grace**, unduly favor. *K. N. K.* i, i, 165.
- palter**, trifle, use trickery. *K. N. K.* iv, iii, 103.
- passion**, feeling, emotion. *K. B. P.* iii, iii, 10; v, i, 40. sorrow, v, i, 52. enthusiasm, *K. N. K.* i, i, 36.
- peccavi**, I have sinned. *K. B. P.* iv, i, 39.
- pelting**, paltry. *K. N. K.* iv, ii, 108.
- peppernel**, a lump or swelling

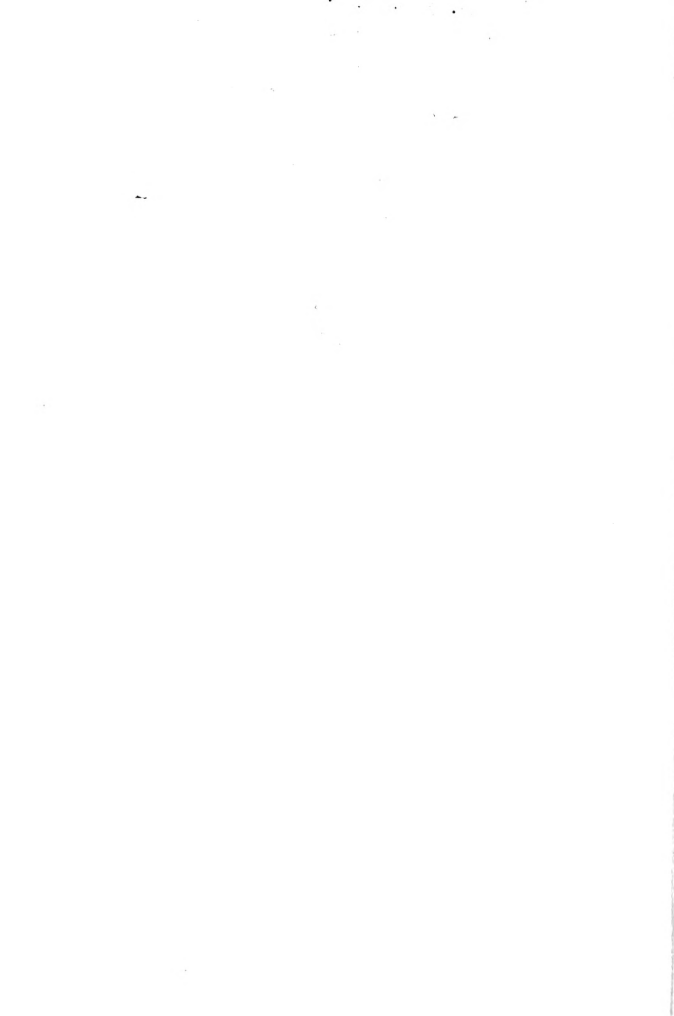
- (apparently ; the word is not known elsewhere). *K. B. P.* 11, iv, 54.
- perdue**, in ambush, or as a sentinel in a hazardous position. *K. N. K.* 1, i, 9.
- pined**, tortured. *K. B. P.* 111, iv, 130.
- pitch-field**, pitched battle. *K. B. P.* 11, ii, 10.
- plainely**, honestly. *K. B. P.* 111, iii, 25.
- points**, lace with tags, used to fasten the clothes, and often for gratuities or gambling stakes. *K. B. P.* 1v, i, 14.
- pompous**, splendid. *K. B. P.* v, i, 62.
- poesie**, nosegay. *K. B. P.* v, iii, 147.
- post** (*n.*), messenger. *K. N. K.* v, iv, 210. (*adv.*) with post-horses, *K. B. P.* 111, iv, 68.
- pottage**, broth. *K. B. P.* 11, vi, 32.
- pottle**, tankard (properly, of two quarts measure). *K. B. P. Epilogue*, 8.
- preferre**, recommend (for service). *K. N. K.* 1, i, 461 ; 1v, ii, 10.
- preferred**, advanced, promoted. *K. B. P.* v, iii, 148.
- present**, immediate. *K. B. P.* 1, iv, 156.
- presently**, at once. *K. B. P.* 1v, iv, 89.
- prest**, ready. *K. B. P.* 11, iii, 6.
- prickant**, riding, traveling. *K. B. P.* 11, v, 3. pointing up, 111, ii, 115.
- pricket**, buck (two years old). *K. B. P.* 1v, v, 101.
- pricking**, riding. *K. B. P.* 1, iii, 90.
- properer**, better looking. *K. B. P.* 1v, ii, 73.
- put-to**, exert. *K. N. K.* 1v, ii, 181.
- quell**, slay. *K. B. P.* 111, ii, 102.
- quit**, absolve, clear. *K. N. K.* 1v, ii, 85.
- rascal**, deer (young or inferior). *K. B. P.* 1v, v, 101.
- reach**, comprehend. *K. N. K.* 1v, ii, 148.
- rebeck**, a three-stringed instrument, like a fiddle. *K. B. P.* 1, iv, 157.
- refer**, postpone. *K. N. K.* 111, ii, 99.
- reparell**, fittings, apparel. *K. B. P. Ind.*, 74 ; 1v, v, 78.
- restraint**, confinement, imprisonment. *K. N. K.* 1v, ii, 75, 96.
- sad**, serious. *K. B. P.* 111, ii, 84.
- say** (*n.*), example, means of experiment. *K. B. P.* 1v, iv, 11.

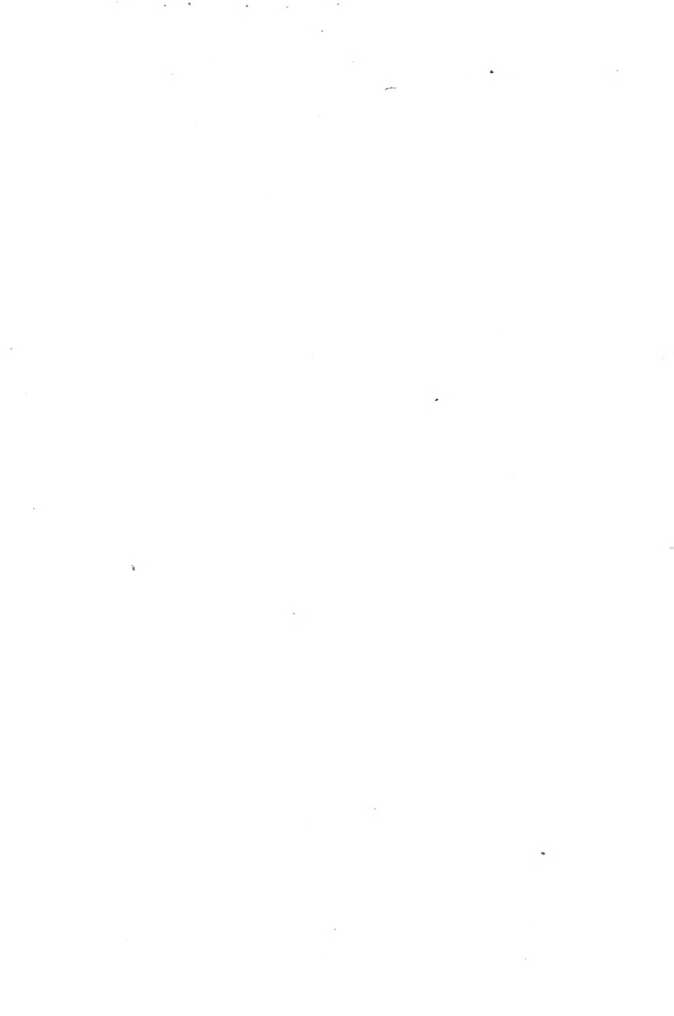
- scored**, cut. *K. B. P.* III, iv, 86.
- second**, helper. *K. B. P.* IV, iv, 90.
- secret**, discreet, initiated into. *K. N. K.* II, i, 211.
- shawm**, a reed instrument, like an oboe or bassoon. *K. B. P. Ind.*, 119-123.
- shrodly**, shrewdly, severely. *K. B. P.* II, vi, 3.
- shutting** (*n.*), close. *K. B. P.* II, i, 17.
- slicke** (*v.*), make smooth. *K. B. P.* II, vi, 51.
- 'Slight**, an oath (By this light, or, God's light). *K. N. K.* III, i, 121.
- slip-string**, prodigal, rascal. *K. N. K.* II, ii, 78.
- snatch**, snack, luncheon. *K. B. P.* II, iv, 16.
- snicke-up**, gallows-rope, hence, hang (in the cant phrase "go snick-up"). *K. B. P.* II, ii, 20; III, ii, 44.
- sodden**, soaked, bloated. *K. B. P.* v, ii, 58.
- Sophy**, for *sufi* (title of the Persian king). *K. B. P.* IV, i, 46.
- sort**, company. *K. B. P.* v, ii, 82.
- sparke**, sprightly person, "blade." *K. B. P.* v, i, 46.
- springald**, youth. *K. B. P.* II, v, 46.
- staples**, markets. *K. B. P.* I, i, 6.
- stay**, standstill, fixed state. *K. N. K.* III, ii, 176.
- still**, always. *K. B. P. Ind.*, 8; *K. N. K.* IV, ii, 198.
- stomacke**, appetite, desire (cf. **maw** above). *K. N. K.* III, ii, 17.
- stone-bowe**, weapon like a cross-bow, for shooting stones. *K. N. K.* v, i, 63.
- stoope**, stoup, flagon (hence the contents). *K. B. P.* v, iii, 2.
- Strand**, an important business street, leading from London to Westminster. *K. B. P.* IV, ii, 17; v, 85.
- stringer**, rake. *K. B. P.* I, ii, 37.
- sufficient**, competent. *K. B. P.* II, ii, 116.
- swaddle**, beat. *K. B. P.* II, vii, 19.
- tacklings**, weapons. *K. B. P.* v, ii, 85.
- tall**, admirable, brave. *K. N. K.* IV, iii, 112.
- tanzie**, a cake flavored with the herb tansy. *K. N. K.* v, i, 74.
- Tartarian**, thief (slang). *K. B. P.* II, viii, 119.
- tender**, cherish. *K. B. P.* III, ii, 18.
- Termogant**, Termagant, tra-

- ditionally a Saracen deity, represented as excessively violent. *K. N. K.* iv, ii, 157.
- think**, purpose. *K. N. K.* ii, i, 12.
- thrum**, tap, play with. *K. B. P.* iv, v, 110.
- tiller**, handle of a cross-bow, or the bow itself. *K. B. P.* i, ii, 59.
- tilting**, tournament. *K. N. K.* v, iii, 35.
- trained**, allured. *K. B. P.* iii, iv, 70.
- trencher**, platter. *K. N. K.* i, i, 56.
- troule**, troll, pass. *K. B. P.* ii, viii, 13.
- unhappy**, mischievous. *K. B. P.* ii, iv, 63.
- unhappily**, mischievously. *K. N. K.* v, ii, 29.
- vild**, vile. *K. N. K.* v, ii, 38.
- wanscote**, oak timber (used for wainscoting). *K. N. K.* v, i, 54.
- waits**, members of a band of musicians. *K. B. P. Ind.*, 128.
- want**, lack. *K. N. K.* i, i, 196, 413; ii, 54.
- ward**, guard. *K. B. P.* v, i, 92.
- warren**, rabbit preserve. *K. B. P.* i, ii, 51.
- whoreson**, bastard-like, contemptible. *K. B. P.* i, ii, 36; iv, 36; ii, v, 107.
- without**, unless. *K. N. K.* ii, i, 131.
- won**, dwell. *K. B. P.* iii, ii, 108.
- ycleped**, called. *K. B. P.* iii, ii, 109.









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